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RICHARD BURTON.

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND.

FROM MY PRIVATE JOURNAL, BY

ISABEL BURTON.

1778

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"Ellati Zaujuhá ma'aha b'tadír el Kamar b'asbiha."

("The woman who has her husband with her (*i.e.* at her back) can turn the moon with her finger.")

"El Maraa min ghayr Zaujuhá mislahá tayarán maksús el Jenáhh."

("The woman without her husband is like a bird with one wing.")

"He travels and expatriates; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land,
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contributions to the store he gleans;
He seeks intelligence from every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return,—a rich repast for *me*!"

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WITH MAP, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND COLOURED PLATES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

HENRY S. KING & CO., LONDON.

1875.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WEDDING OF THE WALI'S DAUGHTER—THE DAMASCUS SWAMPS—MOHAMMED DUKHI'S CAMP—SAFETY OF LETTERS AT BEYROUT—AN OFFICIAL VISIT—HOW I TORE OFF THE DIAMONDS—THE MEZRABS—MOHAMMED AGHA, THE KAWWASS-BASHI OF THE CONSULATE—THE FAMINE OF THE WINTER 1870-71.

NOVEMBER 3RD.—Druze Shayhks—Hazímeh and Honaydeh—came to visit us, and stayed in our house.

On the 7th poor "Fuss," one of my bull-terriers, died.

On the 14th I was invited to the Wali's harím, for the wedding of his daughter with the son of Saíb Effendi. It was a great occasion, and a more splendid Eastern wedding I was not likely to see again. It lasted five days and nights, the men celebrating it in one house, and the women in another. The Seraglio consisted of the Koranic maximum, four wives, and two assistant wives, besides the Wali's mother, sisters, aunts and cousins, with all their slaves. The other great harims were likewise invited, and we mustered several hundred. It was a grand sight. My friend and I were amongst the *intimes*, and were treated *en famille*. The dresses were wonderful in richness and gaudiness: diamonds blazed everywhere; but there was one very remarkable usage which took my fancy. The best women dressed in a plain Cashmere robe of *negligé* shape, and wore no

ornaments, but loaded all their riches on one or two of their slaves, as if to say, in school-girls' parlance, "Now, girls! if you want to see my things there they are. I have them, but it is too great a bore to carry them myself; and you can inspect and turn Mirjánáh and Hassunah about as much as you like."

Our amusements were those which I have described a dozen times. Some days we had native music, singing and dancing, followed by *tours de force* by a German strolling mountebankess, and her tiny son; this they thought very clever.

About twelve o'clock at night on the eve of the wedding, a long procession of female relatives, friends, and slaves, wound into the large hall where we, the invited, all sat around the walls. Every woman in the procession bore branches of lights. The bride was in the middle, supported as usual on either side. She was a beautiful girl of about fifteen or sixteen; her magnificent chestnut hair swept in two great tresses below her waist, knotted and studded with pearls. She was dressed in velvet, *couleur sang de bœuf*, encrusted with diamonds and pearls. She wore a velvet fez, also half hidden by precious stones; diamond stars were glued to either cheek, the chin, and forehead, and they were rather in the way of our kissing her, for they scratched the face. She was a determined, spirited-looking girl, as well as beautiful, and she had been crying bitterly because she did not want to be married. She had never seen the happy man; she doated upon her father, and she was happy at home. She used to ride as well as any man, Turkish fashion, in izár with veiled face, and I suppose she thought that this tiresome marriage would spoil all her girlish frolics. She came in with the procession, and sat on the divan, receiving all our congratulations, looking rather like a naughty child that would like to scream and kick.

On the marriage-day we were up betimes. The harím had begged of me to wear an English ball-dress, that they might see what it was; so I said—"I will do what you ask, but I know you will be shocked." "Oh, no," they replied; "we are quite sure we shall be delighted." So I wore a white *glacé* silk skirt, a turquoise blue tunic and corsage, the whole affair looped up and trimmed with blush roses, and the same in my hair. They

'turned me round and round, and often asked me if I were not cold; if it were true that strange men danced with us one after another, and put their arms round our waists; and if we did not feel dreadfully ashamed; and if we sat and ate and drank with them? I described a European ball by interpreter, for they spoke Turkish, which was greeted with choruses of Máshálláhs.

By my side, and more thorough-bred looking than anybody, like an Oriental queen, was my English friend who resides at Damascus, and the charming young wife of Signor Castelli, our Italian Consul, whose *toilettes* were fresh from Italy. The marriage was a simple but most touching ceremony. We were all assembled in the great hall; the Wali entered, accompanied by the women of the family; the bride advanced weeping bitterly, and knelt and kissed her father's feet. The poor man, choking with emotion, which he could hardly suppress, raised her and clasped a girdle of diamonds round her waist, which was before ungirdled. It is part of her dower. No one can unclasp it but her husband, and this concludes the ceremony.

Shortly afterwards she was borne in a procession to the bridegroom's house; her own father and his father received her at the door. The young man then knelt and kissed his father's feet, and embraced his father-in-law; he handed up his bride, still veiled, to a bower-like throne, decorated in Christmas-tree fashion, where she sat and received the kisses and congratulations of all the women present. After about half an hour she was conducted to a private room by a female relative, and he by a male relative. The door was shut, and the band played a joyous strain. I asked what was going to happen, and they told me that the bridegroom was allowed to raise her veil, to unclasp her belt, and to speak a few words to her, in the presence of both relatives. This is the first time they have seen each other. What an age of reward or punishment must be concentrated into that one moment for an Eastern woman.

After this *grande emotion* they are conducted back. The guests do not retire until midnight, and then they are left to themselves.

This marriage proved happy. I visited them two days afterwards, according to custom, and two months later I saw that they were really attached to each other; indeed, he would have been very hard to please had it been otherwise. I must not forget to say that when the Wali was entering the harím the women ran and fetched a shawl to cover me. The precaution was useless; considering he had received part of his education in Paris.

November 19th.—We rode over to Jobar and Jeramaneh, to meet Mr. Wright. On starting, as we meant to go further, we had a small escort of free-lances, headed by Mohammed Agha, brother of Da'as of Jayrúd, who had volunteered for Palmyra. Our object was to ride across the Ghutah and the Merj, or Damascus plains, into the Wady el Ajam. The swamps marked on the maps as a day's journey from Damascus are, the Bahrat el 'Utaybah, the Bahrat el Hijánah, Bahrat Bálá, and the Matkh B'rák. *En route* we passed through El Rassúleh, where are the ruins of a Christian church, fourteen and a half steps, a cross on a corner stone, and an inscription on a column, which ran thus:—

D D N N
CONSTANTII
VICTORIOSISSIMI
AVE ET CONSTANTII
NOBILI CAESARIS
N P
MSSI PRAETOR.

It was Saturday, and Mr. Wright, having parochial duties, reluctantly took leave of us here; we had our guns with us, and we were able to get a shot at wild duck now and then.

Our escort soon perceived that we were riding far out into the Desert, towards the direction where the dreaded Mohammed Dukhi was known to camp, and they began those well-known feints of making their horses curvet, prance, and wheel in circles, as if they had suddenly become unmanageable. Every round became so much larger, that they dropped out of sight one by one. Mohammed Agha, the Jayrúdi, was cleverer; he pretended to cast a shoe, and to stop to put it on. Towards sunset Captain

Burton and I found ourselves left alone with our personal attendants.

We reached the encampment of the Wuld Ali next day. When first they saw the two dusky figures galloping across the sand, they rode out to meet us with their lances couched, but as soon as they were close enough to recognize the man they hail as, "Ak-hu Sebbah," they lowered their weapons, jumped off their horses, and kissed our hands, galloped in with us, and held our stirrups to alight. I need not say that we received all the hospitality of Bedawi life. We, however, had one disappointment. Mohammed Dukhi, the Chief of the tribe, was absent on a Ghazu, but he had left his brother-in-law, Shaykh Salih et Tayyár in charge, and we were his guests. The former rules some 5000 spears; he is a curious mixture of savagery and civilization, and he has progressed far enough to become a freemason. Bedawin are usually truth telling as the modern model Anglo-Saxon. This man has learned all the falsehood and intrigue of City life, and his composite character, for he fights bravely if required, makes him the plague of the Damascenes. Shaykh Salih, on the other hand, is an honest, open-hearted Arab. My husband's object was to patch up a peace between the Wuld Ali and the Mezrab tribes, and Mohammed Dukhi, probably scenting the plan, rode off to the next section of the Camp, and gave out that he was on a raid. We visited the lakes, and they were all dried up, the only sign of them was a piece of water in the sand about the size of a small duck-pond. What, then, becomes of the Barada and the Awaj, the said ancient Abana and Pharpar?* They have been partly drawn off, and partly evaporated before reaching their basins at 'Utaybah and Hijánah.

We had a delightful ride after leaving one encampment for another. The ground was as smooth as a billiard table; it was a soft and breezy day, neither too hot nor too cold, rare in these latitudes. Salih et Tayyár and his relatives accompanied us. As

* Captain Burton considers the identity of the Barada with the Abana "not proven," and that of the Awaj and the Pharpar doubtful in the extreme. Mr. Porter speaks of a Wady Barbur, which has some similarity of name. There is a Jebel Barbúr, but the name is not, that I know, given to any water.

we mounted my husband whispered to me, "Let us show these fellows that the English can ride; they think that nobody can ride but themselves, and that nothing can beat those mares." I looked round, and saw their thorough-bred mares with very lean flanks, and I did not know how it would be with our half-breds, but ours had the advantage of being in first-rate condition, full of corn, and mad with spirits, so I gave my usual answer to everything he says or does, "All right! wherever you lead I'll follow."

As soon as the "Yallah" was uttered for starting we simply laid our reins on our horses' necks, and neither used spur nor whip, nor spoke to them—they went as though we had long odds on our ride. We reached the camp in one hour and a half. Salih et Tayyár and his men came up an hour and a half later. Neither we nor our horses had turned a hair; their mares were broken down, and the men were not only scarlet and perspiring, but they complained bitterly that their legs were skinned. "Ya Sitti!" said Salih et Tayyár, "why, El Shaitan himself could not follow you." "I am so sorry," I replied, "but our Kaddishes (garrons) would go, and *we* wanted to ride with *you*." This was all the difference of food and condition, for there is no question of the advantage of "blood" that their mares had over our horses.

An incident occurred on our return, which I quote, anent the safety of letters in Beyrout in 1871.

About twelve days before, I had written a letter of a somewhat private nature from Damascus to my husband, who was in Beyrout, detailing a local matter which I thought he ought to know. I dropped it into the Damascus post. He never received it. Riding home from Mohammed Dukhi's camp, at the edge of the Desert is a Moslem village, where we stopped to drink coffee, I saw on the ground in the court-yard a dirty envelope that looked like my own handwriting, with the Beyrout postmark upon it. I picked it up, and found my own letter, all crumpled. It had been opened, and read, and dropped out of somebody's pocket. The date showed it to be twelve days old. It had gone by the Damascus post-office to Beyrout, as the stamp showed; it had been opened, and sent back to some one in Damascus. And Providence was good enough to give me a warning: strange

things do happen to those who trust in God. After that time I never wrote to my husband, whilst in Syria, except with a kind of cypher of my own. It is very difficult to comment upon this and other similar occurrences, without pointing too markedly at the offenders; and a general remark would only have the effect of hurting the feelings of, and casting a slur upon, a community of innocent and honourable people. Such an act in a native would be less reprehensible, because laws of honour are not ground into him from the hour of his birth, and it would be still less so were he silently encouraged by a smile or a shrug from a European.

I feel that I am talking a strange tongue to readers in England, where such an act as opening or destroying private letters would never be dreamt of amongst gentlemen; and which would banish any woman from society. Still, in the Levant it does occur; and any Europeans who are honest, fearless, and straightforward by compulsion or custom, but not by Nature's gift, become, after a long residence, much like Mohammed Dukhi. At first they shudder at the felonious idea. By slow degrees the atmosphere of intrigue infects them; they see those around them imitating the natives, and they end in an assimilation. The moral of this is, that the *average* man or woman should not be stationed too long in the Levant at a time. Three years out of and one in Europe, is the best mixture. Be it understood that this kind of person is happily the exception to the rule; but in all large English communities abroad you may generally meet one or two who keep all the rest on the *qui vive* unpleasantly. Besides, many are born, bred, and educated out of England, but unfortunately inherit their English name from their parents, who settled abroad.

On the 22nd December we heard accidentally that an old friend of the Consul-General's, Mr. K——, had come on a visit. We thought it in good taste to meet him, and invite him to Damascus before his leaving Syria, and so went down to Beyrout. On Christmas Eve I heard midnight mass at the Convent of the Dames de Nazareth. All the young girls attended in white dresses and veils, and sang very sweetly, and we went in a body to Holy Communion. My husband and I ate our Christmas

dinner with the Consul-General, and were introduced to Mr. K——. M. Abcarius, the Consul-General's Dragoman, told me an amusing story about myself. A certain Jewish usurer of Damascus had assured him that his wife met me at the wedding of the Wali's daughter; that I had torn her diamonds off her head, flung them on the ground, and stamped upon them, saying they were made out of the blood of the poor. He added that the story had gone the round of Beyrout. I must confess to having been much amused. What a pleasant person I must be to invite to a party. Small untruths may sting, but when they rise to such heights they are quite harmless. In England there is often a little fire to raise a smoke, but in the East the smoke is but the breath of the calumniator. The usurer only hoped, by telling such a story whilst an official visitor was there, to do my husband some injury. I diverted myself by taxing the inventor with it next morning—he pretended to rend his beard and bite his fingers with rage, and he tried to lay the blame upon a brother usurer. I must explain to my reader what did really occur. In the midst of our amusements the wife wanted to go through her husband's business affairs with me, from beginning to end, and I already had heard them a dozen times, till I knew them like my *Pater noster*. I said to her, "What have we women to do with business? Let us be friends and enjoy ourselves *now;* let us mind our 'Bayt el Mooni'" (meaning our domestic affairs; literally the store-room, in which every Eastern woman keeps her stock of provisions for a year), "and leave business to our husbands." I congratulated myself afterwards that I had not invited her to come and talk in my room, for who then could have proved that we had not had a "set-to"?

The two men, whose names I suppress, put their heads together, and concocted long letters, in French and English, of complaint against my husband, and this one had the audacity, after rending his beard before me, to insert, "et je laisse à part les insultes que la femme du Consul à faites à la mienne." This is quite Eastern. There is a homely old proverb about a silken purse; and my "diamond" friend is of that stuff which will not make a silken purse.

Our fortnight at Andrea's Hotel in Beyrout was happily spent. It was like a little season to us; the society, comforts, and civilization, the sight of the sea, and the sea-baths, were enjoyable, to say nothing of the great hospitality we received. Invitations came every day to breakfast at one house, lunch, dine, or sup and pass the evening at others. Much of my time was spent in long rides in the beautiful pine forests that spring up out of the sand. The Comte Léon de Perthuis, and a band of young friends, used to make parties, and great amusement they were. We used to race, and come an occasional "cropper" on the soft ground.

On the 3rd, Mr. K——, having accepted our invitation, left Beyrout for Damascus, *via* Ba'albak. I met him at Shtora, the half-way house, and travelled with him in the *diligence*. At the last station, El Hameh, we found the Wali's carriage, and a troop of soldiers as a guard of honour. Mr. K—— and I drove in it to our house. The next morning was devoted to business at the Consulate. Mr. K—— apparently found all just, straightforward, and satisfactory, and he paid his official calls with my husband. Business over, I accompanied him to visit Abd el Kadir, and also to see something of Damascus.

On the 7th, we were fortunately able to show Mr. K—— our best sight, the Haj, which I minutely described last year. It occupied several hours in the morning, and later in the day I took him to see the Great Mosque, Ali Beg's house, the Gate on the bazar roof, Melek es Said's buildings, and the Khan of Assad Pasha.

At night I gave a large *soirée* in his honour, knowing that every one would like to meet an official visitor from England. I asked all my friends and acquaintances. It was a new thing, as *soirées* are not the custom, except among our handful of Europeans. Mr. K—— was obliged to own that, in its way, it was unique: he never saw such a party as the one I was able to assemble. To begin with, the thirty-six races and creeds and tongues have a striking effect. Grey-beard Moslems of the Sayyíd race twirling their rosaries; fierce-looking Druzes, and a rough Kurdish Chief and his party; a few sleek usurers, a Bedawi Shaykh sipping his coffee. My particular care, however, was that every one of the fourteen

castes of Christians should be represented; the missionaries, all the Consulates and their Staffs—in fact, everything appertaining to public life or local authority, culminating in the various Church dignitaries, Bishops and Patriarchs. The triple-roomed hall which composes a Damascus sitting-room, with fountains in the middle, lighted with coloured lamps; the bubble of the water in the gardens; the sad, quaint music in the distance; the striking costumes; the hum of the narghílehs; the Kawwasses, in green, red, blue, and gold, gliding about with trays of sherbets, sweets, and coffee, and the suppressed guttural conversation which, no matter how great the crowd, soothes instead of worrying the nerves, all combined to make the quaintest scene. Every one was introduced to Mr. K——, and each party had their little private conversation with him. Every one spoke to him, he told me, in the warmest and kindest manner of us—with one exception. Having, unfortunately, sharp ears, I had no great difficulty in knowing that the exception was a Polish converted Jew, who had lived in Damascus for one fortnight.

The next morning we went up the mountains of Salahíyyeh, to the bazar, to the house of SS. John and Thomas of Damascus, to Straight Street, to the house of Ananias, and the scene of St. Paul's basket, and, in short, all that could give our visitor an idea of the city. An amusing event occurred, which, small as it is, serves as an illustration of what I have said concerning the knowledge an English gentleman, landing fresh from home, has of Easterns. In the garden opposite ours there was a large wooden door, or *porte cochère*, perpetually swinging on its hinges. We had grown so used to it that, perhaps for want of sounds, we should even have missed it, but it naturally kept Mr. K—— awake the first night. The garden belonged to an old woman. I sent to her to say that I should be obliged if she would have her gate fastened. She returned an answer that she could not, for it was broken. I sent back telling her to try to mend it before night, and the reply was that it had been broken for years, that it would cost fifty piastres (ten francs), and she had not the money to spare. Next night Mr. K—— slept well. At breakfast he remarked the circumstance, and asked how I had managed about the door. "If

you will look out of the window," I answered, "you will see it in our courtyard. I sent two Kawwasses to take it down yesterday at sunset." He put on that very long official face with which all who are in the service of H.M.'s Government are fatally familiar. "Oh! but you really must not treat the people like that. Supposing that they knew these things at home?" "Suppose they did," I said, laughing. I had already ordered that after Mr. K——'s departure the gate was to be replaced and mended at my expense, that very day. Which do you think the old Kurdish woman loved best of us two Giaours?—the one who, from some high official motive which she could not understand, would let the door break his rest, or the other, who took it down and slept, and put it up in repair for her, as she could not have afforded to do? The proof is, that the next time the old woman saw me, she ran out exclaiming, "O thou light of my eyes! thou sunbeam! come and sit a little by the brook in my garden, and honour me by drinking my homely coffee; and Allah grant that thou mayest break something else of mine, and live for ever! and may Allah send back the great English Pasha to thy house, to bring me more good luck."

At 3 a.m. on the 9th January (1871), a mounted escort, with torches, and the Pasha's carriage, came to convey Mr. K—— and myself to the *gare* of the *diligence*, and we reached Beyrout that evening. Mr. K—— resumed his visit to his friend. On the 11th the Consul-General gave a dance, which we much enjoyed, and on the 14th Mr. K—— took his departure from Syria.

On the 16th arrived Mr. F. R. Hogg, Postmaster-General of Calcutta, who had been robbed by the Bedawin in the Desert from Baghdad to Damascus—a very rare event in Captain Burton's time. He remained a few days, and joined our riding parties. On the 22nd January I wanted to return to Damascus, although hardly able to travel. A hurt in my upper lip had swollen so much that it made me unfit for exertion. The weather was intolerably cold, with deep snow, and a bitter, driving wind. I went to the *gare* at 3 a.m., and found no place vacant except the box-seat, exposed and uncomfortable. I knew that it would be intolerable, with my pain, for fourteen hours, especially

in the mountains; but as I had pledged my word to be home that night I took it. After an hour I turned round and said, "Will any one take ten shillings to change places with me?" My "sporting offer" was accepted by the son of a Pasha; but though he took the money first, he only remained one hour outside, and then saying it was more than he could bear, he came in again.

I found that my favourite bull-terrier, "Fidget," had died during my absence, of the same disease as his sister, a kind of staggers. I wished—when too late—that I had taken him with me for change of air.

On the 2nd of February we went to breakfast with Omar Beg and his charming wife, who had now come down from the Desert of Karyatayn, and had taken a house in Damascus. We passed a most agreeable morning looking over the collection of Palmyrene *tesseræ* made for her father, M. Mordtmann. We also visited the stables, and measured the thorough-bred Arab mare before spoken of.

On the 4th we attended a most interesting council of war at the house of the Mezrabs. Mohammed Dukhi had, with characteristic futility, changed his mind, and come down to Damascus to return our visit. This meeting was to settle a dispute between the tribes of Mezrab and Wuld Ali. The two Chiefs were present, with several followers. There had been a fight, and Ed Dukhi had robbed the Mezrabs of camels, horses, and everything. Captain Burton wanted, if possible, to obtain a part restoration, but Ed Dukhi was too slippery, and though everything was promised nothing was done. One point of honour, however, he religiously kept: when the time came to eat bread and salt together, he sprang into his saddle and rode away. By that we knew that he did not mean friendship with the Mezrabs. We met afterwards at the Consulate, where all business was driven out of his head by the sight of a blue-eyed, fair-haired daughter of Erin. It was tried a third time, but my husband understood by the Shaykh's manner that he was supported by the local Government. This was impolitic on the part of the authorities, as Ed Dukhi owed them no allegiance, and the Mezrabs had been faithful allies. The latter were once offered £10,000 to allow

a certain renegade, O'Reilly, who called himself Hasan Beg, a free passage, in order to raise the Desert against the Turkish Government. The Mezrabs returned the blank cheque, and gave the Government warning, and Hasan Beg and his followers were captured. I cannot forgive this man of fighting name for kissing the Pasha's boots when he was arrested, as the Bedawin assured me he did to beg his life; and as I was not present, I will give him the benefit of a doubt.

On the 12th I bought a new Rahwan, a strong Kurdish pony, beautifully made, with a broad forehead and wide muzzle, and slit ears, that which did seventy-two miles in eight hours. The Rahwanji trains by putting two iron bracelets, with bells attached, above the fetlocks. In this case the Rahwan was perfect, and the man came only to train *me* to a new style of riding. You must sit still in the saddle, with knees high and advanced, and with a low hand draw in the reins, till the Rahwan carries his head high.

On the 16th of February our fine old Afghan Kawwass, Mohammed Agha, had a party, to which he invited me. I must say a few words about this man, who was the treasure of the British Consulate of Damascus. He first distinguished himself at Mooltan, when aged about twenty, in Nicholson's Horse, when he was called Mohammed Ali Khan, and where he was severely wounded. During the Russian war he accompanied Colonel E. Walpole to the Crimea, where he first met Captain Burton, and was again wounded at Balaklava. At its close he accompanied an English officer to Salonika, and saved his life, but was severely wounded a third time. He made his home in Damascus about twenty years ago, and became Kawwass of the Consulate. In the time of Mr. Rogers, Captain Burton's predecessor, his camp at Tell es Salahíyyeh was attacked, and all his people fled from him except Mohammed, who for the fourth time was severely wounded. He served through the Abyssinian campaign, and returned to Damascus, where he served Captain Burton. He was his right-hand man during that time. Those two could speak three languages that nobody else understood: Afghananí, Hindostani, and Punjaubí. He fought and was dangerously hurt, for the fifth time, at Naza-

reth, when my husband, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, he, and three servants, had to defend our camp against some 150 furious Greek-Syrians. On 23rd of October, 1873, after Mr. Vice-Consul Green had succeeded my husband, an assassin, Abdullah el Kakari, shot him down at the door of the Consulate, wounded for the sixth time. Mohammed caught him, and, with one arm broken by a bullet, held him down till assistance came.

One day after we left, a Shaykh, in a Court of justice, stood up and publicly cursed our Royalty in Mohammed's presence. The pious man supposed British influence to be at a low ebb. The Kawwass forcibly stopped his mouth with his fist; the Court raised a hubbub, but the old brave drew himself up, laid his hand on his revolver, and cried out to the President of the Court, "If you permit that man to curse my Queen, I'll shoot him dead before your face." The Shaykh and the Kawwass were both condemned to prison; but, of course, Mohammed's sentence could not be carried out. This Kakari even threatened to kill the Consul the moment he came out, and was confined in a rickety prison, whence he could escape whenever he liked. Why is he not sent to the Hellespont? Mohammed was a brave and chivalrous Moslem. He threw in his lot with the English in the East. Every Englishman who met him knew his courage, ability, and faithfulness, and all will join us in mourning his loss. He has often been the one trusty companion of solitary explorers among the wild hordes of Central Asia. His last journey was to accompany Consul-General Richard Wood and Mr. Green to Ba'albak, where he died of fever on 6th July, 1874. He was brought back to Damascus by his fellow Kawwasses and relations, and buried in the City he had chosen for his home. This brave man never recovered the Wahabi's shot, and felt keenly the neglect of the British Government.

As I am quoting from my journal of 1869-'70-'71 in 1874, I must remark that in noticing his life and announcing his death, the Damascus correspondent of a London paper said, "He keenly felt the neglect of those he had served;" and also, "he was wounded in defending Burton and Drake at Nazareth." The writer, I am sure, never intended to cast a reflection upon us:

nevertheless he has done so. At Nazareth "Burton and Drake" did not sit down and allow Mohammed to fight for them, but all three, with three servants, defended themselves, and were wounded. Mohammed received a stone in a tender place, and was ill long after the others had recovered. With regard to the first statement, if meant for us, I can only say that during our time Mohammed was treated more like a friend than a Kawwass. My husband made him Kawwass-Bashi, with an extra badge of honour, and increased his pay. When he was sick after Nazareth, during two months the doctor attended him once or twice a day, and we paid all the expenses of his illness. When my husband applied for a fine to be levied on the Greeks who attacked us, he made Mohammed's share treble that of the other servants. Ever since we left, the kindest letters have passed between us. It is true that we were unable to obtain a pension for him, as he requested us, but this was no fault of ours. I trust that somebody who carries more weight will urge it upon the Government to make an allowance to his wife and children, and to prove, at least, that England knows how to value fidelity and bravery.

To resume my journal. I went to Mohammed's party (16th February, 1871). It consisted, on both sides, of gorgeous dresses and trinkets, and the usual physical comforts. At the men's side this was interspersed with rude native plays, mostly impromptu, and games, such as imitations of different animals. All these assemblies, with their coloured lanterns throwing a mysterious light on the quaint, wild figures, form a scene of which one never tires, and each time it seems a fresh pleasure.

On the 17th February, Ali Beg Ahmadi and some Druzes arrived, and we rode to Burzeh and Mizzeh. We used to pass the evenings listening to them reciting poetry, stories of Ali or of Antar, their war parties, their victories, their love stories—all in that low, musical, guttural utterance which will ever live on my brain, and sough in the ear of my imagination as a luxurious lullaby.

On the 25th March, Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake arrived from England. One of our native visitors had been praising himself, with that Eastern vanity which is so delightfully refreshing and

amusing, because it is so free from guile. He would say, "Did you ever see a man so handsome as me, so big and tall, so strong, so clever, and such a good rider, or who can fight or shoot like me? I am famous amongst my own people." "Well," I replied, laughingly, "you are here, but I assure you, you would be quite a little man amongst most Englishmen. For instance, there is one coming to-night, and you shall judge." Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake was about six feet four inches. When he arrived, my friend gazed up at him with big, black, wondering eyes, and when nobody was looking, slid up to me and whispered—"Máshálláh, ya Sitti, but he is as big as a camel!" His boasting ended abruptly. Next day we made a pic-nic to Abraham's Sanctuary and the Forty Sleepers on Jebel Kaysún.

About this time my husband also arrived, with his fingers and toes frost-bitten, having been seventeen days out in the northern Desert, taking Homs and Hamah *en route*. He was for some days unable to bear a shoe. I kept the affected places constantly saturated with arnica and water on a rag, and they shortly recovered.

On the 17th March we were agreeably surprised by the arrival of Lord Stafford and Mr. Mitford, and we devoted the next few days to showing them the principal things at Damascus.

This had been an unhappy winter, owing to the famine. It was, rather, a scarcity which might have been averted. All the wheat and corn had been bought up cheap, and sold dear; the ovens, save one, were closed to oblige men to buy bread from that one. Corn was locked up in the face of the patient, starving, dying multitude. Crowds round the Serai called down the vengeance of heaven, and alternately begged for mercy; round bakers' shops were starved, pinched, and hunger-stricken wretches. Bakers were so poor that they had to buy a bag of flour, half-ground barley and wheat sweepings, bake it secretly, and sell it, before they could afford another. The animals were walking skeletons. This went on till it rose to the price required by a few whose fortunes were made, and they are now flourishing, as the wicked seem always to do. I could not find it in my heart to scold an Italian peasant for what he said to me the

other day: I was lecturing him for leading a bad life, and asking him how he could expect Providence to help him whilst he continued to offend Him—he answered me so naïvely, "Ah! signora benedetta, il diavolo è tanto ricco." No thunder and lightning came down on this occasion to crush the oppressors and open the barns. I used to save all the money I could, and, telling a Kawwass and men to accompany me with trays, I used to order a couple of sovereigns worth of bread, and distribute it in the most destitute part of Salahíyyeh. Your heart would have bled had you seen the ravenous hunger of the people, who would jump upon our men, tear the trays down, and those who loved each other best would tear the bread out of one another's mouths. I have sat by crying, because I felt it a mockery to bring so little; and had I sold all we possessed I could not have appeased our village for a single day. I wonder if those who literally murdered the poor, those who kept the granaries full, and saw unmoved the vitals of the multitude withering for want of bread, ever think of it from their high and prosperous stations! —I suppose not. I often think of those strange words of the Bible, "He that hath much, more shall be added unto him; and he that hath only a little, that little shall also be taken away."

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR HAJ TO JERUSALEM.

In March, 1871, Captain Burton desired me to meet him at Jerusalem by sea, as he was going by land. When I reached Beyrout to embark for Jaffa, the sea was running high, and there were hurricanes of rain and wind, thunder and lightning. The sky was dark, with the wind veering all round the compass; all advised me to wait for another steamer. My little Syrian girl was with me, and as she had never yet been on board a ship, and seeing a boat capsize with two men passengers who were attempting to embark alongside my steamer, I preferred seeing them rescued to doing likewise.

My stay afforded me one pleasure, if not two. Cook's party had arrived, and I lived as much as I could with them, lunching and dining every day at their *table d'hôte.* There appeared to be about 180, and they afforded me infinite amusement and instruction. They come like locusts into a town, and it is hard work for *habitués* to find board and lodging during their stay. The natives used to say, "Ma hum Sayyáhín: Hum Kukíyyeh" ("These are not travellers: these are Cookii"); yet too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Cook and his institution. It enables thousands, who would otherwise stay at home, to enjoy *l'éducation d'un voyage;* and travel is a necessity for the "narrow insular mind." It will open up countries now hardly accessible; a party of "Cook's" will not be plundered or maltreated, where an individual would hardly be able to enter. It will grow instead of falling off, and every year will see a fresh development.

But the "caravans" are menageries of curious human bipeds.

Surely the enterprising Mr. Cook must advertise for his incongruous assemblage, and then pick and choose the queerest. He must also have a hard time. Some quarrel with him because it rains, others because they tumble off their horses, and all have their grievances. One was that they were called at half-past 5 a.m. and at 6 the tents were struck. One lady was known as the "Sphynx." It appears that her bower falling at the stroke of 6 disclosed the poor thing in a light toilette, whence ensued a serious quarrel. I took a great interest in her. She wore an enormous brown mushroom hat, the size of a little table, caked all over with bunches of brown ribbon. Riding was a great exertion to her, and her "friends" said that she had always four men in attendance, two at each side of her saddle. Then there was a rich vulgarian, who had inveigled a poor gentleman into being his travelling companion, and who kept up the following specimen of conversation at the public dinner-table:—

"*You* wine, indeed! I dare say! *Who* brought *you* out, I should like to know, at no end of expense? *You*, who never dreamt of seeing these back countries!" Every line ending with "no end of expense," several times repeated, like declining brays. I longed to drop a little caustic into Dives, but I was afraid of poor Lazarus being paid out for it afterwards. All that I saw would fill a chapter, but it would be unfair to write one; there were doubtless nice, quiet, well-behaved people amongst them, only these had no attraction for me. To be quite fair, if we took 180 people of different temperaments, characters, and habits from any part of the world and jumbled them together, we might feel perfectly certain that when those unaccustomed to travel felt hungry or thirsty, hot or cold, tired or sleepy, and other hardships attendant upon out-of-door life, the worst part of their character would rise to the surface, and when skimmed off, that better things would lie underneath. If I were a young person about to be married, I should try to organize a travelling expedition with the object of my affections, and if possible with all my future family-in-law. Taken in time, it would be useful to many a young couple, for whom the honeymoon comes too late. I have often

been forced to imagine, "How I shall pity that man's wife if ever he marries," and *vice versâ*. Mr. Cook is obliged, with a large caravan, to make certain rules which must be kept with military precision. Every now and then some one who is unused to any kind of restraint resents, and quarrels about it. Mr. Cook takes it all so quietly and good-humouredly, never notices or speaks of it, nor loses his temper, but goes quietly on his way, carrying out the programme, as a nurse should act towards a fractious child. I have often thought, What a knowledge of human nature he must have acquired, and what curious experiences he must have had!

My second pleasure was receiving some very pretty and complimentary verses, to which I have always intended giving a prominent place, because pretty compliments are so rare. Not knowing at the time from whom I had the honour of receiving them, I thought it best to send my husband's thanks. Captain Burton afterwards became acquainted with the author, who has written and published several interesting poems. These are the lines in question:—

À MADAME BURTON.

Madame, tout le monde à l'envi vous admire;
L'Arabe croit revoir la reine de Palmyre,
Qui seule brava Rome et la remplit d'effroi.
La légende nous peint sur un blanc palefroi
Les amantes des preux du "Roman de la rose,"
Mais sous ce ciel riant où l'homme est si morose.
Faisant pâlir l'éclat des Dâmes du Manoir,
Vous passez le Liban sur un haut coursier noir;
A votre vue, alors, l'enfant de l'Arabie,
S'ecrie, en son extase: "Allah! c'est Zénobie!"

Pour moi, dont le cœur tendre est navré chaque jour
De l'état de la femme esclave en ce sejour,
Je me plais à trouver en vous sous cette zône
La fille libre d'Ève en superbe amazone;
Et comme on vante en vous, l'esprit et le savoir,
Madame, accordez-moi le plaisir de vous voir.

(Signed) D'Ambléon.

The next steamer was an Egyptian, bound for Jaffa, Port Sa'íd, and Alexandria, and though I have passed the best part of fourteen years in ships, going from one country to another, I can give this one the proud distinction of being the worst. She was very small, very dirty and odoriferous, with half-made beds and unclean sheets, no stewardess, and no accommodation. She nearly rolled round in the water, which did not comfort the deck passengers and the cattle with which they were intermingled. The cabins were scarcely big enough to turn in. It was no fault of the captain, or of anybody employed on board, who made up in civility and kindness for what we lacked in comfort. The weather was not much better; however, it was impossible to delay any longer, and one can bear almost anything for twenty-four hours. We had a horrible night, and felt very sea-sick. Mohammed Agha went as a deck-passenger, which he affirmed was far pleasanter than my first-class cabin, and I longed to be a drover, and to lie down amongst the cattle.

Jaffa is a peculiar place for landing, as they know who have been there. The surf is tremendous. There is a natural breakwater, formed by a reef of rocks, against which the sea lashes with fury. The passage is extremely narrow, and the mistake of a yard dashes the boat on the rocks. The sailors have to shoot through a gap with such precision, that if there is the least bad weather you may ply between Beyrout and Port Sa'íd for a week. Once inside the rocks you are quite safe. There was a doubt whether we could land, or whether I must be carried on to Port Sa'íd, another twenty-four hours' sail; but at about mid-day I was delighted to see fourteen boats coming off. The rollers were big; my poor little girl clung to me in a fright, but behaved very well. It was an ugly experience for the first sea voyage.

In going over Bible lands with the Bible, I may remark, for those who know only the translation used by the Church of England, that I have read and used both Catholic and Protestant with equal care.

The English Bible authorized by the Roman Catholic Church, commonly called the Douay, is a translation from the Latin Vulgate, of which the Old Testament, with the exception of Psalms,

Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and the I. and II. Maccabees, was translated from the original Hebrew by St. Jerome; and the Psalms, or Psalter, and the New Testament, are older Latin versions than St. Jerome, but more or less carefully revised by him. His work of translating and revising occupied thirty years of his life, from about A.D. 390 to 420, when he died where he had lived, at Bethlehem, on the spot where our Saviour was born.

The Protestant English Bible is, it must be admitted, far superior as regards the purity and elevation of its style; in fact, no book can compare with it. But it must be remembered that what the Douay and Rhenish translators aimed at was an exact reproduction of the Latin Vulgate, and that they expressly disclaimed any attempt to remove its difficulties, or to clear up its obscurities; they preferred to leave the very words of the Latin translation from the Hebrew in all passages which had no exact English equivalent.

The Protestant Bible excludes, as apocryphal, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and I. and II. Maccabees; whilst the Catholic Church admits them as being of equal authority with the rest.

To those who are interested in tradition, I would recommend reading with discretion the Apocryphal New Testament, which contains thirty books, at different times attributed to the evangelists and the apostles. Some of them are found in the works of Jerome and the early fathers of the Church, such as Origen (210 A.D.). These sub-scriptural works, however, have never been invested with canonical authority by either Catholics or Protestants, nor are they intended to be received as canons of faith.

Still, they have been used for the instruction and edification of the laity, and I, for one, knew and believed much of their contents before I was out of the nursery, though I had never heard of the Apocryphal New Testament.

It must be remembered that I. II. III. IV. Kings in the Catholic translation of the Bible are called in the authorized version I. II. Samuel and I. II. Kings; that I. II. Paralipomenon are called I. II. Chronicles; and I. II. Esdras are called Ezra and

Nehemiah. The Canticle of Canticles is known as Solomon's Song; and the names Osee, Abdias, Micheas, Sophonias, and Aggeus are spelt Hosea, Obadiah, Micah, Zephaniah, and Haggai.

Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and the Books of the Maccabees are counted apocryphal.

As I hope to be read both by Catholics and Protestants, I have quoted from the books of the Old and New Testaments, by both their Catholic and Protestant names, and have so headed all my texts where the names differ. I must request Catholics to take their Bibles, as, in deference to what I can but consider prejudice, I have not used what a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is pleased to call "that emasculated version of the Scriptures called the Douay Bible."

The order of the books of the New Testament is the same, except the last; we say the Apocalypse of St. John the Apostle for "Revelations."

I earnestly wish that we Catholics should all receive the same Bible education as Protestants do, and that we should know by heart chapter and verse for every single circumstance, as well as being versed in the substance of the Bible through epistles, gospels, church offices, and sacred history. I hope it may become the rule of every new school or college. Foreign Catholics are often utterly ignorant of the words of Scripture. It should be the base of every Christian education of all denominations.

Many of my co-religionists will say that this is a Protestant sentiment. It is a yearning for the rudiments of religious and historical education. I will give one example of what I mean. A highly educated gentleman, professing the Moslem religion, said to me after I married, "You were brought up in a convent?" "Yes." "Of course, then, you know your Bible well?" "Oh yes," I answered, thinking I was speaking the truth. "Well, then," he said, "will you tell me what it means 'to baptize for the dead?'" My countenance fell, and I was very much confused, for I had never even heard of it. I then began to read both Bibles assiduously, and the Apocrypha besides, and all the ancient plays and traditions, and the early Fathers. Being an old friend of my husband's, he found for me the desired infor-

mation. The Marcionites were heretics, who lived at Sinope, A.D. 150. Marcion came to Rome, and believed in principles similar to the Manichæans. When a man died, one of the Marcionites sat in his coffin, and another asked him if he were willing to be baptized, and he answered, "Yes," upon which he was baptized. These heretics quoted Paul, 1 Corinthians xv. 29: "Else what shall they do which are baptized, for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?" in support of this practice; but it is clear from this text that they did not originate it; it was objected that the act was foolish and useless, since if it was valid a person might be baptized for a Jew or a Greek, and so effect his conversion without the will of the recipient. The same friend found a portrait for me of Marcionites baptizing for the dead, from a book on the Inquisition, printed at Madrid in 1845.

Jaffa (Joppe) is a pretty, fez-shaped town, set upon a hill-side. From the ship it looks as though a child had built it with a pack of cards. The country is verdant with palm, cactus, and orange groves. There is a bright little German colony, separate from the town, which contains a small, unpretentious hotel, very clean and comfortable—the best I have seen in Syria—with good dinner and beds. The people look like the lower order of Bedawin of our part of the country, and bear the same relation as the common tramp to the real gipsy; all is untidy, dirty, and pell-mell. The acting Consul (Kayadh) came to visit me, and the authorities were extremely civil. The women of the Bedawin Fellahín—who are mostly in rags — wear, in lieu of the face kerchief of our district, nose bags covered with cowries, coins, and beads. This peculiar ornament is sometimes triangular, and sometimes oblong.

Jaffa owns a triple marble arch, with a fountain in each, covered with carvings and inscriptions. It was built by the Governor, Abu Nabu. All the roofs are domed, like our Khans. The natives believe that this town existed before the deluge, and that Noah built the ark here; that Jaffa being destroyed by the flood, was restored by Japhet, who gave it a name.*

* My husband reminds me that at Joppa Perseus slew the dragon which

The hall where Napoleon I. (1799) poisoned his men who were dying of the plague, rather than abandon them to native cruelty, is in the Armenian Orthodox Convent; at the same time, and for the same reason, he put to death 4000 Albanian prisoners of war. It was a horrible alternative. The house of Simon the Tanner, near the sea, close to the light-house, was once covered by a little Church, now a Mosque.* I will adopt the plan of giving the Bible text chapter or verse in small print with my descriptions, that those who want to recall the passage to memory may have no trouble; those well-versed in Scripture may pass them over. I always kept my Bible in my saddle-pocket, and found the greatest delight in reading the chapter upon the spot where the events referred to took place. Here St. Peter brought Tabitha to life.†

We remained twenty-four hours at Jaffa, and after hiring horses, we rode on to Ramleh. The gardens about this town, and for some distance beyond it, are exceedingly blooming. We passed through orange trees, citrons, and pomegranates. In about ten minutes we arrived at a fountain, overhung by sycamores and cypresses; it is also of marble, and built by the same Abu Nabu. Close to the fountain lies a garden, in which, it is said, was the house of Tabitha (Dorcas).

We soon entered the plain of Sharon. Here Samson burnt the harvest of the Philistines, by turning out 300 foxes with fiery torches tied to their tails.‡ The first village we passed was Yazur, containing a Wely with nine domes, where Imám Ali is buried. Here we left the road to Gaza on the right, and afterwards the route to Lydda on the left. The chief villages we saw were Sakíyeh and Bayt Dejján and Maktalah, so called because it used to be a great place for brigands. The last village was Sarafand (Moslem), close to Ramleh. Near here, according

threatened Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus; the place is noted on Etruscan urns by palm trees. The skeleton was exhibited at Rome, and its dimensions are given by many writers (Pliny ix. 4, Mela i. 11, and Strabo i. and xvi.). Captain Burton believes the dragon of St. George, which M. Clermont-Ganneau connects with Dagon, the fish-god of Lydda, to be a direct descendant from the classical monster. In Syria three distinct places, one of them already mentioned, near Beyrout, are shown where the fight took place, and where the skeleton is buried. What a fine fortune a single vertebra would yield!

* Acts x. † Read Acts ix. 36-43. ‡ Judges xv. 1-6.

to some, was Geth, or Gath, a Philistine stronghold, the country of Goliath; others identify Geth with a village called Geath, thirty-six miles from Jaffa, on a hill north-east of the Sharon plain.

The whole ride was green and pretty, and the country was covered with a carpet of beautiful wild flowers; we could look down upon the sea, and we saw all around a fine tract of grass meadow land, cultivation, and groves of oranges and other fruit trees. We loitered long in the plain of Sharon, which is sixty miles long by twenty-four broad, undulating and fertile, and we crossed it from west to south-east. We reached Ramleh early, and went straight to the Terra Santa Monastery of Spanish and Italian Franciscans. The monk who acted as porter received me at the door somewhat stiffly, but when he knew what I was, he altered his manner, and ran to call his Superior. The truth is, every evening people arrive and ask for hospitality, and are not all so polite as they might be, and therefore the good Fathers are not expansive until they know with whom they have to deal. They put my Syrian girl and me into a clean bedroom, with embroidered muslin curtains and chintz tops.

Ramleh is the ancient Arimathæa, the country of Joseph and Nicodemus, who had the honour of burying our Saviour. It once boasted a Castle, walls with twelve gates, and large markets; now it is a dirty village of 4,000 inhabitants, chiefly Moslem. Close to it the Crusaders fought that great battle in which fell the Comtes de Blois and de Bourgogne, and when Comtes de Bourges and Conrad were taken prisoners. Baldwin alone escaped by hiding in the long grass, and thus reached the City, where he was saved by an Arab Emir. Ramleh, for a time, was the headquarters of our Cœur de Lion. The Crusaders built a Church dedicated to St. John the Baptist: it is now a Mosque, called Jámia Khiyáb ed Din. We visited it, and the "White Mosque" (Jámia el Abiad), and we went to the top of the tower, 113 steps high, dedicated to the Forty Martyrs. We enjoyed a beautiful view: firstly of the ruins beneath us, which may have been the Templar monastery, or an old Khan; of the village and olive groves, of the plain, and of the distant sea, with an Eastern sun-

set. We also visited the Convent Chapel, which covers the house of Nicodemus. At night the Monastery was full, and we were served by the Monks. When I saw the company assembled in the refectory for supper, I did not wonder at the porter receiving me with such caution. They snorted and grunted and spat, and used their forks for strange purposes. Indeed, if I had not been hungry I could not have eaten, though pretty well seasoned to living with all kinds of people.

We started at 9.30 next morning. This day decidedly we "left dull care" at home. We had delicious weather, and we were exhilarated by our near approach to Jerusalem. We occupied seven and a half hours on the road, loitering two and a half, and riding five—reaching the Holy City at 5 p.m. We passed two cafés on the road, impromptu gipsy sheds, where we found good Turkish coffee and narghílehs; and here and there we were tempted by shady olive groves, and by fields of marigolds, poppies, daisies, and chamomiles, to dismount and sit awhile. The country, after leaving the plain of Sharon, was hilly and ridgy, and villages or houses dotted the surface at a distance from the road. I will not mention every village, guard-house, or well, but note down the principal objects of interest. Later we passed Kubáb (Koba of the Talmud), on the borders of the territory between the Israelites and the Philistines. To the east we saw the village of Bayt Nuba, City of Nob, of the priests,* where the high priest, Ahimelech, gave the bread of proposition, or shew-bread, to David, because he had no other, and also the sword of Goliath, and where David feigned madness before Achish, king of Gath. It is the same Nob where Saul, out of jealousy of David, slew every living thing, even to the animals.†

We soon after passed a little hill and stream called El Latrún, where the plain of Sharon ends, and the Highlands of Judæa commence. The hill is covered with ancient ruins. This is supposed to have been the native place of Dismas, the penitent thief. Once there was a Church, and also a Castle, which was a lurking place for robbers. Ibrahim Pasha razed it to the ground,

* Read I. Kings or I. Samuel xxi. 1-15.

† Read I. Kings or I. Samuel xxii. 18, 19.

and the church also disappeared. Close to El Latrún is Emmaus; residents at Jerusalem have opined that Emmaus, also called Nicopolis, Gofna, and El Latrún, were one locality, El Latrún being the stronghold where Vespasian left 800 men to guard Judæa. At Emmaus are the ruins of an old church dedicated to the seven Maccabees, who, with their mother, suffered martyrdom under Antiochus, B.C. 168.*

The next thing of interest is Dayr Ayyûb (Convent of Job), an abandoned monastery; and soon afterwards we reached Báb el Wady (Gate of the Valley), where the first "shanty"-*café* is situated, and where we stopped for half-an-hour. Shortly afterwards we passed the ruined Mosque of Imám Ali, whose Wely we saw close to Jaffa. The next place worth noticing was Karyath el 'Inab (Village of Grapes), now Abu Gosh, from its ancient Chief, a famous brigand, who used to black-mail travellers, till Ibrahim Pasha put a stop to his doings in 1830. This is the ancient Baalah of the tribe of Judah, Kariathiarim, Kariath-baal. In the house of Abinadab was placed the Holy Ark, when the Philistines gave it up, and it remained there twenty years, until David transplanted it to Jerusalem, 1033 B.C.† There was once a church here, dedicated to St. Jeremias; its convent was destroyed, the monks were massacred, and the building is now a stable.

We see a high mountain called Suba, long thought to be ancient Modin of the Maccabees, where Simon erected the sepulchre of his family. My dear and venerable confessor, Fray Emmanuel Förner of our Terra Santa monastery of Damascus,

* II. Maccabees (Protestant Apocrypha) vii.

Once for all, allow me to state that I make no pretensions to topographical study, nor did I weigh the respective merits of disputed places. Those who wish ampler information upon the subject will read the American Dr. Robinson, the larger Dictionary of the Bible, and especially the journal and the various publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund—that Society which has done so much honest, original, and valuable work upon what is popularly termed "half-nothing." In my humble way, I must be content with the identifications of my ecclesiastical informants, and local Moslem and Jewish teachers. Some of the former are modern, many are ancient, and possibly despite all neologism they may in the end prove true. I prefer to believe what the people living on the spot say, because I think that, if a holy site were suddenly changed, the fact must be handed down from father to son, like other frauds.

† I. Kings or I. Samuel vii. 1, 2; I. Paralipomenon or I. Chronicles xiii. 5, 6, 7.

found in 1866 a place six miles east of Lydda called Mádyáh, where he says, St. Jerome places this town. It is situated on a little hill, with a good view of the sea, from which would be seen to advantage the pyramids that adorned the sepulchre, and there are still the ruins of an ancient town, of which all the fine stones and marbles have been transferred to Lydda. There were mosaics, and wells cut in the rock, and a half-ruined rectangular building which would repay excavation.*

We next rode up the steep ascent of Kastel, to one of the principal heights of Judah, and to the north we saw Neby Samwíl, the ancient Ramathaim-sophim, the birth-place of the Prophet Samuel. Soon after we perceived Ain Karím, and St. Jean dans les Montagnes, of which I shall have to speak later. We then passed the torrent of Terebinth, where David took the five stones to put in his sling, and killed Goliath in this valley.†

We passed by Liftah, the village whose fruit gardens are watered by the Ain Liftah. This is supposed to be the Ain Nephtoah of Holy Scripture, which gives its name to this settlement on the borders of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin.‡

I have said that in writing my pilgrimage I shall cling to all the old traditions with regard to sites, and the legends or facts which, according to us, have been handed down from father to son, since history began, to the present day. I take what is believed among the natives, and what is confirmed by the Church.

Science and excavation will doubtless throw new lights on our old traditions, which, like the kaleidoscope, will delight the eye of many; but in these matters I hope and think the mass of the world will hold to the ancient way. It grates upon my heart to hear such asseverations as these:—"Emmaus; oh! Emmaus changes its site every year." "*That* the Sepulchre! how absurd to suppose the Sepulchre could be so near to Calvary;" and no one doubts the sites except the English. I have seen every kind of Christian kneeling at our Saviour's tomb, except my countrymen,

* I. Maccabees xiii. 25–30; I. Kings or I. Samuel xvii. 40.
† I. Kings or I. Samuel xvii. ‡ Joshua xv. 9.

and they remain outside in the church, gazing at the chapel which encloses it, and staring at the people kneeling three times as they approach it, as if they were watching some wild Hindoo practice, or the Da'aseh at Cairo.

Long before we reached Jerusalem we thought we were entering the Holy City, either on account of some old broken arch or bit of wall; but it was only a prelude, during which we were wound up to a pitch of expectation. This increased as we viewed eastward the Mount of Olives and the Valley of the Cross (Wady Musallabah) to the right, where are the Greek Orthodox seminary, the Convent of the Cross, and the Convent of St. Elias. To the right, in the distance, we saw Bethlehem, and, like an immense wall on the horizon, the Moab mountains.

At last I reached the crescent of a hill, upon which is a guard-house, and I beheld Jerusalem beneath me. At the sight I reined in my horse, with my face to the Sepulchre, and gazed upon the City of my longing with silent emotion and prayer. Every Christian bared his head. Every Moslem and Jew saluted. It is the custom for Catholics at this spot to recite the Psalm "*Lœtatus sum in his*" ("I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord"). All present, though of different faiths, now had a tie in common, and we all remained silent for several minutes.

Of all journeys, the most interesting to a Christian is a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to the Sepulchre of his Saviour. The *savant* has a wide field for his researches, and the pious pilgrim cannot take one step on this sacred soil without finding a monument, a sanctuary, or a site which he reveres. Jerusalem is holy for the Jews, who, in the day when they were the chosen people of God, had their temple here, and who still honour the stones which remind them of what they were. She is holy for the Christians, who were here redeemed. She is holy for the Moslems for the sake of Omar's Mosque enclosing the Dome of the Rock, and for the midnight journey of Mohammed on El Borák. Personally speaking, I am going there to follow my Redeemer through His three different lives, to instruct myself, as well as I am able, at the Fountain Head, with the Book

in my hand, and to draw therefrom strength and grace. I would realize the scenes of His public life, instructing men and curing maladies, and His three years' mission for the sons of Adam: His private and hidden life at Nazareth as the son of a carpenter, in poverty, obscurity, and obedience to Mary and Joseph, with common joys and sorrows like ours, with labour, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, fatigue, and privations such as we have—an eighteen years retreat in the interior of His family, dating from His teaching the Doctors in the Temple at twelve, to His commencing His public career: and I would try to understand something of His intercourse with His heavenly Father, the divinity which remained with Him upon earth, and of which He so often conversed with His disciples, and meant us to meditate upon. In one word, I ask for no vision or extraordinary thing, but I would realize, in a sensible manner, the invisible presence of my Saviour.

I feel almost unworthy to write upon a subject so full of thrilling interest as that of Jerusalem, and I wish to do so with purity of heart, with humility, with prayer and fasting.

The first buildings which met our sight were those of the extensive Russian colony, growing and prospering as they do all over Syria. They consist of Episcopal palace and Chapel, a Cathedral and Hospice, Hospital, Doctors' Quarters, Pharmacy, and Convent of Russian Sisters. All was begun in 1860, and completed in four years. We leave these buildings on our left as we ride towards the Jaffa gate, also called Báb el Khalíl, outside which are stalls, horses, donkeys, and a motley crowd, including lines of the most pitiful lepers. The Gates of Jerusalem are open from sunrise to sunset, except this, which is opened sooner and shut an hour later. On Friday, the Moslem Sunday, all are shut from 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., the Mosque hour, on account of a prediction that the Christians will retake Jerusalem on a Friday, whilst the Moslems are at prayer. We went to the Mediterranean Hotel, where we had engaged rooms, but being a day late they had been let. A little disappointed, I rode on to the Damascus Hotel, and was afterwards exceedingly glad—I had come for a devotional pilgrimage, and not to mix with the Frankish world. The Damascus Hotel was comfortable, very quiet, central, and close to every-

thing we wanted to see. In the evening, instead of being surrounded by compatriots, which is sometimes a pleasure, but not here, I was able to sit on a terrace and realize the dream of my life—I believe, the dream of all our lives.

The sun is setting on the Mount of Olives, where our Saviour's feet last touched this earth; the Mosque of Omar glitters its rosy farewell; the arch of Ecce Homo lies beneath us; the cross of the Sepulchre catches the ruddy glow; out yonder are the mountains of Moab, purple and red in the dying day, and we know that between us and them, deep down, lies the Bahr Lut (the Dead Sea).

This evening my husband arrived with the horses, and the Sais and Habíb, and we found a good place for stabling close by. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who was with us, had an attack of asthma. He told us that whenever he entered Jerusalem he felt ill, that the whole time he was in it the atmosphere excited and irritated his nerves, and that as soon as he left it he began to get better. We thought, as he was so young, only four-and-twenty, that he had outgrown his strength, and would get over it.

It would be useless for me to attempt the history of a place so well-known as Jerusalem. I merely insert these few dates for the convenience of my readers' memory.

Jerusalem means "vision of," or more literally, "he sees peace." Her ancient name was Salem, and she was founded by Melchisedec (about A.M. 2023). Fifty years afterwards she was taken by the posterity of Jebus, son of Canaan. She remained quiet for five hundred years, until Israel was brought out of captivity (A.M. 2553). Joshua conquered the Promised Land, killing thirty-one "kings," amongst whom was Adonisec, her King.

Until the reign of David, the Citadel remained in the possession of the Jebusites, but the Psalmist King took it, made it the Capital, and here placed the Ark of the Covenant. Then David sinned in taking the census of the people, and God sent the plague. He therefore built, by the order of the Prophet Gad, an altar on the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, which was on Mount Móriah; and the pestilence ceased.* On this spot Solomon built his great Temple.

* II. Kings, or II. Samuel, xxiv. 17-25.

The Ten Tribes then separated themselves, and the remaining two had to contend for three centuries against Egyptians, Philistines, and Arabs, allied with the other ten, who eventually dispersed, B.C. 599, and 413 years after Solomon had begun the foundations of the Temple. Nebuchadnezzar came to destroy Jerusalem and the Temple; and in the eleventh year of the reign of Sedecias, twenty-second king of David's line, he led the Jews captive to Babylon, which exile lasted seventy years. Then Cyrus, king of Persia, gave them leave to rebuild their Temple, which was accomplished in the tenth year of Darius' reign (B.C. 511). From the time of the captivity the Jews had no more kings, but the line of David was continued from Jechonias to Jesus Christ.

Alexander the Great treated Jerusalem well: she then fell into the power of Ptolemy Soter, and she owed a new life to the protection of the Ptolemies and Seleucides of Asia, till the cruelty of Antiochus Epiphanes deluged her with misfortunes. The Maccabees gave her independence (B.C. 160), and, until Palestine fell into the hands of Rome, she was governed by the Asmonean princes. Pompey took Jerusalem B.C. 63; Herod ornamented her, and restored the Temple, and near the end of his reign our Saviour was born (A.M. 4000). Seventy years after the birth of Christ, and thirty-seven after his death, the Romans destroyed the City and burnt the Temple.

In A.D. 136 Hadrian rebuilt it, and called the city Ælia Capitolina; in 326 St. Helena and her son Constantine built the Basilica, adorned the Sepulchre, and restored to Jerusalem her ancient name; in 614 Chosroes II. sacked the town and destroyed the Basilica; in 637 it fell into the hands of Omar, who is popularly believed to have built his celebrated mosque over Araunah's threshing-floor. The Dome of the Rock still keeps his name, but it was rebuilt in A.H. (year of the Hegira) 68 by the Khalif Abd el Melek bin Merwán. In the ninth century Harún el Rashid sent the keys of the Sepulchre to Charlemagne. In 1099 the Crusaders took possession of the Holy Places, but before another century had elapsed (1187) Salah ed Dín (Saladin) made his solemn entry into, and at the same time 100,000 Chris-

tians left, Jerusalem. Frederic II. had possession of it for a short time, but it relapsed into the hands of the Moslems, who hold it still.

Ancient Jerusalem was built on three mountains, but the Jerusalem of to-day sits on five. Akkra is the lower town, Sion is the highest, Móriah is the Holy Hill, Bezetha is the new town, and Ghareb looks towards the setting sun. The five mountains are separated by four valleys, namely, the Tyropæon, Jehoshafat, Hinnom, and Kedron. The City, which anciently contained 150,000 souls, now numbers at most 21,000, not including the pilgrims and visitors.

Its high grey walls have seven gates, five open and two closed. These are—

1. Báb el Khalíl (the Hebron gate), which the English call the Jaffa gate.

2. Báb el 'Amúd (gate of the column), or Damascus gate.

3. Báb el Usbāt (gate of the tribes), called by Christians Báb Sitti Mariam (gate of the Blessed Virgin Mary). In the time of the Crusaders it was the gate of the valley of Jehoshafat, and by the Israelites called the Flock, or sheep, gate. The English now call it St. Stephen's gate.

4. Báb el Mogháribeh (gate of the Moors), more anciently known as the Dung gate.

5. Báb Neby Daoud (the gate of the Prophet David), the English "Sion gate."

6. (Shut.) Báb ed Dahabíyeh (the Golden gate), known as the Eternal gate, and sometimes called Báb et Taubah (gate of Repentance).

7. (Shut.) Báb es Záheri (gate of Blossoms), also known as gate of Herod.

The Jewish and the Mohammedan quarters surround the Hárám, which occupies the whole of Móriah; the Moslems also spread themselves over Bezetha and part of Akkra, and the Jews over Sion. The Armenian quarter occupies the rest of Sion, and the Greek Christian quarter part of Sion and Akkra.

I would here recommend all persons with low-church tendencies, with a limited religious faith, geologists, antiquaries, and

archæologists, to skip over a few pages; to them I concede not only the old 6000 years, but 66,000 times 6000 years, if they please. Time does not affect our old facts: it only tells us that we do not know how to count. I wish to write freely upon religious subjects, and as I respect all other religions, I require the same respect for mine. I warn off scoffers from mixing the traditions and legends, which are of optional belief, so many of which adorn my recital, with the grand basis of our faith, and its practices. I have collected, and recite, not only the traditions and legends of the Catholic Church, but those of all other religious beliefs. I find that we have many points in common, though Catholics generally do not know it, with the Moslems and Jews. Whenever we have a tradition or legend, they have a similar one with different actors and different names.

The next morning we were out early, and these words were written on the spot:—"I am sitting under the Golden Gate of the Temple, looking down upon the Valley of Kedron, which is banked by strong and precipitous sides. The steeps are all crowned with buildings or ruins; the opposite one (Mount of Olives) by a mosque, and the one upon which I am sitting, by the walls of Jerusalem, which rise behind me. The Garden of Gethsemane is on the opposite declivity, low down near the Kedron ravine; I can see also the Tomb of our Blessed Lady, from which she is said to have risen after three days, like our Lord, and she was assumed into heaven. The traditions of the Church show us a place where the angel Gabriel came to announce to our Lady her death, as he did her Immaculate Conception. Also, we are shown the site of her death, where the Jews attacked and insulted her funeral, the spot where she was buried, and the place where St. Thomas the Apostle saw her rising in glory to heaven. There is nothing of all this at Ephesus, where some pretend that she died, and where they have nothing to show relative to her life or death. So we cling to the traditions of her native place.

"From where I sit I can also see the tombs of Jehoshafat, Hezechiah, Absalom, and St. James the Less. There is the Valley of Judgment; it is already full of the tombs of Jews whose hearts

yearn for their old Temple, and who have caused their bones to lie as near it as permitted. The sky is glorious. The birds, insects, flowers, the balmy air and the sweet breath of spring, all contribute to a sense of enjoyment. It is approaching Holy Week, and the pilgrims of every race, colour, tongue, costume, and creed, are swarming beneath. All you who have been to Jerusalem, my sister pilgrims, know the scene: but to you who do not know it, how can I describe what I feel—what you will feel when you are so happy as to make this pilgrimage? I will try, at the risk of being called visionary, weak, and superstitious. I sit on a mound, gazing on these holy places, and I think over them; and then I kneel on the grass, and I pray and weep, and weep and pray, not because I am sad, but because I cannot stay my tears. All imaginable emotions crowd alternately upon my mind. I am so thankful to God to be a living thing; I repass in my mind the whole birth, life, passion, and death of our beloved Master; the early history of Jerusalem, her great crime, the retribution she is suffering, the scenes that have been enacted in her from her beginning to her present time. Gratitude to our Saviour for our redemption fills my heart with such devotion, such confidence of mercy, such lucidity, and, if I may use the word, such familiarity with heavenly subjects, which seems the halo of grace thrown around the locality by our Saviour's precious blood having fallen upon the soil. I cannot tell you how strange it is to see, to think, and to pray by, nay touch, the very scenes and monuments of which you learned at your mother's knee, of which you read every morning in your childish lesson, and in which you were examined upon Sunday by your parish priest. You then felt as if these things were some mystery of the other world, and perhaps sometimes your little brain thought them dry and useless. You did not understand how this thing could be, or what another passage could mean. You only knew that it was true, and that you must believe it, and learn it by heart.

"And now you are here, your mind wanders back to that childhood, and then 1871 years farther. You, the little one of the nursery, are a grown-up woman, and you find yourself in the same town that bewildered your head in the days when you longed

to run away and play; amongst the same people, who are living the same life, saying and doing and thinking exactly the same things they said, did, and thought, eighteen centuries ago. You feel the whole force of the truths contained in the Bible, how there is nothing extraordinary, difficult, or incongruous in any sentence, whatever may have appeared in those young days. If you opened your mouth you would speak in the same way, and the sentences that had no meaning for you then, are explained by nature itself; you touch the Tomb, and you ask yourself, 'Is this real, or am I dreaming?' You walk about with swelling, choking throat, and your eyes fill with tears against your will, from happiness and associations. Your one wish is to avoid everything and every one, for they only jar upon your feelings. Nor can you easily settle down to a calm enjoyment of these things during a first visit to Jerusalem."

Let us begin at the beginning, and go through those sad events as they happened, taking each place in its proper time.

First, we rode to see the "Stone of the Colloquy," on the road to Bethany, so called because it is believed that when Martha came to tell Jesus that her brother Lazarus was dead, the Saviour sat upon this stone whilst He conversed with her. It is a little table of rock about a yard long. We then went over a jagged country to Bethany, a short hour from Jerusalem. It is the village where our Lord used to sup with Martha and Mary, where He raised Lazarus, and where He remained during the few days before the "Last Supper"—the Passover.* Bethany is now but a few huts and broken walls in a sheltered spot. To see the tomb of Lazarus, you descend a flight of twenty-seven steps to a vestibule cut in the rock; then three steps more and a little passage lead into a sepulchre, which is like a small, empty rock chamber. The Moslems respect this tomb, believing that whoever dishonours it will lose his children by death. The Canons of the Sepulchre here kept a convent of Lazarists in olden times. About forty yards to the south, they show the supposed house of Martha and Mary. Of course we understood the site, for the hut there now is not ancient enough; and a few minutes' walk to the west

* Read John xi., Luke x. 38–42, Mark xiv. 3–9, xi. 12–14, 19–26.

is the house of Simon the Leper, the scene of Magdalen's anointing the feet of our Saviour. We passed also a little field where Christ withered the tree; it is marked by an excavation in the rock, where there is always a fig. One could not wonder at our Lord choosing this retreat. Bethany faces a beautiful view. It is in a green nook, happy in stillness. There are sloping hills to the Dead Sea. One can picture Him staying here, looking over the mountains of Moab, watching the sun set on Mount Olivet, pondering over and preparing for the great work of man's salvation, longing for the hour of His ascension to His Father, waiting just without that great City of His enemies until the moment came.

The way by which we returned was that upon which Jesus rode upon the ass in triumph on Palm Sunday (A.D. 33), down the Mount of Olives, and in at the Golden Gate of the Temple.* This gate is always kept shut on that account, according to ancient prophecy, and you pass it by, saluting it, and entering the town by the nearest to it.

Ezekiel (xliv.), relating his vision, said:—"Then he brought me back the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary which looketh towards the east; and it was shut. Then said the Lord unto me: This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut."

We will now visit the next scene, the Cœnaculum, or the room of the last supper.† On our road we will notice some spots which are revered for their associations. We are now standing in the Christian cemeteries. At the south of the American cemetery there is a little spot of desolate land. It is the site of a house where, when all was over, our Blessed Lady lived with St. John, whom our Lord on His Cross consigned to her care. Here she passed her last fifteen years; here she died at the age of sixty-three, and was buried near the garden of Gethsemane —as the body disappeared three days after burial, it is the pious belief by our revelation and tradition that she was assumed into

* Mark xi. 7-11.

† Read Mark xiv. 12-25; John xxii. 19-29; Acts i. 13-26, ii. 1-4.

heaven by our Divine Lord. St. Thomas is affirmed to have said that he saw her rising in glory to heaven, and that "she dropped her girdle to him," as Elijah did his mantle to Elisha.

Poor mother! who knew for thirty-three years what it was to live with Jesus. A desolate, lonely age of fifteen years that must have been, passed in anxiety to rejoin him. How dreary and sad she must have ever felt, excepting when the thoughts of man's redemption whispered to her that the time of her suffering was soon to end, and must not be counted in so great a cause. How she must have dwelt on Simeon's prophecy, "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce." (Luke ii. 35.) How she must, humanly speaking, have dwelt with sadness on the sufferings of the beloved Son. Our Lord must have ordained that she should pass those fifteen years in poverty, humility, and obscurity, as it were in a kind of spiritual retreat, preparing for what was to come—I mean her assumption and her coronation as Queen of Heaven.

All that remains *in situ* of this poor, small dwelling, are some large stones, said to be the foundations: the Christians who pass by salute it, and place something for a remembrance. The stones are covered with flowers, pins, wafers, pebbles, and many other things of the same value, which mean, "I remembered the sorrow of Jesus' mother, when I passed her dwelling." Now we can pass on, for this is not what we came to see.

A little to the East you find a group of houses, surmounted by a leaden cupola and a minaret; that is called Nabi Daoud (Prophet David). On the southern side, a door admits you to a yard and stable; and a few stairs ascend to a little paved court. Turn to the door on your left, and you enter what was an ancient Church, but is now converted into a Mosque. It is built on the site of the ancient Supper-room. As some say that the present room may be the actual site built up with other materials, I will describe it. It is a long hall, with a groined roof, supported by three columns, and it has three pointed arched windows on one side, looking on the court. It is what one's imagination pictures the scene of the "Last Supper" to have been. Here our Lord instituted for us the substance of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,

and the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist. His last act before His Passion commenced was to leave us this precious legacy. Here took place the mystery of the union between God and man in the Holy Communion. God ordained that Jesus should choose a privileged people, whose faith could rise above the earth and the senses.

It was in this hall that He washed His disciples' feet; that He promised them the Holy Ghost; that He told Judas that he was about to betray Him, and Peter that he was about to deny Him.*

It was in this hall that Christ appeared to His disciples on the day of His resurrection, and again eight days afterwards, when He told Thomas to put his finger into His wounds, and gave us this benediction, "Blessed are they who have not seen and have believed." That is for you and me, reader, and I rejoice not to have seen that I may believe; it appears to me the only thing that we can do for our Blessed Saviour in return, the only thing to please Him, and to prove our gratitude. It was in this hall that Matthias was chosen an apostle in place of Judas; it was here that the Holy Ghost came down upon the disciples in form of fiery tongues; it was here that St. James lived as Bishop of Jerusalem, that the Sacraments of Confirmation and Extreme Unction and Holy Orders were instituted, and that St. Stephen and six others were ordained deacons.† The building was the property of the same Joseph of Arimathæa who had the honour of burying Jesus.

We now can realize the scene of the Last Supper, the last sayings and counsels of the Master to His beloved twelve—each, though they did not then understand, pregnant with an eternal meaning; His last affecting farewell of His beloved mother, and

* Read Matthew xxvi. 21-25, 31-35; John xxiv. 16, 17, 26, 36, 37, 38; John xxv. 7-13, 26, 27; John xiii. 4-15.

† Acts vi. 1-6.

James iv. 14-16 (Extreme Unction):—"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church: and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

of those who were dear to Him on earth; after which, with the chosen few, He went forth to the garden to pray.

I spent the greater part of the afternoon conversing upon these things. The origin of a dislike to sitting down thirteen to table began after the Last Supper; in old times it was a superstition that one would turn traitor, and in modern times it is said that one will die.

I wish that a painter who knows the East would produce a "Last Supper," not with modern dinner-table, cloth, and plates, as we have always seen it, and which destroys all pleasure and devotion; but as it must have been, with our dear Lord and His disciples sitting upon rugs, or mats with low cushions, in a circle. In the middle stands a large round brass tray, the size of a table, balanced upon a low stool, with platters and bowls.* Holman Hunt, who has long lived at Jerusalem, and Frederic Leighton, who has lately been to Damascus, and has brought back Eastern nature and its truths with him, are the only great artists equal to the work.

All that the four Evangelists have written shows how none knew His own people so well as our Saviour. The Syrians acted towards Him as they would if He were alive to-day. When He was in trouble they slept; whenever there was a danger they fled; Judas betrayed Him; Peter denied Him; Thomas disbelieved in Him. Whenever He strictly "charged them to tell no man," they told. Every now and then, in addressing the people, He could not help bursting forth into, "Ye generation of vipers."

Which of us has not, at some time or other, suffered cruelly from the unjust and groundless desertion of a trusted friend? This must have been the most galling part of His passion. And every time we suffer in this way we share with our Divine Master. From Peter's case we may take comfort and hope, when we repent of our sins; from the example of Judas we may shun des-

* My husband remarks the impossibility of Syrian fishermen using the luxurious appliances of the wealthy Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans, such as the four-legged Τράπεζαι (Trapezai)—that is, Τετράπεξαι (Tetrapezai)—and the three-footed Τρίποδες (Tripodes), which fronted the Triclinia.

pair. Tradition says that Mary and St. John did all they could to induce Judas to repent, but that he refused, saying his crime was so great that God could not forgive it; this, again, is not an article of faith, but a pious tradition.

The Syrian of to-day will stand by his master through fire and water if he loves him: but he will not love him, nor be faithful to him, for his gentler qualities. He requires something else. It is not the humble missionary who preaches to him of love and faith that wins him. Like a woman, it is his master's power and might, his external surroundings, his display of force, that subdue him. His personal love depends if the master can ride, shoot, fight, and hold his own, if he can speak his language, if he know his religious prejudices, read his thoughts and mind, when he feels that he is under a microscope before the eye of his master, and that his physical strength and moral intellect are superior to his own; then he will bow down and worship that master, he will be proud of belonging to him, and will be his for life and death. The Jews worshipped our Saviour's miracles and wondrous doings: the Pharisees and Priests of the Temple were jealous of them. If our Lord had chosen to wear the royalty of an earthly King, they would have fought for Him; but a spiritual kingdom was too high an idea. They were too material, and as our Lord wore only the garment of humility, love, and peace, and sought only to do them good, they easily forgot his benefits, and they were afraid to side with him against those who were what *they* thought kings; who had force, wealth, and the pomp of Government. All this was decreed, and I am only showing that Syria in 1874 is in no way changed from the Syria of 33.

We then visited the private house of Caiaphas, whose official residence was the Tower of Antonia. It is close to the Cœnaculum, and there is on the old site an oratory, also called Ecce Homo, and likewise a more modern house.

We sat in the English burial-ground on Mount Sion this afternoon, talking, and picking a flower here and there. How little any of us thought that six months hence we should have left Syria, and that three years later our dear friend and travelling companion, Tyrwhitt-Drake, would lie in this very spot.

A young man, and full of promise for a brilliant Eastern and scientific career; his personal appearance was tall, powerful, fair, but manly; he was distinguished for athletic and field sports, for riding, walking, swimming, and shooting. His intellectual qualities, with a mind so stocked with all kinds of information, made me wonder how at twenty-four years of age he could know so much. His mastery of languages—Arabic and others—his wonderful eye for ground, and knowledge of topography, made him a most agreeable, and eventually an indispensable, companion in our excursions. He was an excellent draughtsman, and he sketched admirably. In character and disposition he was a thorough Englishman, the very soul of honour; reserved and silent in manner, as warm of heart, he observed much and thought more, and had an innate knowledge of the world. He got on well with every one; he won all hearts, and was equally respected by Europeans and Natives. He made very few intimates, but he was a friend to the back-bone. He had that dogged determination which is quite English; once a resolve was made he never turned back, and that tells with Syrians. He lived with us and travelled with us; Captain Burton and I loved him like a younger brother, and he repaid us in kind. We thought his health required care for a year or two, and as long as he was with us we looked after him; he often told us that he was growing out of all delicacy. He felt our going as a boy would feel the breaking up of a happy home, whether it was in Damascus itself or under canvas. He visited us in Trieste, *en route* for England, in the summer of 1873. We thought his health much gone off, and we begged of him to come and stay with us whenever he wanted change and his family could spare him. In March, 1874, he sent us a sketch of his camp in the Jordan valley, where we had formerly encamped together. Some weeks of rain and mud brought on the dreadful Jericho fever, from which we all hoped and believed he had recovered, and we wrote and renewed our invitation. He replied that Lieutenant Conder was going or gone to England, and that he could not leave the post he was in charge of—the date was Jerusalem, 8th May, 1874. On 14th May, 1874, my husband was struck down by a sudden pain, which a few

hours determined to be of a serious character. He was seventy-eight days and nights in bed, and had two painful operations performed. The last, under chloroform, was on the 23rd June. That very morning our poor friend breathed his last in Jerusalem, in spite of every care on the part of Dr. Chaplin, the excellent physician, who had devoted himself to his case. A few days later, when the letters arrived, seeing "Palestine Exploration Fund" on the seal, I thought that perhaps our kind friend Mr. Walter Besant had announced the discovery of some new stone or inscription that would amuse my husband. I handed him the letter, not thinking of "Charlie," as we called him, and supposing him to be recovered and well. By that time we hoped he had gone to Bludán, our old summer quarter, for a holiday. My husband dropped the letter, and fell back quite pale—his wound had burst out afresh. I picked up the letter and saw the sad truth. Captain Burton was much retarded by this blow. With all my care to give him only pleasant news, I had handed him the worst letter I could possibly have done. It appeared that fever had reattacked our poor friend, as it does sometimes, when he was packing up, *en route* for the Anti-Lebanon, where, could he have reached it, he would have got well, for it always agreed with him. But God in his mercy knew what was best for him, and during the seven hours that he knew that death was at hand he continually said, "Tell my mother that I die in the love of Jesus." He was ill forty days, and during that time, when the delirium of fever was upon him, he constantly cried out in Arabic to Habíb, the youth whom my husband made over to him when he left, "Habíb, pitch our tents on Mount Sion; there is such a beautiful place." It was the spot where we sat on the day of which I write, and where he was afterwards buried. A mother has lost the flower of her flock, and is bowed down with sorrow; we, and many others, have lost a friend whom we can never replace; the Palestine Exploration has lost its corner-stone, and England has lost one of those youths of promise, every one of whom contribute to build her fair fame and to guard her honour. R. I. P.

After this sad story we will continue our pilgrimage. "Jesus went forth to the garden to pray." This garden is the only place

that struck me with surprise. I always imagined that our Saviour, having left the Supper, walked into one adjoining the house, whereas He descended the mountain, He crossed the Wady Kedron, and He mounted part of the opposite steep, a walk of nearly an hour. We, too, will do so, and first descend six steps into the natural grotto, where light is let in by an aperture from above; it contains three altars; the early Christians built a church over it, and St. Jerome mentions it as St. Saviour. It is said that in this cave our Saviour passed the first part of His agony. The garden itself is square and small, walled round and planted; it contains a few cypress and eight old olive trees, under which it is said our Saviour often sought the shade. These trees are carefully guarded by the Moslems. The Arabic name for the garden is Bostán ez Zeytún, literally, Garden of Olives. There is a little door on the south-east side, and outside of the door to the east is a rock, where it is said our Saviour left Peter, James, and John to watch and pray. He came from the grotto and found them sleeping; He went a stone's throw away to the north of the garden and continued to pray. He came a second time and found them again sleeping: on returning He cast Himself upon the ground under the olive trees—we can imagine our Saviour permitting His human nature to assert itself for the last time, whilst retaining all the foreknowledge of His divinity, leaving His human nature alone, face to face with the torments which he was about to endure—and cried out, "My Father, let this cup pass from Me; but not My will but Thine be done." How He must have been filled with fear of death, horror, repugnance of what He was about to endure—wounded love, our ingratitude, and the little benefit that His sufferings and death would be to a large portion of His creatures. How He must have endured mental agony and bodily fear, and the weight of all our sins. All this came upon Him humanly. With His divinity He could foresee all. Then we must remember that all those dear to Jesus had fled from Him, and God the Father only was with Him in rigour and justice, and at that moment did not behold in Him His Beloved Son, His co-heir in the Trinity, but only the scape-goat of the world for the sins of men. The vengeance of God and heaven, the powers of earth

and hell, were all let loose upon Him, till, God as He was, He cried out aloud, and sweated blood with His tears. He continued to pray, and the angel comforted Him. Then He rose again, and for a third time He found His disciples sleeping, and, tired of reproaching them, said, "Sleep ye now, and take your rest. It is enough."*

About twenty yards south of the little garden door is a fragment of a column which marks the cruelest part of our Saviour's passion—Judas' kiss; His disciples all fled, leaving Him alone in the hands of His torturers.† His work was over—those He loved had departed from Him. This world was ended for Him—and now He had nought left Him but to suffer. It is the end of us all—each in our small degree, when the agony of death comes to our turn.

Jesus was solitary in the midst of His apostles, who forsook Him, who fled, who lied, who slept, who denied, who betrayed, who hid, who disbelieved Him.

The human heart does not suffice for its own happiness—it wants another; Jesus was human, although Divine, and His heart spread itself on His creatures. The preservation, the life, the growth, the perfection of love is to love always, always more, and never cease to love, in spite of obstacles, separation, sorrows, poverty, and every misfortune. The apostles knew nothing of it until they lost Him.

Two true friends separated from each other are not contented with thinking—with memory. They want to meet often, and exchange a load of confidence on their minds, and this augments and keeps up their mutual affection and confidence. They did not know then that this was about to be taken from them. His enemies arose to insult and outrage Him. Most were indifferent, and those who loved Him left Him solitary and forgotten.

The greatest sorrow on earth is to be abandoned by those we love. No distance, no time, no space on earth, nor the depth, nor the immensity of the world, can contain that one sorrow. It is such utter annihilation that the heart faints and the brain reels even to think of it. This must be the meaning of hell! What

* Mark xiv. 32-42. † Mark xiv. 43-50; John xviii. 4-13.

an affliction for two hearts who love, to be separated in eternity—the only real separation.

It was now late, but our Saviour was dragged all the way back He had come—through the torrent of Kedron, in which He fell, but was urged on with blows, buffets, kicks, and stripes with whips and ropes. In addition to bodily afflictions, he suffered insults, taunts, reproaches, and public shame, which lasted day and night the best part of three days from this hour, till three o'clock on Good Friday. A human being would have sunk under his sufferings in three hours, but His Divine Will prolonged His physical capability of bearing it. Then He was dragged up the other side of the mountain to the City, and successively to the houses of Annas, and Caiaphas the High Priest, and Herod the King, and Pilate the Governor, and subjected to every insult, until He was given over for the night by the unmanly Pilate, to be the sport of a brutal soldiery. That night Herod and Pilate were reconciled, to unite against Jesus. All private enmities were buried to make common cause in this great universal sport—the murder of their Messiah, their God.*

The Soldiers' Hall was at the house of Caiaphas, now the barrack opposite the Church of the Flagellation, and a little oratory marks the site where they mocked Him. The Judgment Hall was in Pilate's house, which in those days covered the site of the present Convent of the Sœurs de Sion, and the Church of the Ecce Homo.

I do not suppose that we shall ever know, until we are launched into eternity, what Christ suffered for us in that time. If we did, we should perhaps be almost afraid to breathe, for fear of doing some ungrateful act.

A curious and interesting tradition was found in a tomb in Jerusalem, and was brought to England, it is told me, by one of my ancestors, a Lady Arundell of Wardour, which appears to have been ratified by a Saint, called the Blessed Ingleton. It was supposed to have been a revelation to St. Bridget, a daughter of Birger, Prince of Sweden, Legislator of Upland and Sigrida, and

* Luke xxii. 54-71; John xviii. 24-39, xix. 6-37; Matthew xxvii. 19-56; Mark xv. 6-20.

descended from the Kings of the Goths. Princess Bridget was born in 1302, and married to Ulphon, Prince of Nericia; she led a saintly life, made several pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and died in Rome—where it is likely that she left this revelation—23rd July, 1373, aged 71; but also it is possible that as two sons of St. Bridget died in the Crusades, that this paper might have been worn about their persons (as is enjoined), and have been buried with them.

It is no article of faith, but it is so interesting that I insert it. It may convey to our minds some idea of what Christ bore for our salvation, for we may add to it the inventive cruelty of the Eastern, the barbarous times, and the licentiousness of soldiery supported by the local authorities.

* * * * * *

1. When I was apprehended in the garden I received thirty cuffs and 820 blows.
2. When going to Annas I had seven falls.
3. They gave me 550 blows upon my breast.
4. They gave me five cruel blows upon my shoulders.
5. They raised me from the ground by the hair of my head thirty times.
6. They gave me thirty blows upon my mouth.
7. With anguish I sighed 880 sighs.
8. They drew me by the beard 388 times.
9. They gave me 6666 cruel stripes with whips when I was bound to the pillar of stone.
10. They spat in my face sixty-eight times.
11. They put three crowns of thorns upon my head [which must mean that they broke them with blows and renewed them].
12. The soldiers gave me 558 stripes with whips, whilst I carried my cross.
13. Falling under my cross repeatedly, I received a mortal wound upon my shoulder, and many kicks and blows.
14. They gave me vinegar and gall to drink in my thirst.
15. Whilst hanging on the cross I received five mortal wounds.

* * * * * *

This revelation is in no way guaranteed by our Church authorities, but at the end of these sentences great blessings are

promised to those who wear it in remembrance of our Saviour, and many of us carry a printed copy round our necks in a locket or a little bag.

Our Saviour was scourged at the Pillar, crowned with thorns, and exhibited to the people by Pilate, and hence He carried His Cross, and was crucified. We will follow Him from the beginning to the end.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONTINUATION OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

We start from Casa Nuova, we pass the Convent of St. Saviour in Christian Street, which trends eastwards. When we arrive at the first crossway, we see to the left-hand an open window, which forms the corner of a house, and a column below it. Here Church tradition says that sentence of death was passed upon Jesus. Opposite, and a few steps to the east, is the Gate of Judgment, where Jesus, after being condemned, took up His Cross, to carry it through the City. All those about to die walked out of this gate to their place of execution. We then walk the same way that our Lord walked, followed by the crowd. Frère Liévin de Hamme, a Franciscan monk of the province of St. Joseph, a brother of the Terra Santa Convent in Jerusalem, who knows more about Jerusalem and the Holy Places, and who has studied more about them —in a religious sense—than any man here, accompanies us, and we pilgrims crowd around him. We walk from place to place, making the stations of the Cross publicly on our knees. The good monk explains every spot to us, whether religious or historical, and gives us authorities and references, and we can note it all down. He also tells us the holy traditions and legends, which are optional as to belief. When we come to a place where Jesus has been, we kneel, and he recites a prayer, in which all join. I did this for the first few days with him, then with a Moslem, and lastly with a Jew, so as to learn the history from every point of view. I had always three scientific men with me, Captain Burton, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and M. Clermont-Ganneau. It is delightful

to visit such interesting localities with people who are thoroughly versed in the subject, as all these men were, and who kindly made it a pleasure to take me about, and show and explain everything to me, giving me good authorities for every single fact, and separating facts from traditions and legends. Then I used to go back alone, and study it all over again, with books, both religious and profane, but chiefly the Bible.

We enter the street that comes from the Damascus Gate, and the first thing we behold is a good house with an arch. That is the house of Dives,* and a corner to the left is the spot where Lazarus used to lie and beg for the crumbs from his table. Go a few paces to the north and right, and the first door on your left is the Church of the Armenian Catholics. We take the first street eastwards, and on entering it is the Austrian Orphanage and Hospice. The street is arched over. We see but half the arch, as the other part is enclosed in the Convent Chapel of the Sœurs de Sion. It was on this arch that our Saviour stood clothed in mock purple, crowned with thorns, with a reed for a sceptre—never so beautiful, so majestic, as in His disfigurement and shame, with His blood dropping on the slabs of stone beneath, when coward-hearted Pilate showed Him as a spectacle of misery to the people, and said, "Behold the man!"†

Not being used to living on sacred ground, you want at first to kneel down at every step, and you feel hurt because the people are walking gaily along, singing as if nothing had happened there. But you forget that these men live here, and that they would be kneeling all day long if they reverenced every sacred spot as you, a visitor, are doing. In the part of the arch bridging the street is a tiny oratory, with double windows, east and west, occupied by a Moslem. A writer of the seventeenth century saw sculptured under the windows "Tolle! Tolle!" ("Take him away! Take him away!") We will go into the Church of Ecce Homo,

* I am perfectly aware that many look upon Dives as the type of wealth and luxury, and Lazarus (Eliazar in Hebrew) as John Doe *v.* Richard Roe in our law books. With this, however, the text has nothing to do. The most curious perversion of the word Lazarus is the old French St. Ladre (St. Thief), who was invoked in cases of leprosy.

† John xix. 4, 5. Profane people call this the Triumphal Arch of Adrian.

belonging to the Convent of French Nuns, and there you see the other half of the arch, and under it a beautiful marble life-size representation of that Divine tragedy. The altar is composed of the slabs of stone upon which the blood of our Lord fell. Below the church is a crypt, a natural cave, where they have made *loculi* for burying the nuns; the Reverend Mother took me to see them. There are two curious subterranean tunnels and passages, the principal one six yards eighteen inches broad, and forty-two or forty-three yards long; it comes from the north, and it ends southwards against the rock. At the extreme south of the western wall is a little closed door, and hard by, to the west, is another subterranean passage running in the same direction. It is thought that they were the old water reservoirs for the bastions of the Tower Antonia; they were built of beautiful large stones, and probably by Herod the Great.

The nuns have all kinds of little pious things to sell to strangers. Père Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, of great celebrity in the Catholic Church, once a Jew, now one of our brightest ornaments, is the director of the convent. He kindly showed Captain Burton and myself everything of interest, and explained it, and our conversations with him were not the least of our pleasures in Jerusalem.

Northwards, at the point where the street which runs along the eastern wall of the convent bifurcates, and which also trends northwards, is the site of the palace of Herod Agrippa, Tetrarch of Galilee, he who cut off the head of John the Baptist, and insulted Jesus when sent to him by Pilate. About fifty yards to the east of the Ecce Homo, we arrive at and ascend some easy stairs to the Turkish Barracks, opposite the Church of the Flagellation. This is built on the site of the Tower of Antonia, once called Báris, by Hiram, son of Simon the Maccabee, Great Rabbi of the Jews. He lived here, and kept the holy vestments for the ceremonies of the Temple. Herod Agrippa, finding the position good, fortified it for his own use, and called it Antonia. It was built on a rock, and it formed the north-western angle of the two galleries of the Temple. North of this fortress, which the Romans garrisoned, used to be the Valley of Cinders, after-

wards the City moat, and where are the two piscinas (pools) of Strontium and Amygdalon, upon which Titus erected platforms to attack Antonia.

Although you appear by my description to have walked a long distance, all these sites are close together; the Prætorium, or guard-house, where Pilate declared Jesus to be innocent, offered to exchange Him for Barabbas, and yet gave Him up to be crucified; the soldiers' hall, where they scourged Him, mocked him, and crowned Him with thorns; the Hall of Judgment; the stairs, or Scala Santa, now transported to Rome; with the Gate of Judgment, leading to the street; the residence of Pilate, the tower where Caiaphas lived, the fortress which was Herod's residence, are all near—at least, not fifty yards apart. They are covered now, I repeat, by the Convent and Church of Ecce Homo, by the Turkish barracks, and by the Church of the Flagellation. The spot in the Turkish barracks where our Lord was crowned with thorns is decorated by a small chapel, built by the Crusaders; and there is also a Dervish tomb in the middle. About fifty yards farther, a little iron door to the left opens on the court, whereby you enter the Church of the Flagellation, built over the spot which was saturated by the blood of Christ.

Mustafa Beg, in 1618, turned this Church into a stable, but in the morning he found all his horses dead, and they say every time he renewed it the same thing happened. At last he consulted a wisé man of El Islám, who told him that the Christians venerated this spot because of the Flagellation of Neby Isa (the Prophet Jesus), so he abandoned it as a stable, but would not give it back. It fell to ruins, but Ibrahim Pasha gave it back to the Franciscans, and Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, rebuilt it in 1838.

We knelt awhile on the spot in the Turkish barracks where our Lord was crowned with thorns, again on the spot of the Flagellation, and once more on the spot where the stairs (Scala Santa) were, which led, by a door in the wall, from the Prætorium, or guard-house, to the street called the Crusaders' Street of the Valley. These stairs and door are the places where he was charged with his cross, and went forth into the streets. St.

Helena removed the stairs to Rome, where they are called the Scala Santa, and people still ascend them on their knees. When I went to the "Eternal City," for the first time in 1873—after her glories had departed—His Holiness was ill in bed, and to my great disappointment all seemed cold and spiritless. I compared it sadly with Jerusalem, but the moment I knelt on the Scala Santa I felt a thrill of the old feeling, which left me when I quitted the stairs; I feel confident of the truth, that God speaks to His creatures directly and manifestly in Syria, and more especially in Jerusalem.

We knelt at the foot of where the staircase used to be. We then went westwards for about three hundred yards, and ascended the Via Dolorosa back to the street which comes from the Damascus gate. On the left is a broken column lying against the wall. There it is that our Saviour fell for the first time. The Via Dolorosa then strikes south, and about forty yards off is an alley running eastward. Opposite this our Lord met His beloved mother—the most heart-rending event of that sorrowful walk. About thirty yards farther is a street trending to the west, at the entrance of which they met Simon, the Cyrenian; and because Jesus was showing failing strength, and they did not wish to kill Him until they had crucified Him, they obliged Simon to walk with them, to carry the Cross if needful. This was at the corner of the street leading to the present French Consulate; the site is marked by a hole in one of the stones of the wall on the first house to the left.

At about a hundred yards from this spot, and seven yards to the west of an arch across the street, is a bit of column let into the pavement to the left. The house against which it stands is that of St. Veronica,* one of the holy women who followed Jesus to comfort Him in His passion. He was fatigued, out of breath, covered with blood, wounds, and perspiration. She saw Him staggering beneath His load. She ran down and offered Him her veil to wipe His face. He rewarded this womanly act of tenderness by leaving the impress of His face upon it. It is now in Rome.

Seventy yards farther on we are at the end of the street where

* I am quite aware that many rank Saint Veronica with Dives and Lazarus.

Jesus fell the second time, and was goaded on once more. This is the corner of the French Consulate, the supposed site of the "Wandering Jew's" house. This well-known legend says that, "our dear Lord, carrying His cross, crowned with thorns, staggering with weakness and loss of blood under His load, passed this house, that of a Jewish bootmaker, and implored him to allow Him to rest a moment upon the stone bench before his shop, but that he, embittered by poverty and hard work, when our Lord said, plaintively, "I suffer," answered roughly, "I also suffer;" and pushing him rudely off said, "Move on! move on!" Then our Lord turned and looked at him, and said, "I go! but do thou move on for ever, to the end of time." The legend says that this Jew is still walking about the earth without rest, and can never stop. Whatever he looks at he sees in it the Cross, and he longs to die, but he cannot. There is a superstition that whenever he passes through a town or place some misfortune comes directly after him; for instance, that the cholera is the result of the poison of his breath as he passes through.* In the street opposite the one we are leaving, and about thirty-five yards to the left, a hole in one of the stones of the wall of the Greek Convent, St. Caralambos, marks the spot where our Lord turned to the holy women who followed Him, and uttered those words so full of meaning, which have long since been fulfilled—"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

We have six stations more to accomplish, in order to follow our Lord to Calvary. An old alley once led direct; we are now stopped by walls and houses built, and we cannot walk straight, as our Lord did. We must retrace our steps, and follow the first street to the right, trending southwards. After a hundred and twenty yards we see on the right a blind alley, which we enter, and mount a hillock of débris and rubbish. We pass two columns of the ancient Basilica of Constantine. To the south-west of these pillars is a piece of ground belonging to the Russians. We see the second enclosure of the City built by the Kings of Judah. At ninety-six mètres, that is, at the end of the alley, we look for

* I need not say that the legend gives also a "Wandering Jewess," Salome, daughter of Herodias.

a column fitted into the walls, near and to the right of a door entering the Episcopal Convent of the Copts. This is where our Lord, overcome by His sufferings, fell for the third time, and where Simon was ordered to take up and carry the Cross.

No other occurrence connected with the sad way of the Cross took place until we stand in the Church of the Sepulchre, and as to reach it we must again retrace our steps, I wish to point out one or two objects of interest on this spot.

Four yards north of this standing column is the cistern called the Treasury of St. Helena. The poor used to believe that if she kneaded her saliva with the earth it turned to gold, probably on account of the fabulous sums she spent in searching for the Holy Cross. Opposite this door of the Copts are four steps; these lead to the terrace of the cupola'd Church of St. Helena, which used to be enclosed in the Basilica of the Sepulchre. The terrace, shaped like a Court, was the ancient Cloister of the Convent of the Chanoinesses of the Holy Sepulchre, and to the south we can still see the ruins of their refectory. The most distinguished Convent of this Order at present existing is that of New Hall, near Chelmsford, in Essex, whose community are Chanoinesses of the Holy Sepulchre, with all the privileges and *esprit de corps* of their ancestral Convent founded by St. James the Less. Their nuns are mostly of the best blood of England, and half the daughters of the old English Catholic aristocracy have received their education there for seventy-five years. I shall give a sketch of their early history a little further on, as it is in such close connection with Jerusalem, and it will make me both proud and happy to insert a few words of affectionate record of my Alma Mater.

Between these ruins and the cupola, the Ethiopians show an olive, which they affirm to have been found on the spot where Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac. To the south-west of the cupola is the Chapel of the Ethiopians, dedicated to St. Mary; from it you can distinguish the Chapel of Calvary, and that of the Sepulchre.

We now retrace our steps to the entrance of the alley, and to the Columns of Constantine. We follow the street to the right,

pass on the left an alley and an arched or vaulted bazar. After twenty steps we pass another similar market, and follow the line to the west, which once was that of the "Palmers." We leave on the left the fine façade of the old Church of St. Mary the Great; and a little further on we arrive at a small door which leads to the enclosure of the Church of the Sepulchre.

As we are now observing the "Stations of the Cross," we go straight to Calvary. We enter the Church door, and immediately to the right is a double staircase of nineteen steps, one from the north side and one from the south, the latter of eighteen steps; so that two persons, or two processions, can both mount and meet at the top. The distance, as walked by our Saviour, from the Gate of Judgment, charged with His Cross, to Calvary, was about a thousand yards.

There are six holy spots on Mount Calvary. About four or five yards on the right hand of the head of the staircase, and before you advance up the church, a large black and white rose in the marble shows where our Saviour was stripped. Three yards farther, before an altar, a tesselated slab covers the spot where they nailed Him to the Cross. We now advance to the High Altar, where the sacrifice was consummated. It is resplendent, but you wish it was not there; all your love, respect, and anxiety being concentrated upon a large silver star under the altar. On hands and knees you bow down to kiss it, for it covers the hole in the rock where the Cross, with our dying God upon it, was planted. You can put your arm into the hole, and touch it for a blessing. On the right hand is the hole of the good thief's cross, and on the left the bad thief's, each marked by a black marble cross. The cleft in the solid rock which opened, "when Jesus, crying out with a loud voice, gave up the ghost," and "the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent," is still visible. You can see it again below, in the deepest part of the church, where lies Adam's tomb. The surface looks as if oxidized with blood, and tradition says that that colour has ever remained upon it.

Opposite the altar of our Lady of Dolours, is the spot where the mother sat to receive in her arms the dead body of her Son;

and two other black and white marble roses mark the spots at different degrees from the Cross where the mother, and Mary wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen and John stood first afar, and then close to the Cross during the three awful hours' agony, saw the gall and vinegar given, and received His seven last dying words.

On the right hand a little chapel deeper on the side of Calvary, which you can see from a window covered with a grating in the Church of Calvary, shows where people "came to scoff and remained to pray." Dedicated to our Lady of Sorrows, it is built on the spot where the mother and St. John stood whilst they nailed Jesus to the Cross.

In old times this chapel was a porch. The window through which you are looking into the church replaces the door of the porch of the Calvary Church. It is said that St. Mary the Egyptian was a great sinner, and that one day she entered into the Church of Calvary to mock, but an invisible hand held her back. She was struck with horror at her sinfulness and unworthiness, and, bursting into tears, she went away and thoroughly repented of her sins. She returned some time after and was able to enter, and at last she retired to the Jordan, where she led a life of penitence and obscurity for thirty years. She died in the fifth century, and was buried by St. Zozimus.

We proceed from Calvary to the Holy Sepulchre.*

We will first visit the grave of our dear Lord, and then I will ask you to accompany me in spirit outside the Sepulchre Church, or Basilica, that I may enter it with you in the usual manner, and visit all the Holy Sites in due order.

A little chapel covers the grave, and stands under the centre of the great Dome covering the whole Basilica.

The Holy Sepulchre, all of it cut in one solid rock, consisted of a little ante-chamber, and an inner chamber containing a place for interment. It is carved out of the stone in the form of a trough, which would have a stone slab for a cover, and it is roofed by a small arch, also cut in the rock. We must remember that Joseph of Arimathæa meant it for himself, and therefore it differed in nothing from the grave of any other well-to-do Jew.

* Read Matthew xxvii. 57-60, John xxi. 38-42.

When St. Helena prepared this land for building the Basilica for the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, she separated the room containing the sacred tomb from the mass of rock, and caused the entrance or vestibule to be carved out of the remainder. On Calvary she respected only the six principal sites, which are left in the original rock, and she built the rest upon artificial arches. Would that St. Helena had contented herself with building indestructible walls around the sacred spots, and had left them to nature, marking them only with a Cross and an inscription. They would better have satisfied the love and devotion of all Christendom than the little chapels all covered with ornaments, which one shuts one's eyes not to see, trying to realize what was. Around those walls, each of the fourteen Christian sects might have had their altar and burnt their lamps, and from them defended our treasures against a common enemy.

In the ante-chamber are two columns, and in the middle is the stone upon which sat the angel when it was rolled back from the Sepulchre. Here he said to the three Marys, "Be not afraid; you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified: He is risen, He is not here."*

Christians of every race, tongue, or creed, burn gold and silver lamps day and night before the grave, so that the chapel inside is covered with them; and priests of each sect officiate here in turn. The exterior of the Sepulchre is also covered with gold and silver lamps, burnt by different Christians—and who dare touch a lamp belonging to another sect than his own? It would risk a civil war!

Fifteen lamps of gold hang in a row over the grave itself, and belong to the Catholics, the Greek Orthodox, the Armenians, and the Copts. The Turks hold the keys. In going in and coming out, all kneel three times and kiss the ground.

After you have crossed the vestibule, which is dark, you crouch to pass through the low, rock-cut archway, by which you enter the Tomb; you kneel by the Sepulchre, which appears like a raised bench of stone; you can put your hands on it, lean your face on

* Read Matthew xxvii. 61-66, Mark xvi. 1-16, Luke xxiv. 1-21, John xx. 1-20, Luke xxiv. 22-53.

it, if you will, and think and pray. Here many wonderful, touching, and strange events take place.

I know it is the fashion now for a few persons who do not wish to be considered credulous and weak-minded to doubt the sites of those awful events. But how strange that all Christendom should have been mistaken for 1841 years, and that a handful should arise of late years to show us how wrong we have been. In all these centuries, as now, men have flocked in thousands from the farthest confines of the globe to this world-wide bond of union, this Christian tie—our Saviour's Tomb. The poor and destitute save up their farthings, denying themselves every comfort, to accomplish this one act of homage. They pour in from north and south, from east and west, and often they perish of cold and heat, of hunger and thirst, hardship and privation, in the attempt to pour out the gatherings and savings of their miserable lives, to lay their heads down for only a single instant on this Tomb. I have seen them crawl up on their hands and knees, with pinched and haggard look and anxious eye, and when they have reached the goal of their patient, enduring love, they have flung themselves upon it with passionate kisses and floods of tears, thus relieving their oppressed hearts. Do you not think, some of you to whom our Lord has manifested Himself more clearly than to others, do you not think that He would have let us know, even without a miracle, that we were wrong? If the brotherhood of unbelievers only knew the things that do take place at the Sepulchre, they would speak with hushed voices; but these things are unfortunately kept secret.

Having followed our Saviour from Bethlehem to the Last Supper, and throughout His sufferings to the Grave, let me now ask you to accompany me in spirit to the other objects of interest in Jerusalem, beginning with this Basilica. The entrance is a large paved square, where beads, crosses, crucifixes, statuettes, and other mementos are sold at rough booths and stalls; there are also crucifixes, spoons, and hand-glasses for the toilette in mother of pearl, and Catholics will choose a number of remembrances and presents for those at home. The best are found in the houses of poor private families, who carve them.

The façade of the Basilica is interesting. It was built by the Crusaders, and it is still a bit of our home architecture. You enter the Church by a huge arched doorway extensively worked, and the name of many an old knight is roughly cut upon the stones. The vast Basilica covers many of the scenes of the Passion, which we at home imagine are far apart. But Jerusalem is and ever was a small town. When once our Lord had carried His cross to Calvary, every scene of the Divine tragedy was completed within a stone's throw; and after you are there and see for yourself, it seems natural that it should have been so. The only long distances which our Saviour walked were from the Cœnaculum, or Last Supper, to Gethsemane; thence to the house of Annas and back to the Judgment Hall, and the thousand yards through the town to Calvary.

The sites which the Basilica covers number twenty-eight. It may give you some idea of its size, when you hear it occupied me forty minutes simply to walk round to each station without stopping; but to gaze a few moments at each site, and to make a short reflection and prayer, especially at the grave of our Lord and at Calvary, required an hour and a half. At first I thought little of three or four hours, which I reduced to the shorter time only when I knew the place by heart.

On entering the Church by the principal door, you first see a large slab of red marble, like Verona stone, surrounded by lights. This is the spot where the devout hands of Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus, after having taken our Saviour down from the Cross, laid the body whilst they embalmed it, according to Jewish custom, "bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pounds weight."

They therefore bound the body of Jesus in "linen cloths with the spices, as is the manner of the Jews to bury." St. Helena covered the stone with a splendid mosaic; after the burning of the Church, Modestus protected it with an oratory, and the Crusaders enclosed it in the Church. When the Franciscans owned the Church it had still its mosaic.

Twelve yards away to the left is a little cage of iron. This covers the spot where Mary and the holy women stood whilst the body was being embalmed.

The next and third station is the Sepulchre itself, enclosed in its little chapel. The resplendent Greek Orthodox Church occupies the heart of the Basilica opposite the Sepulchre. In the middle is a marble vase, with a spot which is believed by the disciples of Photius to be the Centre of the Earth. This was the choir of the Knights of the Sepulchre. Behind the Sepulchre is the little Chapel of the Copts, and opposite it are those of the Syrian non-Catholic, or Jacobites, and of the Abyssinians. From this part we can enter the rock-tombs, first of Nicodemus, and then of Joseph of Arimathæa. The latter, having buried our Saviour in his own grave, and not holding himself worthy to be placed in the same, prepared another close by for himself and his family. As the garden belonged to him, this was easily done, conceding also a separate room to his fellow townsman, Nicodemus, for himself and his family. There are six *loculi*, of which two are filled up and two are unfinished. About forty feet north of the Sepulchre is an altar dedicated to Mary Magdalen, where our Lord appeared to her after His resurrection. The site is marked by a marble rose in the floor. Four steps on the left hand now take you to the Latin Church, where the Franciscans celebrate Divine office day and night.

The Blessed Virgin never left the Sepulchre from the time her Son was buried therein, to the hour of His resurrection, but kept at a distance from the guard of soldiery. A rose in the marble shows where He appeared to her after He arose again, for which reason it is traditionally called the Chapel of the Apparition.

On the site of this chapel, St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, and the Empress St. Helena, found the sacred cross, a legend which I will relate in its proper place.

This chapel contains three altars. The High Altar where the Blessed Sacrament is kept, the Altar of Relics to the left; and to the right one which covers a portion of the pillar to which our Lord was bound during the flagellation. The early Christians carried it, they say, from the guard-house to the Cœnaculum. In 1555 it was broken by the Moslems, when pieces of it were sent to different kingdoms to be venerated, but the bulk is in this

altar, behind a grille. It is of porphyry, and the remnant is two feet four inches high. Once a year, on the morning of Wednesday in Holy Week, they open the grille and allow the people to kiss it; at other times we touch it through the holes with a rod, and kiss the rod.

The Sacristy contains a grand old relic, the sword, spurs, and decorations of Godfrey de Bouillon. The sword is straight, with a simple hand-guard. He was elected King, but refused the honour, saying he could not consent to wear a crown of gold in the place where his God had worn a crown of thorns. He governed, and retained his ducal title. The Franciscans have another altar outside, and at the entrance of this chapel, and also a choir and organ. Coming out of the Sacristy, we walk straight along the northern aisle to a little chapel almost like a cave, where stocks are represented by two holes cut in the rocks. The Greeks say that our Saviour's feet were fastened by a chain under these holes, and they here burn a lamp before the altar. We continue our walk to a chapel containing three cells carved in the rock, each with an altar and burning lamp. It is said that our Blessed Saviour and the two thieves were shut up in these prisons during part of the night, whilst preparations were being made to crucify them. We then come to the northern part of the Basilica, which is circular, and full of small chapels containing altars and lamps. The first is dedicated to St. Longinus, the soldier who pierced our Lord's side with a spear; the blood and water gushed forth and fell upon him; at once his eyes were opened to what he had done, he confessed and repented of his crime, and he retired to this spot to weep and pray. One side of this chapel is formed by the bare rock; the title of the cross was placed here, but it is now at Rome. Next came a private entrance of the Knights of the Sepulchre; it was shut by the order of Salah ed Dín, after their expulsion. Its neighbour is the Armenian Chapel, built on the site where the soldiers cast lots for the garments of our Saviour—the seamless tunic is at Argenteuil, three leagues from Paris.

Now we descend twenty-nine steps to the Church of St. Helena, which belongs to the Abyssinians; the latter allow the Armenians also to use it, for a certain payment in bread and

soup. Our Lord having been buried, the instruments of the Passion, according to Jewish custom, were hidden out of sight, and thrown into the nearest dry well. Rubbish soon accumulated over the spot, till A.D. 326, when the Empress Helena, having destroyed the idolatrous temples, and restored the holy places to Christian veneration, held councils with the Bishop of Jerusalem, St. Macarius, and the Elders of the city, as to how she could discover the True Cross. They suggested to her the ancient customs, and having tried several probable places, she discovered the position of the well, which she immediately began to excavate.

When you reach the bottom of the twenty-nine steps, you enter a large chapel which has three altars—a High Altar, and two others. To their right is the nook where St. Helena, then eighty years old, used to kneel and pray whilst the workmen dug, and whence she used to throw them money from time to time to encourage them. Below that seat and the rest of the chapel is a hewn rock cave, and inside it an altar bears a stone statue of St. Helena and the Cross. Again, below that, another cave is the well or cistern, where the three Crosses, the Nails, the Crown of Thorns, and the Title of the Cross were found. A slab of black and white marble now marks the spot. The pious Queen held public prayers and thanksgiving, but she was still in a difficulty about which of the three was the sacred Cross. After public prayer, the divines agreed to try the three upon a sick woman, who was given up. Touching her with the first and second had no effect, but at the third she rose up, healed and whole. They then went forth to meet a funeral procession on the site of the Latin Sacristy, bearing the three Crosses; they tried the first and second without avail upon the body, but when the third Cross touched the corpse it arose in the presence of the multitude.

The authority for these miracles are St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, the Emperor Constantius, son of Constantine, and Eusebius of Cesarea. The chapel was evidently an old cistern, about fifty yards from the site of the crucifixion, and is at the bottom of the hill of Calvary. We will now ascend the steps again, and follow our semicircular walk.

The next chapel contains an iron cage, which encloses "the pillar of mockery"—a block of grey granite, upon which they placed our Saviour as a throne, when in derision they clothed Him with purple and crowned Him with thorns, placing a reed for a sceptre in His hand. It was brought from the guard-house and placed here. At the side is a crown of thorns behind a glass. I believe it is an imitation of the real crown, which is at Rome. After this is another private door, perhaps the former entrance of the Chanoinesses of the Sepulchre. We have now seen everything excepting Adam's Chapel, eighteen yards to the west. We pass one of the stairs leading up to Calvary. Underneath it is a door to the west, which you enter, and the first thing you see on the right is the tomb of Godfrey de Bouillon,* to the left is that of Baldwin I. The Latins, who hate the Greeks, say that the latter destroyed all the old Crusaders' tombs, and replaced them by slabs.

The following tombs also shared the fate of these two:—Baldwin II., De Foulque, Baldwin III., d'Almarix, Baldwin IV. (the Leper), Baldwin V.

If this be true, the Greeks were barbarians indeed, far more so than the so-called enemy of the Holy Places, the Moslem, who is always conservative on these points. At the bottom of Adam's Chapel you see a little excavation in the rock, under which the head of the first man is said to lie. Near it to the right is the deep cleft which begins close to the place of crucifixion, and which descends to the bottom of the hill. This was a grotto in which tradition has buried Melchisedec. There used to be here an Altar where Masses for the Dead were celebrated.

We now pass the Calvary Stairs, and go out of the same door at which we entered, opposite the Stone of Unction where our Lord was embalmed.

Quitting the Church of the Sepulchre, you see against the right pier of the door outside a grave-stone which covers the remains of Philippe d'Aubigni; and also the ruins of the ancient belfry of the Crusaders, whose southern door opens upon the

* Godfrey de Bouillon died in A.D. 1100, and the fifth and last Baldwin in A.D. 1185. All the other tombs bear intermediate dates.

Chapel of St. John and St. Mary Magdalen. To the north of this is a chapel dedicated to the Forty Martyrs. These two chapels were one in the time of the Crusaders; it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and it was used for baptisms and marriages. To the south is the Jacobite Chapel of St. James. On the other side of the enclosure of the Great Court of the Sepulchre is the Chapel of the Copts, called St. Michael, and one for the Abyssinians and the Armenians, dedicated to St. John. South of this is a door which leads into the Greek Convent of St. Abraham, whose church is dedicated to the Twelve Apostles, and another little chapel is built over a spot where a tradition makes Abraham bind his son Isaac for sacrifice.

To the south of the Church you can see the bases of the colonnade that adorned this Basilica in old times, built by Constantine and St. Helena. Besides the great eastern entrance, it once had a door to the south. These bases are similar to those of the columns of the Basilica of Bethlehem. On this side the enclosure is shut and bounded by the Greek Convent "Gethsemane."

To the south, and adjoining the Sepulchre, was an immense piece of ground containing the Convent of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; they afterwards became famous as Knights Hospitallers, Knights of the Cross, Knights of Rhodes, and Knights of Malta. They began in 1099 in this manner. A Catholic Crusader named Gerard, with whom I claim kinship, gathered together some brave, honourable, and religious men, who bound themselves to live in common unity of goods, and to follow a rule whose chief points were the service of the poor, hospitality to pilgrims, and burying strangers who died in the Holy Land; in fact, to perform "the seven corporal works of mercy." The establishment grew from few to many, and was called St. Mary the Great. After the Knights had been founded, Agnes, a Roman lady of high birth, made a similar establishment for women, called "Hospitalières."

Tradition teaches us that Adam, when cast out of Paradise, took refuge in Judæa, and that his head was buried in a place called Cranion, or Calvary, the "place of the skull." It is mentioned by

St. Jerome, and by other early saints. The holy places were held in veneration by the Apostles * and the first Christians, and they are mentioned when Titus besieged Jerusalem, forty years after the death of our Lord. Simeon, first-cousin of our Lord, was at that time Bishop of Jerusalem. Fifty years afterwards, Adrian, wishing to prevent the Christians worshipping it, buried the Sepulchre, and erected on its surface a Temple of Venus; in Calvary he placed the idol of Jupiter. Some 206 years later, the Emperor Constantine —son of the Empress St. Helena, who was an Englishwoman, and daughter of the King of Colchester—demolished these sacrilegious temples, excavated the Sepulchre, and adorned it magnificently. He built a Basilica, which covered all the holy places. St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, presided over the works, which occupied ten years. In 614 Chosroes, second King of Persia, fought against Heraclius, took Jerusalem, robbed the true Cross, and threw down the churches and the Basilica, carrying away a crowd of Catholic captives. The wife of Chosroes was a Christian, sister to Maurice, Emperor of Constantinople: through her influence, when the Persians left Jerusalem, the Disciples of the Cross began rebuilding what had been destroyed; the work took fifteen years, but the Basilica could not be restored with the same magnificence. It was undertaken by the monk Modestus, who was assisted by Church dignitaries; he could only build an isolated chapel over each holy spot.

After ten years, Heraclius was able to conquer Chosroes, to deliver the Catholic prisoners, and to retake the true Cross. The pious Emperor carried it bare-footed and bare-headed on his shoulders through the streets of Jerusalem to Calvary; and thus arose the origin of the feast of "the Exaltation of the Holy Cross." (14th September.)

The pious relic was sent some years afterwards to Constantinople by Archbishop Sergius. Eight years later the Moslems besieged Jerusalem. The Patriarch Sophronius made a vigorous

* I am quite familiar with the assertion that during the first centuries of Christendom little if any regard was shown to the holy places. Our Church says otherwise, and it must be remarked that in a land like Syria, of exceeding materialism in the matter of worship, we are more likely to be right than those who, after waiting nearly a score of centuries, find us to be wrong.

resistance, and gained his own conditions of surrender, the first stipulation being that he would only surrender to the Khalif in person. Omar came from Medina (A.D. 636), in the simple garb of an Arab Shaykh, to conclude the treaty granting the Christians possession of their church, and liberty to practise their religion, on condition of paying tribute. Since that time the Church of Jerusalem has always balanced between peace and persecution, and her happiest time was under Harún el Rashid (A.D. 786), whose every action appears to have been that of a well-bred gentleman; this gleam of prosperity ended in A.D. 809. In A.D. 1099 the Crusaders took the Holy City, and Godfrey de Bouillon stationed at the Sepulchre twenty knights, to whom he gave great possessions. The Crusaders built the great Basilica which now re-unites and covers all the isolated chapels of Modestus and others. The Knights were eventually replaced by Franciscan monks, who first effected a footing in A.D. 1244. In 1808 a fire nearly destroyed the Chapel of the Sepulchre; it was restored by the Greeks, who profited at that time, say their enemies the Latins, to destroy the Crusaders' tombs, and to commit other similar outrages.

I bought at Jerusalem many presents for my friends and relations in England, glass necklaces, bracelets, bangles, and rings like old Venetian, mother-of-pearl mirrors, crosses, large crucifixes, trays, and shells representing holy subjects, and all sorts of objects carved out of olive wood from the Mount of Olives; large crosses, rosaries, crowns of thorns, and coffee-cups, of bitumen from the Jordan valley, and other things too numerous to mention. On Good Friday I carried them in trays, and had them laid upon the Sepulchre. I asked, and obtained, that a Mass should be said over them, as they lay upon the grave, and at Ecce Homo, on the precious slabs of stone where our Blessed Saviour's blood had fallen. At Calvary they were laid in the hole of the Cross itself! They were blessed by the Latin Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, and by Père Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, with all possible indulgences. I know that many who possess some trifling remembrance of me from Syria will be glad to know where they have been, as that constitutes their whole value.

I cannot well omit to mention the Canons and Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre before quitting it. This Order dates from the time of St. James, called the Less and the Just, the apostle appointed to be Bishop of Jerusalem in A.D. 34. Devoted to Jesus and to his Sepulchre, he established some religious on Mount Sion, where all lived together with him in the Cœnaculum, which thus may be considered the first Christian church.*

It was about this time that St. James founded this order. When the persecution temporarily ceased, they built a temple close to the Sepulchre, and lived in it. John Noclerus (vol. ii. Generat) says:—"There were four orders in Jerusalem wearing the two-armed red cross—the Sepulchrans, the Knights of St. John, the Templars, and afterwards the Teutonic order. The first (Sepulchrans) claimed their descent from St. James, son of Alphæus, brother of our Lord. They wore on their dress a double cross of red silk."

Near the Tomb of Christ was established a Convent of women, who guarded and venerated the Sepulchre. When St. James was made Bishop of Jerusalem, he ceded to the holy women, who formed a Company, a small house near the cave where Christ was interred, and there they lived in retirement, meditating on the sufferings and death of Jesus, and visiting the Stations of the Passion, as we have just done. They called themselves the children of St. James, and were under his direction. He caused them to undertake a rule of life, and put their possessions in common: they adorned and served the primitive Church. St. James, being martyred in A.D. 62, was succeeded by St. Simon, who at the age of 120 cheerfully accepted his martyrdom, and bore without a word the most unheard of tortures under the

* Acts ii. 41-47:—"Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."

Emperor Trajan. He drew up in writing the regulations agreed upon by the apostles before they dispersed—the practice of the evangelical counsels which we have for a rule, with other points of morality and discipline. The Christians, having been commanded to do so, fled into the mountains a little after Easter in the year 70. Titus came at the head of a large army, captured and plundered the city, massacred the inhabitants, and led many into captivity. The Christians then returned in safety. To the time of Adrian the Bishops of Jerusalem had been of the Jewish nation, and numbered fifteen, who had followed St. James in regular succession: their names are recorded by Eusebius. But from Adrian's time the prelates were chosen from the Gentile converts; the first, "Marcus of the Holy Sepulchre," was crucified with 10,000 of his flock in the presence of the Emperor Adrian and his army.*

Socrates mentions a Convent of Virgin Canonesses, for whom the Empress Helena had a special affection. In her extreme old age she adopted their "rule," and received from St. Macarius,

* On the death of St. James, Simeon, son of Cleophas, who was a brother of St. Joseph, was elected bishop. Ten years after the death of James, Simeon and the Christians went to Pella, taking with them the episcopal chair of St. James. They underwent persecutions under Vespasian, Domitian, Trajan, and many others, who tried to exterminate all that related to Jesus Christ. Cassian was the seventeenth bishop. Of Narcissus, the thirtieth bishop, wonderful miracles are recounted. The thirth-fourth bishop, Alexander, formed a noble library, which was destroyed by the barbarians; he was tortured and imprisoned at Cæsarea, where he died. The conversion of Constantine the Great, A.D. 314, restored peace to the Church in his time and that of St. Helena. St. Macarius was the thirty-ninth Bishop of Jerusalem. Amidst all the persecutions the cloisters existed and were peopled. Eusebius and St. James praise the chaste and virtuous lives of the religious. They ate but little, chiefly living on holy contemplation. They rose with the dawn to chant the Psalms of David, and women, despising sensual and worldly pleasures, took the vows, and gave up their lives to God. On Good Friday the Canons and Canonesses fasted, watched, prayed, read and sung, and prepared for the day of the Resurrection. So great was the number of persons who embraced the Institute of the Regular Canons, that in Rome during the middle ages they had sixty monasteries, and in other parts of Christendom 4500. They have contributed to heaven 1600 martyrs, 117,600 canonized and beatified saints, and 40 or 50 popes, and 1500 cardinals to the Church. Pius IV. decided that the Chief Abbot of the Regular Canons should take precedence of all other religious prelates at the Council of Trent. St. James at Jerusalem, and St. Mark at Alexandria, established the Order. St. Clement, St. Urban, and St. Augustine beautified it, and nearly twenty Popes have conferred innumerable privileges and honours on it.

thirty-ninth Bishop of Jerusalem, the linen surplice and double cross, the badge of the Sepulchre, and she persevered in this way till her death. St. Macarius placed, at her request, twelve Canons in the monastery adjoining the Sepulchre to celebrate the offices of the Church, and to take charge. They were severely tried by sufferings and persecutions. Five times general martyrdom occurred, but their ranks were always filled up at once, till their persecutors were tired of trying to exterminate them. Chosroes took the Holy Cross to Ecbatana, which was recovered by Heraclius in 623–24. The Patriarch Orestes was the fifty-seventh Bishop of Jerusalem in succession from St. James. He witnessed a general massacre of his people, and was led captive to Babylon, where he was put to death.

The Order of the Sepulchre grew and spread all over the East. After 1287, like the Knights, we find no further mention of them in the Holy City. They flourished in Spain, Poland, Germany, the Low Countries, France, and Belgium. These monks were not known in England till the reign of Henry I. (1100–1135), when the Earl of Warwick undertook to found a monastery for them, and Henry I. desired the Bishop of Worcester to consecrate an altar at the Priory of the Sepulchre, and a cemetery for the burial place of its Canons. Many succeeding monarchs conferred privileges and benefits upon them. Henry VIII. (1509–1547) suppressed this monastery.

The ancient practice of the regulations then agreed upon for the Order is still observed; thus:—the religious rise at 4 a.m., and after a morning meditation recite in choir Matins, Lauds, and Prime. The other canonical hours are obligatory at some part of the day—Tierce, Sext None, Vespers, and Complin. This is essential, meaning that they still dwell in spirit in the Holy Land, no matter in what part of the world they may be. They have had great privileges from several Popes, and by six Pontiffs have been placed in direct obedience to Rome and to the Patriarch of Jerusalem. They have part in every good work done in Rome, and in every Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, spiritually, in every martyrdom, from Stephen to our day. They are a contemplative order, and reserve much time

for private reading, examination of conscience, and evening meditation. On Sundays and Festivals they sing High Mass, Vespers, and Complin. They have annual Retreats and Renovation of Vows, after a recollection and retirement of three days, and they communicate several times a week. They do not, however, work in their separate cells, but assemble together twice a day for recreation. They are a cheerful order, though "Sepulchrans" does not sound pleasant. Their active duties at present are the education of the aristocracy of Catholic England, to instruct the poor, and to keep large charity schools. The Reverend Mother is chosen by ballot, and her office lasts for life, unless for some sound reason she abdicates. All is submitted to the Bishop, who confirms and approves, or not. The chief members of her government are chosen by herself, and all offices are filled up by her with general approval. When the changes take place, once in five years, they sit with closed doors for many hours, which is called Chapter Day. Few corporeal austerities are enjoined by rule, but complete self-abnegation, and implicit obedience. Not a nun is kept against her will; a novice is severely tried for at least three years before she is permitted to make vows, and she always longs for her Profession-day. I was a happy school-girl amongst them for six years, during which I saw that Novices who found that they had made a mistake as to their vocation returned to the world. They are free to come and go until the vows are taken (about three years as a rule), and the superiors put off that day as long as possible, and give them every opportunity of examining the life before they enter it for ever. I have seen young nuns kiss their veil years after "profession," as a bride would kiss her wedding ring, thanking God for being allowed to wear it. You do not know how indignant they would feel, were any one to intrude upon their quiet cells under the pretext of letting them loose. It might be of some use in Madeira, Portugal, and Brazil, but none whatever in our happy land.

The Order now at New Hall was established at Liège in 1660, where they then attended the Hospital for Pilgrims, and gave hospitality to the poor. From the fourteenth century they had been joined by the daughters of the old families of England, who

contributed donations and legacies enough to make them independent, and whose ancient names occur again and again on the roll-call of the community. The democratic and irreligious spirit which daily gained ground in France had spread into the neighbouring countries, and Liège became a theatre of discontent, anarchy, and rebellion. In August, 1789, the Civic Guard was quartered upon the nuns. After the battle of Aix la Chapelle, 1793, the nuns, who had been established there for 151 years, found themselves so harassed, that they engaged five large barges to convey the community to Maestricht—they were, however, unable to escape till the feast of the Ascension, 1794. They quitted their beloved convent, walking two and two to the boats, each one carrying her own parcel and breviary. On the 8th of July, 1794, they were again obliged to leave Maestricht, but they had kept their barges for that purpose, if needful. They numbered seventy-five. On the 9th they reached Ruremond, and on the 12th Venlo, where they stopped and heard Mass in the village, dining and supping on the hill sides. How well I can remember, as a child, sitting at the knees of old nuns between seventy and eighty years of age, and hearing the story of all they had gone through in that time, when they were young girls, and my thinking what fun it must have been for them—they, poor things, all the while bewailing their fright, their sorrow at leaving their convent, at having their lives disturbed, and finding themselves homeless on the world.

On the 14th they resumed their journey, but having five barges heavily laden, and the water being low, they made but little progress. After a fortnight's journey from Maestricht they reached Rotterdam, and wished to find a house; but, like other holy persons who arrived on foot by night at Bethlehem, there was no room for them. The boats lay outside the town, and the nuns had the misery of being gazed at by the idle, curious, and rude. They wore their habit, having no other dresses, and were a spectacle for the Protestant populace of Rotterdam, whilst the broiling sun rained fire upon their heads. There they received a letter from Lord Stourton, offering them his house, Holme, in Yorkshire, as an asylum.

They quitted Rotterdam on the 29th of July, and after being embedded in the sands for two days, they reached Helvoetsluys on the 2nd of August, found the wind contrary, and cast anchor. They agreed with an Englishman, Captain Semmes, to convey them and their effects on board his ship, and to land them in England. The vessel, under convoy of four ships of war, put to sea on the 12th, but made no way on account of the wind until the 14th, when a fair breeze sprung up, and enabled them to land at Greenwich on the 16th, where they found carriages provided to convey them to London. They arrived at Charing Cross so early that the "hackney coaches" (it was all told in old-fashioned language) were not come out, and they had to remain shut up in their carriages for half an hour, as the Greenwich carriages had only orders to go as far as Charing Cross. They were conveyed to Burlington Street and Dover Street, where Catholic friends received them—all the old Catholic families contended for the honour of giving hospitality to the holy fugitives. The whole Community went and lived in Lord Clifford's house, in Bruton Street. Sir William Gerard, of Garswood, and Lord Arundell of Wardour also came forward, and the latter offered them his house, Lanherne, in Cornwall; but it was too out-of-the-way for a school. Sir John Webbe, in Dorsetshire, and Mr. Eyre, of Hassop, also were anxious to be their hosts. However, Lord Stourton's first offer was accepted, and they went to Holme. In two years Holme grew too small for them, and two nuns went to Wiltshire and two to Warwickshire to look for a suitable place. Whilst in Yorkshire one of their "mothers" (a daughter of Lord Teynham) died, and was buried in the parish church. It was a great grief "to bury her in unconsecrated ground." They decided on going to Dean House, in Wiltshire, then Lady Dacre's property; but, fortunately, only took it for one year. They left Yorkshire on the 23rd October, and arrived on the 27th at their destination. Here everything went against them, and Dean House proved very unsuitable; their funds were also exhausted. At last they were informed that New Hall, in Essex, was for sale. This place, originally Beaulieu, is a fine specimen of the Tudor or Elizabethan architecture. It was built, they say, in the form of an *H*, of which

only the bar remains, and was altered and repaired by Henry VIII. It was a favourite residence of the Princess Mary, during the reign of her brother, Edward VI., and also a favourite abode of Queen Elizabeth, which is recorded by an inscription on the door. It was a Royal residence, in excellent repair; the grounds around were beautiful; the land, sixty acres, freehold. Mr. MacEvoy, a Catholic, bought it for £4000, and gave it to the Nuns. Lady Gerard was also their strong ally and friend. They were safely housed by March, 1799, and their immediate wants attended to by a Catholic neighbour, Mr. Wright, of Fitzwalters. They were settled by May, 1800, exactly six years from the date of their leaving Liège, and have been living in happy tranquillity for seventy-five years.

The names of those who were their friends in their time of need are ever on their lips and in their hearts, and are always prayed for every day; and as for the school, it bears the name of every old Catholic family in England, from grandmother to mother and daughter, for the past seventy-five years, and for centuries before that in the Liège days.

The following day we went to call upon the Greek Patriarch, a venerable man, with a fine face and paternal presence. He received us most cordially, and invited us to all the ceremonies of his Church.

And now we begin the great week of the greatest mystery ever known, the embrace of Justice and Mercy, the proof of God's love for man, and the sign of man's blindness towards God—God giving life to man, and man giving death to God; of the redemption of man and his reconciliation to God; God dying and reviving, by his own will reproducing that mystery in a mystic manner from that date till now, and to the end of time, that God may each day receive reparation, and man mercy and pardon. God, sacrificer and sacrificed, immolator and immolated. He had thought of and planned this for all eternity every day and hour of the thirty-three years of His human life, during which He was a victim, waiting and praying for death, knowing all the torments of His passion, and the crimes of man. He has thought of it every day since He ascended into heaven, and continues Calvary daily

on every Christian altar. From all eternity He thought of the Last Supper, the prayer and agony in the Garden of Olives, that battle of the soul with death, the apostles sleeping when He was in agony, and fleeing away in his trouble; the kiss of Judas, the denial of Peter, the disbelief of Thomas—just as He knows that you and I love him to-day, and shall, perhaps, sin to-morrow; the condemnation of His judges, the rising of the people against Him, the insults of the soldiery, the flagellation, the crowning of thorns, the tearing off His garments, His long and weary carrying His Cross, His thirst, His shame, His sorrow of heart, His Mother, His hands and feet being nailed to the Cross, that three hours' agony, His death, the piercing of the side, the burial.

We are going to weep with the Church for all His sorrow. We shall weep for ourselves, for all those who betray Him still, for the insults of the wicked, for the uselessness of His sufferings to the many, for the revolted children, for those who betray Him in secret, or abandon Him like the disciples, for those who want to rob Him of His rights, for weak Emperors, Kings, and Potentates, who, like Pilate, deliver Him up to the people, and for weak subjects who are afraid or ashamed to stand by Him.

And we will return thanks for the Jews of the Old Testament, who awaited Him in Limbo, and for all those who are or will be saved.

On Palm Sunday I was out at 3 a.m., and the streets were dark, cold, and desolate. Mohammed Agha had forgotten his lantern, and we groped about the cavernous bazars and alleys, unable to find our way to the Sepulchre. At last, however, I was able to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion at the Latin Chapel of the Apparition. The Armenians were performing their service at the Sepulchre. Exactly at the stroke of the clock they make place for the Latins, and so on throughout the day, to enable each to officiate. The Turks time them, letting in one school at a time, and then expelling them for another.

I returned at the hour of the Latins' service, with the French Consul, M. A. Sienkiewicz, and his two *drogmans-chanceliers*, M. Lacau and M. Clermont-Ganneau, afterwards of the Palestine Exploration Fund; they and all his Kawwasses, in full dress, formed

a procession. Fortunately for me, they were so kind as to take me always to the Latin ceremonies, where they were obliged to attend officially, so that I had a seat in the place reserved for the French Consulate, instead of fighting for breath in a hot, appalling crowd. It was quite anti-devotional, and I did pity those who had to struggle through it, often without getting near enough to see anything.

The Sepulchre was gorgeous to-day. There was a long train of Priests carrying palms, in which the French Consulate and I joined. There was Grand High Mass, the Passion was sung, and the Patriarch—who was not by any means the least splendid object—distributed palms from the entrance of the Sepulchre. Every Creed has its Patriarch, and I am now speaking of ours, Monsignor Valerga. He was a fine man, with a handsome face and the bearing of a prince, and his white beard descended to his girdle. He was full of brightness and intelligence, and, if it be true that we all resemble some bird or quadruped, I would compare him to a noble specimen of the eagle. He was priestly, yet a perfect man of the world; though white-haired he looked young and energetic. He was a man of brilliant education, and the *savoir faire* of the diplomate or courtier blended with religion. There was something regal in him when he gave his blessing from the altar. That is the way I like to see the Church served; these are the men who ought to be put forward in responsible positions, to mix with the world. Our ceremonies for the day ended in a procession with wax-lights round the Sepulchre, the Patriarch, the clergy, the French Consulate, and we who liked to follow. The Damascus black izár is a modest and appropriate dress for Church ceremonies, and quite what St. Paul would have approved for women.

After our Latin ceremonies were over, I went off to assist at those of the Greeks, having been invited by the Greek Patriarch. I entered their church, preceded by Mohammed Agha, and went innocently into their inner *enceinte*, behind the Ikonastasis. It was a blaze of gold and jewels, far more gorgeous than ours. The altar was under a small gold canopy, or tiny temple, in the centre. It was a beautiful arrangement of filigree and well-blended colours.

Every part of the Holy of Holies was festooned with lamps of gold and silver, and of coloured glass; all was rich, and in good taste. The Patriarch was officiating, surrounded by the highest dignitaries of his Church. I knelt down, but I soon perceived with dismay that not only no other woman was present, but not even any of the laity. I had thrust myself, with a Mohammedan, into the Holy of Holies, behind the inner veil of the Temple, where none but the highest clergy can enter. It was the worst moment I could have chosen, the Patriarch was about to consecrate the bread and wine—the most solemn part of the Greek ceremonies. Every eye was upon me. I cannot describe my distress and confusion. I rose from my knees, and was about to retire as quickly and as silently as possible, when the Patriarch sent a priest with the gracious message, "His Beatitude desires that you will remain." I thanked him, knelt down again, and did not move till the end of the service. Their "stations" in the outer chapel on the wall are of gold, mounted on black velvet, a present from the Emperor of Russia. Their procession round the Sepulchre was the most gorgeous sight I ever beheld. The Greeks, like the Armenians, far outshine us in this respect.

The priests who formed the procession were robed in vestments covered with flowers and gold, contrasting strongly with their plain black head-dresses. They all carried palms and lights, except two high dignitaries, one of whom bore a picture set in a frame of diamonds, and another a large Testament, bound in the same precious stones. The Patriarch's mitre and sceptre were a blaze of diamonds, and whenever a ray from the sun caught them he looked like an electric light.

From this ceremony I went to call upon our Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, who received me charmingly, none the less because I was the bearer of some messages from the New Hall Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre. I knelt and kissed his hand, received his blessing, and had a delightful half-hour's conversation with him. We then walked home around the walls of Jerusalem.

On Monday in Holy Week we went to see the Church of St. Anne, which has been excavated by M. Mauss. He is re-

building it out of its own old material, and as much as possible in its pristine form. He preserves the Grotto of St. Anne, cut out in the rock underneath. On discovering certain columns, he was led to suspect that this grotto and one of the old piscinas must be close by, and further excavation proved that he was right. This is the site of the house of St. Joachim and St. Anne, the parents of our Blessed Lady; here she was born, educated, and consecrated to the Temple. After the expulsion of the Crusaders, Salah ed Dín turned it into a school for the great divines of El Islám, and it was called, like our village near Damascus, "Es Salahíyyeh." Opposite the gate entering the court is the piscina of Bethsaida, which is about 100 yards long and forty broad; here Jesus cured the paralytic.* M. Mauss showed us the three different sorts of country limestone: Mizzí, the hardest; Kakuli, the softest; and Máliki, the middling. Here we passed many a pleasant afternoon with our French friends, to whom was now added Comte Gilbert de Voisins, Vice-Consul of France at Port Said.

After this we called on the Protestant Bishop Gobat, and finished the evening by a very pleasant little dinner at the French Consulate.

Tuesday, April 4th.—We called on the Armenian Patriarch, a good-looking, intelligent man, short and broad-shouldered, with large black eyes. He was dressed in sable garments, like a monk's habit and cowl. He also gave us a charming reception, showed us over his dominions, and invited us to their ceremonies; his church was gorgeous—full of ornaments and pictures. He is married, but, like most Easterns, he keeps his wife out of sight.

We then rode to the Tombs of the Kings, about a quarter of an hour outside Jerusalem. It was a dismal, damp, rainy day. You descend into a deep square cut in the rock, and enter a rudely-excavated pavilion, which serves as a vestibule. It was cold, chilly work, crawling on hands and knees to see the *loculi*, and to hunt for inscriptions, but Captain Burton, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and M. Clermont-Ganneau were such enthusiasts that there was nothing left to me but to try to enjoy it.

* John v. 1-18.

We then rode half an hour further, the way being partly over a hill of ashes, possibly carted away from the Temple of Solomon, and lined with rocks containing some sculptured tombs. We then came to the Tombs of the Judges, also cut in the cliff, like those of the kings; these have a beautiful vestibule and sculptured frontage. Like the others, they are halls, chambers, passages, and *loculi*, scooped out of the rock. Coming back by the right path, we saw a large foundation, which Frère Liévin told us was probably the débris of an advanced fortress, thrown out outside the town by Mannasses, who fortified the suburbs. We bore a little to the right, in order to pass the north-western angle of the walls, which rest on the foundation of the former Tower of Bephinos, built by Herod the Great. Close by, Titus pitched his tent and Tancred camped at the siege of Jerusalem. Frère Liévin says he does not believe what we have seen to be the Tombs of the Kings, but of the Helena who was Queen of Adiabene, in Kurdistan; and that she and her son Isat, and his children, brothers, and nobles, came to reside in Jerusalem, to adopt and be instructed in the Jewish religion, and to worship God there; nor does he believe in the Tombs of the Judges, but that they were for the members of the Sanhedrim, the Senate of the Jews, which numbered seventy-two of their chief personages.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PILGRIMAGE—(*Continued*).

On Wednesday (5th of April), at an early hour, we went to visit the Haram esh Sherif. It was closed at this time of year, but an especial permission was given to Captain Burton, who was allowed to take Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, myself, and Mohammed Agha. It occupied us for two days. We first mounted the Minaret for the best view of the whole Mosque, and of Jerusalem generally. The City from this point looked like an extensive ruin, covered with domed houses.

The Haram esh Sherif ("Holy" or "Sacred Place") is considered by Mohammedans to be one of their noblest sanctuaries, and not long ago a Christian passing the enclosure wall would have incurred death. Its high walls enclose 600 yards, now mostly grass grown. In front of the *enceinte* was doubtless the famous Temple of Solomon, and if it was so magnificent as we imagine it to have been, it may have covered the whole enclosure, otherwise it would have been equalled by Damascus, and surpassed by Palmyra and Ba'albak. The Haram now contains two principal blocks of buildings: first, the famous Mosque of Omar, including the Kubbet es Sakhrah (Dome of the Rock), and second, the Mosque El Aksa, the Knight Templars' Church, once called St. Mary. Besides these are many scattered and minor objects of interest.

The Eastern wall of the enclosure looks down upon the Torrent of Kedron,* and in its middle is the famous Golden Gate, built by

* The "brook Kedron" conveys to me the idea of a placid, homely English "brook," whereas torrent would better apply to this wild and perilous Wady.

Solomon and adorned by Herod the Great. In the interior of the Golden Gate are three columns of composite order, single blocks of marble ten feet in circumference; a large serpent rests in one of the capitals. I say the interior of the gate, because it is built like a small fortress. It is a double arch looking to the east, and walled up outside, and two enormous monolithic columns of stone separate it into two naves; one is called Báb el Taubeh (gate of repentance), and the other Báb el Rahmah (gate of mercy). The sides are adorned with pilasters, whose frieze is richly sculptured, and are lighted by the windows of their two cupolas. This is the gate where our Saviour entered in triumph on Palm Sunday, and through which the Emperor Heraclius passed, bringing back the true Cross from the Persian war, and carrying it, like Christ, upon his shoulders. In the Crusaders' time it was opened twice a year, once on Palm Sunday, in honour of our Saviour, and once for Heraclius, on the 14th September, feast of the Exaltation of the Cross. For 713 years the Moslems have fulfilled the old prophecy of Ezekiel, that the gate should be kept shut.

There are steps up to the top of the gate, which gives an interesting view of the whole Haram, and the valley of Jehoshafat.

From the top of the Golden Gate in front of you, but a little to the right, you behold the Mountain of Olives (of the Ascension), covered by a group of buildings and a minaret. At its feet to the left, the valley of Jehoshafat (the place of Last Judgment), becomes the Wady Silwán to the right. The valley, which is not 100 yards broad, and which was once watered by the torrent of Kedron, begins at the Tombs of the Judges, to the west of Jerusalem. It runs below Gethsemane, and then joins the valley of Hinnom, about three kilomètres long; it then takes the name Wady el Nár (Fire Valley). The left bank is enclosed by the mountains Scopas, Olivet, Karm es Sayyád (ancient Viri Galilei), and the Mount of Scandal, on whose western slope nestles the village Silwán (Siloh). We look down upon a great number of interesting objects, banking the dry torrent Kedron, from our present position:—the tomb of our Lady, the grotto and garden of Gethsemane, the tombs of Jehoshafat, Hezekiah, Absalom, and St. James the Less; the village of Siloh on one bank, and the pool of Siloh and the fountain of the Blessed Virgin on the other

opposite bank; further on are Solomon's gardens and pool, and the well of Job.

The right bank is formed by Mount Gihon, Mount Bezetha, on which part of the town is built, Mount Móriah, occupied by the Haram (the site of the Temple), and Mount Ophel, and these three last form one ridge. Opposite the Holy City, and as near the Temple as possible, the steep banks of the Kedron are carpeted with tombs—to the right Moslems, and to the left Jews. They say that because Jehoshafat is so small, the Jews are afraid there will not be room for us all, and they pay enormous prices for the privilege of being buried there, to be found ready in their places. We talk a great deal of mountains, but by comparison with South American mountains, Switzerland, Teneriffe, and Himalayas, we should call these upon which Jerusalem is built, and also those which surround her, barren, stony hills, till we come to Moab, or return to the Anti-Lebanon.

There is another very grand entrance from the street below, opposite the Golden Gate in the western wall, mounting by steps and arches; and columns stand here and there, with palm-leaf capitals beautifully carved. This entrance leads direct to the Temple.

Here I beg to apologize for recapitulating what took place in the Temple. My book is so simple, that I hope children and uneducated persons may read it, as well as educated men and women, who may skip a page or two; and I am quite sure that thousands of foreign Catholics who do not read the Bible will thank me for it.

This, we believe, is the celebrated Mount Móriah, where Abraham came to sacrifice his son 1822 years before Christ; where, when David made a census of his people, and drew down God's anger, he was given the choice of three scourges, and chose the plague which carried off 70,000 men in three days; where he prayed to God to save the City, and where the prophet Gad came and told him to prepare a sacrifice, erecting an altar on the threshing-floor of Araunah, or Ornan, the Jebusite. He obeyed, and bought the threshing-floor, this very rock, for 600 shekels of gold. The Altar was erected upon it, and the sacrifice was consumed by fire from heaven—showing that the Almighty had

accepted it. When the plague ceased, David wished to build a Temple on the spot, but, by an intimation from God, he only collected the materials, leaving the task of building it to his son Solomon (I. Paralipomenon, or I. Chronicles, xxi. xxii.). Solomon began it in the fourth year of his reign (1012 B.C.).* It took seven years to accomplish, and the Ark of the Covenant was placed in it.

It was in the Temple that the Angel of the Lord announced to Zachariah the birth of John the Baptist, who was to go before the Messiah; it was here that our Blessed Lady passed her infancy; it was here that she offered our Lord in the Temple; here the venerable Simon sung his "Nunc Dimittis." In the further angle of the Temple was the lodging of Simeon, with whom the holy family frequently remained for some days when they came up to Jerusalem for the Passover. It was here that, at the age of twelve, Jesus instructed the doctors in the Temple—the only time He appeared prominently in public until He was thirty years of age, and began His mission; it was here that Satan transported Him to the pinnacle of the Temple, and tempted Him; here He chased the buyers and sellers on the Sabbath; here they brought Him the woman taken in adultery, and He uttered those memorable words, "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone at her—go, and sin no more;" here He praised the widow's mite, and foretold the destruction of the Temple.†

Titus fulfilled the prophecy by destroying it thirty-seven years after his death. Here was Adrian's temple, thrown down by Empress Helena and her son Constantine. In 361 Julian the Apostate here came to take up the foundations of the original Temple, but fire issued out of the ground, and killed the workmen, till the impious act was abandoned. Omar then built over the Sacred Rock, a Mosque, which Abd el Melek destroyed, and rebuilt still more magnificently. In 1099 the Crusaders took possession of it, killing 10,000 Moslems, turned it into a Church, and erected an Altar on the Rock. In 1187 it became again a Mosque, and has remained so until now.

* II. Paralipomenon or II. Chronicles iii. 1-2.

† Read Luke i. 5-14, ii. 21-35, 40-44; Matthew iv. 5-7; Mark xi. 15-18; Luke xxi. 2-6; John viii. 3-11.

First we walked round the walls of the Haram esh Sherif, which has ten gates. At the north-west corner are the remains of the ancient tower and fortress of Antonia, before mentioned. Two galleries went out from this tower, one to the north, and one to the west. It was guarded by deep trenches, north and west, and four towers were placed at equal distances upon it; they were used by the garrison to defend the Temple, and a subterranean passage connected this tower with one of the eastern gates.

There are many still undiscovered vaults beneath us, extending up to the double gates. The subterranean galleries are very extensive, and are supposed to have been water reservoirs.

Under some old cypress trees you descend twenty-one steps to a fine tank, in the middle of which is a large round basin upon a pedestal, which Frère Liévin told me might be the molten sea mentioned in Paralipomenon or Chronicles.* In 1868, when the aqueduct which gave water to the Sealed Fountain of the Temple was restored, the water came to this tank in abundance.†

The Kubbet es Sakhrah (Dome of the Rock) is octagonal. The walls on each side are covered with grey and white streaky marble, and large squares of Persian or porcelain tiles, of old style, now not to be copied. It has seven magnificently-stained glass windows, and is surmounted by a melon-shaped dome, extolled by every writer. This cupola, which covers the rock, is cased in lead, and gilt over; an immense crescent glitters at its top. There is a door to each cardinal point: north, Báb el Jenneh (gate of Heaven); south, Báb el Kibleh (of prayer direction); west, Báb el Gharb (to the setting sun); east, Báb Daoud (of David), or Báb Silsilah (of the chain).

In the interior of this pavilion-like Mosque are two octagonal concentric *enceintes*, surrounding the central point. The first is formed by the exterior walls, and the second by eight square pillars at its angles. The second octagon is composed of sixteen *verde-antique* columns, with monolithic shafts. The upper ceiling is covered with mosaic, gold, and coloured glass, picked out with texts from the Korán. The pavement is tesselated with tiles, chiefly blue and white. The central spot is enclosed, like the

* II. Paralipomenon or II. Chronicles iv. 1-6, 10, 15.

† Read Ezekiel xlvii. 1-12.

larger *enceinte*, by four pilasters and twelve columns. An artistic iron grille occupies the spaces between the columns. Inside this enclosure is a beautifully carved screen of wood, which immediately surrounds the naked Rock.

There is something sublime in this great bare Stone, guarded by all its riches and treasures. Would that the Holy Sepulchre and other holy sites had been preserved with the same good taste, surrounded by riches the offerings of devotion, but left to nature.

A green and red tent is suspended like a canopy over this treasure, and to the Mohammedan it recalls the tent God gave to Adam when he found Eve on Arafat Hill, near Mecca, after he had sought her for a hundred years. This Stone is equally venerated by Jews, Christians, and Moslems.

As we stand gazing, full of thoughts and associations, let us recapitulate together what this rock has witnessed, both what we know by the Bible, and what we are assured by history or tradition.

First—Abraham chose that spot whereupon to sacrifice his only son Isaac by the command of God.* Jerusalem is the "land of vision;" Mount Móriah is one of the mountains, and Móriah means "the Lord will see." David bought it from Araunah the Jebusite, who used it for a threshing-floor; the King, the Prophet Gad, and the Angel stood there. It was sanctified by the fire from heaven, which consumed the sacrifice; it was covered by the Temple of Solomon; the Ark of the Covenant rested upon it.†

Let us, whilst here, remember this prayer or blessing of Solomon, whilst he consecrated this spot, and placed the Ark upon it:—

"Moreover concerning a stranger, that is not of thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for thy name's sake; (for they shall hear of thy great name, and of thy strong hand, and of thy stretched-out arm;) when he shall come and pray toward his house; hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for: that all the people of the earth may know thy name, to fear thee, as do thy people Israel; and that they may know that this house, which I have builded, is called by thy name."

When Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Solomon's Temple, the Holy of Holies was buried in the ruins.‡ Jeremias the prophet,

* Genesis xxii. 1-14. † III. Kings or I. Kings viii. 1-6, 41-43.
IV. Kings or II. Kings xxv. 9:—"And he burnt the house of the Lord."

who was warned by God, knew by inspiration of the coming destruction, and he saved the Tabernacle, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Altar of Incense, and hid them in a cave in Mount Nebo, the same where Moses went up to view the Promised Land and die.* When the Jews returned after their seventy years captivity in Babylon, Cyrus permitted its reconstruction, which was undertaken and performed by Zerubbabel.

Heliodorus was sent by Seleucus, King of Syria, to rob its sacred treasures; but when he went in, an invisible hand struck him down, and he was in a dying state until the High Priest prayed for him.†

Alexander the Great visited the Temple, and offered sacrifices to the true God on the rock. Antiochus Epiphanus, after a massacre of the Jews, profaned it, and placed a statue of Jupiter in it. Two years later Judas Maccabæus purified it, and re-established the worship of the true God.‡ Pompey took it B.C. 63, profaned the Holy of Holies, but left the building intact, and Cassim after him did the same; B.C. 17, Herod the Great rebuilt it with 10,000 workmen, 1000 carts and horses, and 1000 priests, and no one else was allowed within the enclosure.

We must then remember that it was sanctified by the presence of the angel who announced to Zachariah the birth of his son, John the Baptist; then by the infancy of the Blessed Virgin, by her offering in the Temple, by Simeon, by the presence of the holy family—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; by the circumcision of Jesus, by Jesus teaching the doctors in the Temple, and frequently during His three years ministry, and, finally, by the sufferings and death of our Saviour.

Thus the Rock opens its history by Abraham sacrificing his only son at the command of God, and closes it by God sacrificing his only son to redeem the world. Thus it takes part in the

* II. Maccabees ii. 4-7; Deuteronomy xxxii. 49-52.

† Read the whole of II. Maccabees iii., and II. Maccabees ix. 12-20, but especially remember these words:—"But God did not choose the people for the place's sake, but the place for the people's sake. And therefore the place also itself was made partaker of the evils of the people: but afterwards shall communicate in the good things thereof, and as it was forsaken in the wrath of Almighty God, shall be exalted again with great glory, when the great Lord shall be reconciled."

‡ II. Maccabees x. 1-9.

principal religious and historical events of some 1877 years. Since that time it became a contention between Pagan, Moslem, and Christian, and it frequently changed masters for 1154 years. Titus destroyed the Temple, and Adrian rebuilt to Jupiter. Omar covered the rock with the Mosque; the Crusaders substituted the Cross for the Crescent; Salah ed Dín destroyed the Cross, and again erected the Crescent, and washed the rock with rose-water (A.D. 1187), since which (713 years) it has ever remained a Mohammedan possession. Thus we have the history of the Rock for a period of 3,744 years.

On the Rock is a print of a large hand, said to be that of the Angel Gabriel, dating from the famous night journey of the Prophet Mohammed from Mecca to Jerusalem. The Angel Gabriel, say the Moslems,* brought him a white mule, named El Borák, "the lightning," and so mounted, the Prophet descended on Mount Sinai at Bethlehem, and at Jerusalem, where he entered the Temple, and prayed with Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Elijah. He visited the seven heavens, and, lastly, Allah himself, who taught him how to govern his people. When Mohammed was ascending, the Rock wished to fly after him; but Allah, being unwilling that the world should lose the sacred Rock, the Angel Gabriel put his hand upon it, and the impression is that which we now see. Also is shown the shield which belonged to Hamzeh, the Prophet's uncle and faithful follower; and there is an apochryphal footprint of Mohammed on a bit of marble, covered by a grille, the lance and standard of the Prophet, the flag of Omar, the saddle of El Borák, carved in marble. By the Báb el Jenneh is a large bit of jasper into which nineteen nails of gold were driven by Mohammed, to mark the time the world will last. At the end of each century a nail disappears, and fastens itself in the throne of Allah. An evil spirit once came and pulled them out for sheer wantonness, but the Angel Gabriel caught him, and drove him with blows from the sanctuary. By Mohammedan computation we have now 350 years more, and three nails and a half actually remain.

A flight of fifteen steps takes us into the cave under this Rock. This feature has been immensely written about. I shall

* My husband remarks that there is no Koránic evidence whatever for this.

content myself with saying that Captain Burton holds it to be the original granary of the corn threshed or rather trodden out, upon the plain on either side, and winnowed from the Rock. If the latter prove to be the great Altar of Sacrifice, the cave will be the cistern for the blood which ran off by the Bir el Arwah (Well of Souls) into the valley of Hinnom. My husband did his best to procure the opening of the hollow-sounding slab in the centre, but the time has not yet come.

The more ignorant Moslems believe that the Sakhrah is suspended in the air, and its only support is a palm-tree, held by the mothers of the two greatest prophets, Mohammed and Abraham. The most projecting point is called "the Tongue," because, when Omar thought he had discovered the stone which was Jacob's pillar in his vision at Bethel, he exclaimed, "Es Salaámo Alaykúm" ("Peace be upon thee"), and the Stone replied, "Alaykúm us Salaám, wa Rahmatullahi" ("Peace be to thee, and the mercy of God").

The Shaykhs of the Mosque explained everything to us, even the minutest trifle, and shewed us the places where Solomon prayed, and also David, and where Abraham and Elijah and Mohammed met on the occasion of his night flight upon El Borák. They also made an echo for us, and told us that there was a hollow place beneath the Bir el Arwah before mentioned, where every Friday the departed souls come to adore Allah. They also show the Korán of Khalif Omar. On the outside of the Mosque are two Kiblehs, domelets on marble columns, one called after Fatima, daughter of Mohammed, married to her cousin Ali, and the other after the ascension of Mohammed.

Near this, on a wall, is a piece of marble whose veins represent two birds, to which is attached a legend of Solomon. He ordered all the birds, beasts, and fishes to pay him tribute, when two magpies rebelled, and induced the others to mutiny; that on this account the Prophet-King condemned them to remain in marble to the end of time. He also ordered the roof of the Temple to be covered with golden needles, or fine spikes, that no bird might perch upon or soil it.*

* Captain Burton tells me that this is a tale probably borrowed from Mecca, where one of the "Ka'abahs" was similarly protected.

They show in a portico with four arches the scales which at the Last Judgment will weigh the good and evil deeds of souls. Those found wanting will go, *viâ* the bridge "El Sirát," to the Mohammedan Jehannum, which is, however, according to most schools, only temporary and provisional, like our Purgatory, for the true believer. There is also a fine marble Mambar, or pulpit, from which they preach on the Fridays of the Ramazan; it is called Burhān ed Din el Kadi, after a learned doctor.

I must now explain the bridge El Sirát.* You are conducted to a place in the Temple enclosure, where a marble column of some length projects horizontally through the wall into space, like a piece of cannon pointed at Mount Olivet. The spiritual and invisible bridge is fastened on this side close to the fallen column, is thrown across the Valley of Jehoshafat, and its other end is attached to the summit of Olivet. It is finer than the edge of a razor. When its merits and demerits have been weighed in the scales of justice, the soul has to walk over this bridge; the just are not afraid, for they are supported by their guardian angels, but the unjust lose their balance, and falling into the Valley of Jehoshafat, are swallowed up in hell.

The entrance to the Dome of the Rock is exceedingly beautiful. It is a little detached decagonal marble pavilion, supported by two circles of columns—in all numbering seventeen, said to cover the site of the Altar of Burnt Offerings. Between it and the Temple the High Priest Zacharias, son of Joaida, was stoned.† Close to it was the place where the King presided at the offices; it is called the Tribunal of David, and also the Dome of the Chain (Kubbet es Silsilah). They say that Allah let down a chain from heaven, and each man taking an oath held it in his hand. If he swore falsely a link of the chain came off. Close to this altar St. James the Less, first Bishop of Jerusalem, was cast out of the Temple, and, as he was not dead, they dragged him to a distance and stoned him.

The mosque "El Aksa" means the farthest then known to El Islám. This Crusaders' church, once called St. Mary's, is the

* My husband has corrected the garbled Christian account of the Moslem "Bridge of Souls."

† Read II. Paralipomenon or II. Chronicles xxiv. 20-21.

only other large building in the enclosure. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Omar converted it into a place of prayer for Moslems, and Abd el Melek plated its gates with gold and silver. During the Crusaders' time it was the Templars' church. Godfrey de Bouillon reconverted the Haram mosques into a church and monastery, the Abbot of which was the Head of the Templars of the Knights of St. John. The porch has seven arches, and the interior seven naves (doubtless in honour of the "seven dolours"), supported by rows of low Byzantine columns of *verde antique*, now covered with plaster. The Shaykhs show the tombs of four sons of Aaron, who died, like Moses, in the Desert. There is a well called the "Well of the Leaf." The tradition is that a man went to Paradise through this well, and returned by the same way, bringing a green leaf behind his ear. There is a beautiful cupola with Mosaics, supported by four large pilasters, adorned with two marble columns; a Mihrab to which the Moslem turns for his prayer; a beautifully sculptured Mambar, or pulpit, the gift of Nur ed Dín. Two other Mihrabs are dedicated to Moses and to Jesus. In the latter is shown the footprint of our Saviour, which the Mohammedans venerate, and some think it is that missing from the Mount of Olivet.

We are told that Mary was consecrated at an early age to remain a virgin, and to devote herself to the services of the Temple, where she passed her infancy. This is shown as the spot where Mary and her mother St. Anne, her seven virgin companions, and the Prophetess Anna, daughter of Phanuël, of the tribe of Aser, dwelt together. Not far are two columns close together, and the Moslems believe that whoever can squeeze through these will go to heaven, but those who stick between them and cannot pass, will go—elsewhere. They are very deceptive; to look at them you would exclaim, "It were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," but I passed through them easily.

At the end of the westernmost nave is a large arched hall, divided by pillars, which support the arches—a most interesting place, I thought; it was the old *salle d'armes* of the Templars.

We must not forget to visit the Mihrab where Omar came

to make his first prayer after purifying "the Rock" from the Infidel; and another where Zachariah and St. John the Baptist are supposed to have prayed. We descend thirty-two steps to a subterranean chamber, where a large marble shell is supported on small marble columns, said to be the cradle of Christ, but far more like a bath.* This was the habitation of the venerable Simeon, where the holy family stayed with him after the circumcision, and where they lodged whenever they came up yearly for the Passover. There used to be a chapel on the spot called the Cradle of Christ; it is now a little Mosque, called the Sanctuary of Jesus.

Coming out of the Mosque, we descend by steps into another enormous subterranean hall, supported by columns, and said to have originated with Solomon; others say it was used as stables by the Templars, who must have had lifts for their horses, or inclined planes leading to the apertures. Amid the grass-grown enclosure, but nearer the northern wall, is the lesser rock (Sakhrat es Saghír), covered by a round-domed chapel. After a few difficulties, and many false assertions that no one had entered for years, it was shown to us. It contained a fragment of the original rock upon which, they said, Jacob slept when he saw the vision; and a flat slab, evidently a stone, *in situ*, was guarded by a rail. Around the interior of this little fane were twelve double marble columns, with Christian capitals, and a fountain.

Before going out of the western gate we passed another Mosque, where we were shown the "Throne of Solomon." It occupies the whole space between the walls, and is covered with a velvet pall. Moslems say he was found dead upon it. Another templet, with a Mihrab and an elevated place covered with black cloth, has a column on either side, which rise a little above it, and are called the two pillars of Solomon, being placed like two crutches; they say that he leant upon them for eight years. In this Moslem mosque we have often heard the name of Hazrat Isa. For the Moslem believes that Jesus, being the Ruh Ullah (breath of God), never died, and thus, after a fashion, he believes in the Ascension. He believes Him to be the third greatest

* My husband tells me that it is part of an old niche for a statue.

prophet, and venerates all the Holy Places connected with Him, as we do, but in a different spirit. It is only the Jews who ignore Christ, for the sake of the shame and scandal the Cross brought upon their nation. Some heretical sects hold that He permitted Judas, in punishment for his treachery, to be invested with His personal appearance, and to undergo torment and crucifixion in His place.

The 5th of April was the night of the Passover. Every Jewish house was lit up during the night, and we were invited by one of the Khakhams (Rabbis) and his family to attend it. A table was spread with a cloth, and over it was suspended an oil lamp with five wicks, one for each male member of the family. The men then assembled round the table, and the women, both mistresses and attendants, dressed in their festal costume, and covered with jewellery, sat in rows on one side of the room; finally, we and all the friends invited, placed ourselves on the other.

The men read the prayers in a chanting tone, something after the fashion of a choir intoning the Gregorian chant. It was alternately Spanish and Hebrew, the former easy to be understood. They rocked to and fro, as usual, whilst praying. Four cups of wine were on the table, with unleavened bread, water-cresses, lettuce, and a fragment of the lamb. They slung the flat unleavened bread, or rather cakes, over their shoulders in a napkin, as if ready to depart at a moment's notice. They ate and drank reclining on their sides, but stood up at certain parts of the ceremony, which lasted about two hours. They were exceedingly hospitable to us, and so liberal that they even wanted us to smoke narghílehs while they prayed. This, of course, we declined, although I believe it was quite permissible, and we remained in a respectful attitude till the supper was over. I thought it most touching, simple, and interesting, this eating of the Passover. Jerusalem was all alive that night, and the lit-up houses were very effective.

Maunday Thursday, April 6th.—At 3.30 I rose, and was so fortunate as to be able to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion on Calvary at 5 o'clock. I returned at 7.30, with the French Consular party, to High Mass, and to witness the cere-

monies for this great day. After the Latins had finished I went to the Greek "washing of the feet," with Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. A magnificent platform was erected outside the Sepulchre, and the Patriarch, personating Jesus Christ, mounted by a staircase with the twelve apostles, who were represented by the highest dignitaries of the Church. Their dresses were gorgeous, and everything was most richly carried out. They sang through the Passion, each taking his part, and answering one another. In fact, it was a Passion-play sung. When the Patriarch proceeds to wash the feet of the one who represents Peter, he refuses, and the Patriarch replies in the words of our Saviour, "If I wash thee not, thou shalt have no part with me;" he then washes all their feet, and they go through this part of the Holy Scriptures. The rite lasted about two hours.

We then rode out to see Our Lady's Tomb, near Gethsemane. A small chapel covers an extensive cave in the rocks, with many altars and one shrine. It is as near as possible a copy of the Sepulchre. It is said that it contains also the bodies of St. Anne and St. Joachim, the parents of Mary, and that of Joseph her husband, and it would have been quite according to Jewish custom that it should have been so, the family tombs consisting of so many *loculi* in a cave. Close to this is the Garden of Gethsemane. We next ascended the Mount of Olives.

Three roads lead to this far-famed mountain, all beginning at Gethsemane. Two are frequently mentioned in the old and new Testaments. One, the steeper, passes the so-called "Tombs of the Prophets," and leaves on one side the place where Jesus wept over Jerusalem. The other, on the north flank, is the easier ascent. We will walk up all three, in order to miss nothing. Almost immediately, on one road, you pass a white rock, where tradition says Thomas was going to visit the Virgin's grave when he saw her mounting to heaven, and she threw him her girdle, which descended on the rock. The girdle is at Prato in Tuscany. Before you reach the top the path bifurcates, one bend leads to the spot whence our Lord ascended, close to a small village called Zaytún, another to the Mount Viri Galilei, which is a part of the Mount of Olives, and a third connects Viri

Galilei and Zaytún. You will remark three olives, which note the spot where the Angel Gabriel announced death to the mother of Jesus. A few yards away is Viri Galilei (Karm es Sayyád) where the Galileans had a Khan, or inn, where they used to meet during the fêtes of Jerusalem, and where took place what is recorded in the first chapter of Acts. This might be what Jesus meant when He said after His death He would join them in Galilee, for here He commands them not to depart from Jerusalem,* and Galilee would have been many days' march there and back, whereas Scripture shows that they were never further than an afternoon stroll from Jerusalem. There is the minaret of Zaytún, which is near an enclosed court, and a little edifice which covers the spot where Jesus Christ, uttering last words full of majesty, ascended into heaven in the presence of 120 people, amongst whom were His mother and the apostles. The spot was once covered by a church. A lustre was suspended over the holy footprints on the rock, of which we see but the left. Some say that the right foot-print shown at the Mosque el Aksa was stolen from here, and it certainly corresponds. They were covered by a marble casing, and protected from wind and rain by a glass cage. Here, in the Mosaic law, Israel burnt before Easter a cow, whose ashes served to prepare the water with which they purified themselves, and especially those who, under pain of death, had touched a dead

* Mark xxviii. 7–10, 16–17:—"And going quickly, tell ye his disciples that he is risen: and behold he will go before you into *Galilee:* there you shall see him. Lo, I have foretold it to you. And they went out quickly from the Sepulchre with fear and great joy, running to tell his disciples. And behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail. But they came up and took hold of his feet, and adored him. Then Jesus said to them: Fear not. Go, tell my brethren that they go into *Galilee,* there they shall see me. . . . And the eleven disciples went into *Galilee,* unto *the mountain* where Jesus had appointed them. And seeing him they adored: but some doubted."

Acts i. 4, 9–12:—"And eating together with them, he commanded them, that they *should not depart from Jerusalem,* but should wait for the promise of the Father, which you have heard (saith he) by my mouth. . . . And when he had said these things, while they looked on, he was raised up: and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they were beholding him going up to heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments. Who also said: Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as you have seen him going into heaven. Then they returned to Jerusalem, from the mount that is called Olivet, which is nigh Jerusalem, within a Sabbath day's journey."

body. Jesus Christ passed a night here. Titus, during the siege of Jerusalem, here encamped his tenth legion. Tancred, on arriving, went up to contemplate the city, and was attacked by five Moslems, of whom he killed three and made two run away. The Crusaders, before attacking Jerusalem, ascended this mount to chant the Litanies, and here Peter the Hermit preached to them.

From the minaret top we looked down upon the Valley of Jehoshafat, the Dome of the Rock, the Mosque El Aksa, and the whole City of Jerusalem, beyond the Russian buildings. Far away upon a northern hillock lies Neby Samwîl (Prophet Samuel's tomb), and as far to the south rises the Franks' Mountain. South-west, on the Bethlehem road, are the Convent of St. Elias and the Valley of Raphaim (Giants), the Mount of Evil Counsel, the Valley of Hinnom, the Field of Aceldama. Southwards is the Mount of Scandal, which is indeed part of Mount Olivet. To the east, the Desert of Judæa extends to the Jordan and to the Dead Sea, and, to close the picture, a huge mountain-wall which is always Moab. The eastern part, between the torrents of Jabbok and of Arnon, was of the tribe of Reuben. To the north-east lived the tribe of Gad, and half Manasses, which includes the country of Gilead.

We descended the minaret, and to the south of the Sanctuary of the Ascension we found the ruins of an ancient Convent of the Canons of St. Augustine, in the time of the Crusaders, and close by the grotto of St. Pelagia. In this cave the actress of Antioch, Margaret, who was converted by St. Nonnius, Bishop of Edessa, in the fifth century, came under the name of Pelagia to lead a penitent life, died, and was buried. The Jews call it the grave of the Prophetess Huldah; her sepulchre in the crypt is cylindrical in form. A little to the south-east is the spot where tradition says our Lord taught the "Our Father" to his disciples.*

Over this sanctuary now stands a new building. The Princesse la Tour d'Auvergne, one of the four European ladies who have been called eccentric, because wearied of the flesh-pots of Europe, they have made their home in the East, obtained posses-

* Read Matthew vi. 9-15, and Luke xi. 1-13.

sion of the ground, enclosed it in walls, and built a sanctuary over it. A cloister runs all around, on which the *Paternoster* is painted in thirty-two languages, some—I must confess—very incorrect. There are two rooms in these walls, one is prepared for the Princesse to lie in state after her death, and the other for her tomb. Her Swiss *châlet* adjoins the spot, and here she lives in retirement. I was told that she was a woman of great mind and talent, charming, and *spirituelle*; she was absent whilst I was in Jerusalem, and I had no opportunity of seeing her.

Thirty yards away is the spot where, they say, the Apostles composed their Creed. Here, as late as twenty-four years ago, there used to be twelve niches with twelve statues of the apostles, but the Moslems have sold them to the Jews, we are told, for gravestones.

About five hundred yards to the south-east, at the foot of Mount Olivet, on the road to Bethany, a dike seems to divide the valley; this is the site of Bethphage, where Jesus sent his disciples to take the ass and her foal for his triumphant entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.*

The spot where our Saviour wept over Jerusalem is 150 yards to the west of the "Credo," by the steepest descent; it was once covered by a Church, but now there is a ruined Mosque.

Returning, we visited the Tombs of the Prophets, where we had the same cold, damp work on hands and knees, through cavernous passages and *loculi*, hunting after inscriptions. Those which we found were comparatively modern Greek graffite, and my companions all declared the tradition about the prophets to be absolutely worthless. The caves lie 150 yards south-west of the site of the "Credo." A low doorway leads into a round vestibule, with a hole pierced at the top, which lets in a little light and air; thence you pass another hole into the gallery, where are thirty-six *loculi*. It is difficult to believe that this is the Tomb of the Prophets, because, out of the twenty-two of which we know, twenty were buried in other cities, but the prophets may have been others whose names are not recorded. Haggai was buried with the priests, and Zacharias by him. Haggai, who predicted that the Messiah would honour the Temple, then building, with

* Read Mark xi. and Luke xix. 29-44.

His presence,* and Zacharias, son of Barachias, who predicted the annihilation of the Jewish religion, or rather, that we should all come into one fold under Christ. It might have been that of the priests, or else built in honour of the prophets killed by the Jews, to whom Jesus said, "Woe to you who build the monuments of the prophets," &c.†

We then agreed to see the whole of the Kedron and its objects of interest *en detail* from one end to the other. So we went to the east with a little southing, and passed a white rock on the right bank of the Kedron, about sixty yards to the west of a bridge of stone over the torrent. This was the spot where St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, was stoned to death.‡ We are now near St. Stephen's Gate, called also Báb Sitti Mariam (of our Lady Mary), and turning to our right, we shortly see the Tower of Hana-neel.§ Some of the stones are very large—from four to seven yards long, two broad, and one high; but having seen Palmyra, Ba'albak, and Damascus, they do not strike us. We now leave to our left the Valley of Jehoshafat; on our right, and above us, are the walls of the City and of the Temple. A little path goes down the declivity where our Saviour fell into the Torrent of Kedron, being pushed by the brutal soldiery. They pretend to show the traces of His feet, hands, and knees, on the hard rock, but I had not enough of imagination to see them. A little to the east, on the opposite bank of the torrent, are four conspicuous and interesting tombs: a monolith cut in the rock—our Lady's Tomb, and the Grotto and Garden of Gethsemane, which are also on the opposite side, come before this monolith, but we pass them by as already visited, and only cross over now. This is the tomb called of Absalom. It has four pillars, one at each side; it is surmounted with ornaments in masonry, crowned with a bunch of palms. It was constructed, they say, during his life; the Jews still fling rubbish into it, to show their contempt for this recreant son of David. It is thought that though this honourable burial-place was prepared for him, he was never permitted to lie here, but was thrown into a ditch.‖

* Haggai 7, 8, and Matthew xxiii. 32-39. † Read Luke xi. 47-51.
Read Acts vii. 51-59. § Nehemiah iii.
‖ II. Kings or II Samuel xviii. 17-18.

Close to Absalom's tomb is that called of Jehoshafat, almost buried in rubbish.* The frontal only is seen, but it is striking. It is thought that the Jews still bury there secretly, as it is always closed, and smells very corpse-like. The tomb of Hezekiah resembles Absalom's. The most striking of the four is that of St. James the Less, a room cut in the cliff side; its front is a porch supported by Doric columns. It has a Hebrew inscription, shewing it was the tomb of Hezir, descendant of Aaron, and constructed before the time of Christ. The Moslems call it the Divan of Pharaoh.

When Jesus Christ was seized by the rabble, the disciples ran away and hid, James the Less flying to this cave. It was safe, as any Jew touching a tomb was unclean for eight days. He remained hid all the time of the Passion, and when he heard that his Master was crucified, he vowed that he would neither eat nor drink till Christ rose from the dead, and appeared to him. It happened on this spot. It is about seventy yards from this place that our Lord, on Maunday-Thursday night, after the Supper, left eight of His disciples, and taking three went to the garden to pray.†

Their pusillanimity before, and their constancy and courage after, they had "received the Holy Ghost," was doubtless permitted for our instruction. St. James suffered, as I have related, a cruel death for his Master's sake, and was buried here A.D. 62. It is thought that Zebedee, Cleophas, Simon, and Zacharias also lie in this tomb; but which Zacharias is doubtful. If Zacharias son of Barachias be meant, he is buried with Haggai and the priests; and Zacharias father of St. John the Baptist is buried with St. James the Great. Is this Zacharias son of Joaida? or is it Zacharias son of Jehoshafat buried with his father?

About a hundred yards away from these tombs is the fig-tree, or rather its site, upon which Judas hanged himself.‡ We then walk a few hundred yards southward along a narrow path, and we come to the village of Siloam (Silwán), on our left hand. It is situated on the Hill, or Mount, of Scandal, so called because

* III. Kings or I. Kings xxii. 50:—"And Jehoshafat slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers in the city of David his father."

† Read Matthew xxvi. 30-37.

‡ Matthew xxvii. 3-10.

Solomon sinned in here building temples to Chemosh and Moloch, the idols of his harím.* Silwán consists of fifty miserable stone and mud huts, box-shaped; and on the opposite bank of Kedron, which we crossed, and not far distant, is an unclean pool —the "Fountain of our Lady," at the foot of Mount Ophel, and facing the east. We remember that Simon, who circumcised our Lord and sung his "Nunc Dimittis," lived at the south-east angle of the enclosure of the Temple, where is now the "Sanctuary," or "Cradle of Christ." The tradition is that, during these visits, our Lady used to wash linen at this fountain; this is quite natural, and what she would have done.

We walk still in a southerly direction, following the Kedron. Ophel is on our right, and the King's Gardens, likewise Silwán, to our left.

About three hundred yards farther is another pool, where women wash and soldiers draw water. The fountains once irrigated the "Gardens of the King," now in Fellahín possession, and here are the only spots about Jerusalem where anything will grow. A few yards farther is the pool of Solomon, partly cut in the rock, and now in a poor man's kitchen-garden. Eighty-three yards west from the last is the pool of Siloam, on the left bank south-west of Ophel, at the extremity of the Valley of the Cheesemongers (Tyropean), which passes between the hill of Ophel and Mount Sion, and which joins the Valley of Jehoshafat. This is the pool in which our Saviour gave sight to the blind man.† The people used to flock here for cures of all diseases; a church was built over it, and the pool, divided into two parts, one for men and the other for women, had a balustrade around; thence it discharged itself into a basin outside the church, and near it was the Tower of Siloam, which fell, crushing eighteen men.‡ The waters and canals of Siloam are very curious. I went in as far as I could. Some say that they come from under the

* III. Kings or I. Kings xi. 1-12:—"Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon. And likewise did he for all his strange wives, which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their gods."

† Read John ix. 1-15.

‡ Luke xiii. 4:—"Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?"

Temple, and that they zig-zag for about six hundred yards. Others suppose that they were aqueducts built by Solomon to water the gardens of his wives. South-west of the pool of Siloam, a path leads up to Mount Sion, mentioned in II. Esdras.*

Not far from the pool of Solomon is the spot where the prophet Isaias was sawn in two by the order of his son-in-law King Manasses, and buried close by. We now reach a point where three roads meet: one is that which we have come—along the valley of the Kedron; another takes us round by the southern wall into the valley of Hinnom, and a third leads away from Jerusalem towards the Dead Sea.† Bir Ayyúb, Job's well, En Rogel, the border of the tribe of Judah and of Benjamin, stands like a junction in the meeting-place of these three roads. This is Nephi, or Naphtar, where Nehemias hid the sacred fire.‡ All these waters, pools, and wells of Kedron are brackish. We will now take the southerly road, and turn up the valley of Hinnom, or Jehannum, or Hell, which once separated the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. It is so called on account of the Israelites, who there adored Moloch, and used to burn their children and offer other human sacrifices, which are anathematized by Jeremias in his seventh chapter.§ Moloch was a large brass statue, with a

* II. Esdras (Ezra) iii. 15:—"And the gate of the fountain Sellum the son of Cholhoza built, lord of the street of Maspha: he built it, and covered it, and set up the doors thereof, and the locks, and the bars, and the walls of the pool of Siloe unto the king's guard, and unto the steps that go down from the city of David."

† Josue (Joshua) xv. 7, 8.

‡ II. Maccabees i. 19-23.

§ II. Paralipomenon or II. Chronicles xxxiii. 6-11.

Jeremias (Jeremiah) vii. 31-34:—"And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart. Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter: for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place. And the carcases of this people shall be meat for the fowls of the heaven, and for the beasts of the earth; and none shall fray them away. Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride: for the land shall be desolate."

Jeremias (Jeremiah) xix. 10-15.

IV. Kings or II. Kings xxiii. 10, 13:—"And he defiled Tophet, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch. . . . . And the high places that were before Jerusalem, which were on the right hand of the Mount of Corruption, which Solomon

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bull's head, and arms extended as if to receive something. It was hollow. Seven chapels stood before him or around him. The first served for an offering of a dove or a fowl; the second for a lamb or a sheep; the third for a ram; the fourth for a calf; the fifth for a bull or cow; the sixth for an ox; the seventh for a man's own son, who had the privilege of kissing the idol. The child was placed before the idol, which was internally heated red hot; then the priest placed it in the extended arms of Moloch, and that the parents might not hear its cries a drum was beaten loudly. So the place was also called Tophet (a drum).

The valley is one vast Necropolis, full of burial caverns cut in the rock. They say that in troublous times pious people retired here to hide and live in prayer. One monument in particular was shown to us as the "Retreat of the Apostles," because when our Saviour was seized in the garden, three were with him, Judas was betraying him, St. James the Less hid in the monument where he is now buried, and the other seven took refuge in this cave in Hinnom. Here the High Priest Annas is said to be buried, here St. Onofrius lived like a hermit, and here there was once a chapel. If you climb up a few yards of rock you find yourself in Aceldama, "field of blood."* It is said that St. Helena transported several ship-loads of this earth to the Campo Santo at Rome, and surrounded Aceldama with an enclosure. The Crusaders used here to bury the pilgrims that died in the hospital, and erected an oratory in its centre.

Continuing our walk we remark a mountain called Jebel el Kubúr (of the graves), after the Necropolis, and Dayr Abu Thaur (Convent of the Father of the Bull), I presume from Moloch. The Christians know it as the Hill of Evil Counsel, because the High Priest Caiaphas had a country-house outside Jerusalem,

the king of Israel had builded for Astoreth the abomination of the Zidonians, and for Chemosh the abomination of the Moabites, and for Milcom the abomination of the children of Ammon, did the king defile."

Osee (Hosea) xiii. 2:—"And now they sin more and more, and have made them molten images of their silver, and idols according to their own understanding, all of it the work of the craftsmen: they say of them, Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves."

* Acts i. 18-20.

where, according to tradition, the Pharisees assembled and held council against Jesus.* The summit is marked by two or three houses. Some little distance further, situated on the slope or incline of Sion, is the Protestant school. There are stairs cut in the rock, probably from the time of David. On the left is the Emperor's reservoir (Birket es Sultan). Some say that it is the piscina of Bathsheba,† and others that it is the lower piscina; others, again, that it is "Assuyah," "the pool built with great labour."‡ The next striking object is the row of almshouses for destitute Jews, built by Sir Moses Montefiore. Near the pool is a hill, with a little chapel cut in the rock by the Crusaders who encamped there: it is now a lunatic asylum, and the Greeks shew there the tomb of St. Damianus. The treatment in this *maison de santé* is not complicated. They chain the lunatic with a blessed chain called St. George; they are fed on bread and water, quite regardless of respect of persons, some of whom may not have sufficient blood to supply the brain. The manager comes round to visit them, and asks questions, and for every foolish answer they receive a blow with a little stick. This most brutal and horrible cure is said to answer wonderfully. I do not believe it.

In A.D. 136 the Emperor Adrian erected at the Jaffa gate a pig in marble, and forbade the Jews to approach it on pain of death. Every new Sultan sends by the Pasha of Jerusalem a key of this gate to the Chief Rabbi of the Jews, which is a permission to live and to circulate freely about Syria and Palestine. If it is forgotten or deferred, as it was accidentally when Abdul Aziz came to the throne, the Jews are out of the pale of the law, and have to be confined to their own quarter until the keys are sent. The Israelites pay high for the privilege, and it is one of the proofs of the tenacity with which they cling to their old privileges. It amounts, in fact, to a claim of possession, and the Turks allow it—for a consideration. We now enter the Jaffa gate at sunset. Holman Hunt, who was painting his "Shadow of Death," dined with us this evening.

* John xi. 47-54.

† II. Kings or II. Samuel xi. 2-3; II. Paralipomenon or II. Chronicles xxxii. 30; Isaias (Isaiah) xxii. 9-11.

‡ II. Esdras (Nehemiah) iii. 16.

Good Friday, 7th April.—I was at the Sepulchre at 6.30 a.m. for the service of Good Friday—the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. The rest of the morning was spent at the Ecce Homo convent and church with the nuns and Père Ratisbonne. At 1 o'clock we celebrated the stations of the Cross through the streets, with Père Liévin, my Catholic instructor. We then visited the Copt and Abyssinian churches, which are very poor, and we also went all over the roof of the Basilica of the Sepulchre. From half-past 2 to half-past 3, I and others knelt in Calvary for the hour of our Lord's death, each silently praying and reflecting on the great event of the day and the hour. Most Catholic children are taught that whatever they ask of Jesus at three o'clock on Good Friday and midnight on Christmas Eve will be granted. It is one of the pious lessons which I cherish, because taught me by my mother. We are supposed to repeat to ourselves the seven last words upon the Cross; kneeling in spirit at the foot of the Cross, and in this case we were present in body on the very site, as well as in spirit, just where the poor mother, the holy women, and John, stood this day, this hour, 1838 * years ago, and heard Him say:—

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

"Mother, behold thy son: son, behold thy mother."

"My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

"I thirst!"

"It is finished."

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

With such texts as those given below,† who should be afraid to ask for anything and everything that he wants? only minding the accompanying injunction of charity and forgiveness. It should be a day set apart as a great feast of love.

In the afternoon we went to the "Wailing Place of the Jews," outside the wall of the Temple, which they are never permitted, and never permit themselves, to enter. They do this every Friday in the year, excepting that which makes part of the Feast of the Tabernacles, at three o'clock. The spot chosen is the west

* I wrote this MS. in 1871, or the date would be 1842.

† Matthew vii. 7–12, x. 42, xviii. 18–22; Mark xi. 23–26; Luke xi. 5–13; John xiv. 13, 14, xvi. 23, 24.

wall of the enclosure by the Mosque of Omar, an old remain of the Temple of Solomon, to bewail their sins, and the evils which have befallen them for nearly 1900 years. To a person who does not know what it means it presents the strangest sight. They rock to and fro, and kiss and put their hands upon the stones, and work themselves up to a passion of tears, whilst praying and chanting their Lamentations—a kind of litany, which was translated to me.* Some of the women go into fits and hysterics. I looked and saw that they were real tears. It is like a revival. We all went, and, of course, we who knew its deep meaning were much touched. It gave room for serious thought, that scene on that day and at that hour, the hour Jesus hung dead—their crime accomplished—upon the Cross, bewailing their City, their Temple, their departed glory, doomed from that very hour. It is the saddest thing in life to see these once spoiled children, now a despised and scattered nation, flocking from all parts to live and die in their City, to kiss the walls of their Temple, and shed their tears upon its stones:

* Rabbi. "On account of the Palace which is laid wasted,"
People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
Rabbi. "For the sake of the Temple, which is destroyed,"
People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
Rabbi. "For the walls that are thrown down,"
People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
Rabbi. "For our glory, which hath departed from us,"
People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
Rabbi. "For our wise men, who have perished,"
People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
Rabbi. "For the precious stones, which are burnt,"
People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
Rabbi. "For our priests, who have fallen,"
People. "We sit solitary, and weep."
Rabbi. "We implore thee to have mercy on Sion."
People. "Reassemble the children of Jerusalem."
Rabbi. "Haste! haste! Oh Saviour of Sion!"
People. "Speak in favour of Jerusalem."
Rabbi. "May beauty and majesty surround Sion."
People. "Turn with thy clemency towards Jerusalem."
Rabbi. "Grant soon that Royal Power may shine upon Sion."
People. "Console us who weep over Jerusalem."
Rabbi. "May peace and happiness enter Sion."
People. "May the rod of Power turn towards Jerusalem."

And so they go on interminably for an hour or two.

Jeremiah xxx. 15:—"Why criest thou for thine affliction? thy sorrow is incurable for the multitude of thine iniquity: because thy sins were increased, I have done these things unto thee."

they, who crucified the One who came to deliver them, and asked that His blood might fall upon them and upon their children. If we had no other proof of the truth concerning our Saviour, they would be a standing, living, sufficient daily testimony. Seeing these poor, despised, and miserable ones bewailing the crime of their forefathers 1838 years gone by, I sat for an hour with my head buried in my hands near them on the stones, and thought a long think. How immediately after the fall of Adam, God promised him a Reparator, who would give Him satisfaction, and wash out Adam's sin, and that by His death alone could Adam's posterity enter heaven. God was not obliged to give us a Saviour; and that is the danger of the Jews, that having revolted from God so often by idolatry, they also revolted against the Saviour He sent them, and not only their Saviour, but verily their King. Before Christ came into the world His royalty was announced, by an angel proclaiming that He should eternally reign over the House of David. The Prophets in their oracles proclaimed it a thousand times. Heaven and earth announced it also. He was born, and the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men." A new star appeared in the air, calling the Eastern Kings to acknowledge their sovereign. Monarchs trembled; and sought to destroy Him; but He gave His law to the world. He worked for the salvation of men, redeeming the world, and died on the cross, with His true title written and prefixed to it by themselves, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." This was the man who was to repair the work of the first man, and Mary was the woman to repair the work of the first woman.

If Jesus had asked Pilate to speak to the people he would have done so. If He had chosen, the Jews would have knelt down and worshipped Him, but He did not ask it, it was so to be, and He chose that it should be so.

He was persecuted before he came upon earth, for Adam was a son of God; David was a son of Adam; and Jesus was a son of David. Adam revolted against God, and Jesus was promised to him as a Saviour; and of all the sons of Adam only the families of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob remembered the promise, observed the law, and hoped for the Saviour. This hope, this faith, were

their anchor and salvation, as that of all men in the past and in the future; and because the Jewish people believed and hoped in a Saviour, they observed the laws which God gave to Moses on Sinai. The Primitive Patriarchs, in this hope, believed and observed the natural law of divine grace, and walked in justice before Jesus, who was the law of the world. They persecuted Jesus on earth; and as in the ancient law, so in the new, they persecute Him in persecuting His Church. He is a point of scandal to the Jews who reject the shame of the Cross; to heretics who refuse his dogmas, and whose reason is annihilated by His mysteries; and to bad Christians, who are ashamed of Him, of His religious maxims and precepts.

The ancient Testament is but a figure of the new. The action of God upon the Jews is but the figure of His action upon our souls this very day.* Surely there is comfort in store for them after their long mourning and repentance. Did not He say with His dying breath, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"?

This may sound rather like a sermon in a book, but you would not think so if you had sat on the stones with me at the "Wailing," that afternoon, and thought out the great fact that there has been but one religion from Adam till now.

The Moslems remained respectfully serious, but my Syrian girl, a Greek orthodox Christian, who had hardly ever seen a Jew, and who knew nothing of the meaning of what she saw, and only perceived the ridiculous side of the picture, perhaps fancied they were doing it to amuse her, and she flung herself on the ground and laughed nearly into hysterics. I was obliged to scold her till she behaved herself properly. I am told that, although all the numerous Christian sects hate one another, and fight amongst themselves (to the intense amusement of the Moslems, who on

* Eze'kiel vi. 8, 9:—"Yet I will leave a remnant, that ye may have some that shall escape the sword among the nations, when ye shall be scattered through the countries. And they that are saved of you shall remember me amongst the nations to which they are carried captives: because I have broken their heart that was faithless, and revolted from me: and their eyes that went a-fornicating after their idols: and they shall be displeased with themselves, because of the evils which they have committed in all their abominations."

Ezekiel ix. 4:—"And the Lord said to him: Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem: and mark Thau upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for all the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof."

great *fête* days flog them into order in and out of church, like a pack of hounds), if an unhappy Jew were to cross the enclosure of the Sepulchre during Holy Week, they would all for once unite and tear him to pieces on the spot. These things sound curiously in Europe, here they seem natural.

In the evening we all went together, Protestants and Catholics, to hear seven sermons preached upon Calvary in seven different tongues, and to see Jesus taken down from the cross. There is a life-size crucifix which comes to pieces. I did not like the ceremony, but I should have done so if it had been performed with the dignity of a Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau. Those subjects should be so sublimely touched upon. It is meant devotionally, but it is not every preacher who can convey the right impression.

During the sermons, one of our party, a Protestant clergyman, would, in spite of our warnings and entreaties, take up his position on a tall, wooden three-legged stool, the better to see and hear the sermon. Suddenly one of the three legs gave way, and with a tremendous noise he disappeared under the crowd, which was packed like a flock of sheep. The preacher stopped and looked, the crowd began to murmur. We pulled him out with great difficulty, and set him on his feet again, but it was a sore trial to keep ourselves from laughing, more especially as he was a little offended, which made us nervous.

We then went into one of the galleries to hear the last sermon. It was a slender iron balcony, something like those in the Crystal Palace, but it was so overcrowded with people, at a great height, that it actually waved about, and made one feel uncomfortable. The heat and crush were very great everywhere. Pilgrims had taken up their abode for the great event of the morrow, the "Greek Fire," and they were littered about as if it were a stable—bedding, food, and all. We left at midnight, half-poisoned by the atmosphere.

Holy Saturday was a long day. I rose at 5 a.m., and went to a long morning Office in the Sepulchre, with all the prophecies and Mass sung. After this was over we were taken to a gallery just over the Sepulchre, where we were well stationed, to see the great wonder of the Holy Week.

The glass skylight of the great Basilica dome rises about 100 feet over the Sepulchre. The inside is painted blue, with golden *fleurs de lys*, and the gallery is Byzantine, after some old model. Many persons find fault with the colouring. This gallery runs all around, and has arches with gilded railings, each hung with five gold lamps; below that is a plain space with filled-up arches, beneath that again are two more galleries, and a third with windows and tribunes. The little chapel covering the Sepulchre is immediately under the big dome.

The Basilica was thronged with people, from the top of the great skylight to the flags beneath, all waiting for the Greek Orthodox Patriarch. At 1.30 p.m. commenced howling, fighting, and screaming, dancing, clapping of hands, and preaching upon one another's shoulders, cliques of friends in corners singing little songs, such as, "Oh Jew! Oh Jew! your feasts are the feasts of monkeys. Ours are the feasts of Jesus."

They were drunk only with excitement. Ali Beg and his soldiers flogged them with cow-hide kurbashes, but they did not seem to feel the stripes, and men looking like the "Forts de la Halle," in white light garments, were told off, as prize-fighters might be, to rule the mob. The soldiers also carried fixed bayonets. Then commenced a procession of flags, and all was going as merry as a marriage bell, when a dispute arose as to who should be the bearer of the last. This was a signal for a free fight. One man battled bravely for it, bleeding all over, with torn shirt; but he was overpowered by numbers and the kurbash.

At 2.30 p.m., the mob was stilled by the great procession of priests chanting in black dresses, seven deacons in colours, and the Patriarch in white satin, with a black cylindrical head-dress, like a brimless hat, and sable veil floating behind him. Two deacons carrying silver bottles, each containing forty candles, were followed by the fighting "roughs." An old man, who looked like a European doctor, had imprudently mixed with the crowd, and appeared to be hurt. One corner of the Sepulchre, at the right-hand side, was much coveted; it is where the fire first issues through a hole, and it is considered to be a great blessing to be the first to receive and spread it. The men fought like demons for this post, though only one can obtain it, and they clung

to a column, like monkeys climbing a tree, for hours, in this hope. I saw dozens pulled down and beaten off. It would require the energy of a strong drowning man to keep such a position.

Now commenced an awful excitement and struggling. The Patriarch undresses, I believe, to show that he has nothing about him to produce fire with, and bares his head and feet. Then, in a plain surplice, he enters the Sepulchre alone. A priest, also bare-headed and bare-footed, is at the place on the roof, near the small aperture where the fire is expected to issue. The excited and struggling crowd were not kept long waiting. Old Mir Alai Ali Beg must have whispered a word to the Patriarch as he went in, for almost in five minutes the "Sacred Fire" issued. The priest caught it, and the happy man who had been clinging on to his post of danger snatched it.

And now follows the really wonderful part. They all struggle to catch the first fire, they jump on each other's heads, shoulders, and backs, they hunt one another about the church with screams of joy; one passes it to the other; they rub it over their faces, they press it to their bosom, they kiss it, they put it in their hair, they pass it through their clothes, and not one of this mad crowd is, or rather feels himself, burnt. It looked to me like spirits on tow, but it never expired, and every part of the Basilica, which it takes fifty minutes to walk round, is in one minute lit up with the blaze. And there is a man-of-war waiting at Jaffa to convey it this very day to St. Petersburg.

We once believed in this fire, but not now. It is said to be produced in this manner. In one of the inner walls of the Sepulchre, there is a sliding panel with a place to contain a lamp, which is blessed, and that for centuries the Greeks have never allowed this lamp to go out, and from it they take their Sacred Fire. My husband was assured by educated Greeks that a lucifer box does the whole work. This is very probable, and only intense excitement accounts for the fire not burning them, and not extinguishing, or for the rapidity with which it spreads through the Church. It is said that if Russia and the Greek Church were to throw off this old custom, as we Latins have, the Holy Week would lose half its wealthiest pilgrims, and that Jerusalem would be very much impoverished. It is not a

miracle, but it is a celebration which feeds the poor, and the only objection is the behaviour of the people in the church.

From this ceremony we rode to see the Convent of the Cross, belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church. It is only half a mile from Jerusalem. The church was built by Heraclius, over the spot where the tree was said to have been cut to make our Saviour's Cross. There is a pretty legend attached to it, and as you will see pictures of it in many Greek churches, I may as well relate it. The patriarch Lot, when saved from Sodom with his family, sought safety near Hebron, in a cave. He committed the crime related in Genesis, and his remorse drove him into this solitude. Upon the site of this church he unceasingly wept and besought pardon for his deed. One day, whilst thus employed, an angel of God appeared to him, and gave him three cuttings of cypress trees, saying, "Plant and water these cuttings with water from the Jordan, where thou wilt go and draw every day. If they strike root, it is a sign that thou art forgiven, but if they die, it is a sign of thy condemnation." He obeyed, full of hope, and watched his cuttings. The distance to the Jordan and back would occupy a whole day, and be very hard work, especially for one carrying water. Returning, after many years, one evening late, charged with his heavy jars, a demon in the form of a beggar asked for drink. He gave him permission with charity, but he found the whole way lined with beggars wanting water, so that when he reached his cuttings the jars were empty. It was too late to return to the Jordan that night, and he was exhausted with fatigue. He threw himself down in despair, fearing his shoots might die in the night, for the land is stony and the air is dry. But the angel again appeared to him, and said, "Thy charity hath won grace for thee in the sight of God. Thy pardon is granted, and thy cuttings will grow for ever without being watered." They became trees, and one of these was eventually taken to make the Cross of Christ. Under the High Altar they show where the wood was cut. It is a beautiful idea, that Jesus Christ died for charity on the tree that was grown and blessed by charity. This ancient Chapel possesses several curiosities and crusading traces.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DREAM.

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops. And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."—MATTHEW x. 27, 28.

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BYRON says:—

"Dreams in their development have breath, and tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy. They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts, and look like heralds of eternity. They pass like spirits of the past; they speak like sybils of the future."

On our return, after putting up the horses, my husband, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and I, went off to explore the Magharat el Kotn (of cotton). These are enormous quarries, also called the Royal Caverns; the entrance looks like a hole in the wall outside the town, not far from the Gate of Damascus. Creeping in, you find yourself in endless artificial caves and galleries, most of them not explored. What I saw was however far inferior to Adelsberg, near Trieste. Candles and matches are useless in these places, and we always went well supplied with magnesium fusees, which for a few minutes beautifully light up wells, caves, and tombs. I soon left the enthusiasts, for the work did not amuse me. People who really keep Lent by fasting, and attending all the long ceremonies of Holy Week, have a right to be tired upon Holy Saturday; and in my case I had not only attended my own Church's ceremonies, but those of every other Church; so I sauntered towards the Báb es Záherí, and the northernmost point

of Mount Bezetha, to see the Cave of the Prophet Jeremias, a native of Anathoth, a priestly City of the tribe of Benjamin (B.C. 600). Here he hid to pray, to study, and to live a holy life; here he prophesied against Jerusalem; here he wept and mourned over her, and here he wrote his Lamentations; here he dictated to Baruch, his noble and learned disciple; here he underwent persecution from the Jews, who eventually stoned him for discharging his duty to God by prophesying the captivity of Babylon and the downfall of his beloved City for her disobedience to the Lord.

I then climbed up to a large cave, somewhat to the left, and above that of Jeremias, whence I could look down upon Jerusalem. And here, worn out with fatigue, fasting, and over excitement, I lay down with my head upon a stone, and slept a long sleep of two hours, during which I dreamt a wonderful dream —perhaps I ought not to detail it, but an inner voice bids me do so—a long, vivid dream, which I committed to paper; its details in full would occupy a volume, and as many can only interest myself, I will but give a *resumé* of the principal scenes that floated through a tired and excited brain.

The wise laugh at dreams, and they are reprehensible too when foolish persons translate their every night visions in the following fashion:—"I dreamt that I saw a black dog, which is a sign that a new friend is coming to the house." But there are other dreams than these, when the body is in a state of coma, and the brain is alive and intelligent, and which enlighten one on sciences, religious and profane, on virtues and vices, on the government of nations, and on individuals; which show the disposition, sentiments, and secret designs of the people about us, and which require to be treated with infinite discretion. To quote a case, by no means unique: a friend, a very matter-of-fact, unimaginative person, was learning to drive a pair of ponies. She never could understand how to make them step well, and found that they could always get their heads out of her hands when they chose. After many months, she came to me one day and said, "I dreamt how to drive last night, and I know that I can do it perfectly." She ordered her ponies round, and did what she had learnt in her dream. This example serves to illustrate how one

can learn higher things without miracles. I also think that some only are subject to them, that men and women in general do not know them, that certain climates conduce to them, and that Syrian soil has something beyond even visions.

Almost every one will in youth, especially in the intense, passionate life of Europe, have thought, "What is to be my future? I know not! I feel a latent force within me which I do not know, and which I cannot explain; I will watch to see to what use I am some day destined to turn this power, this longing. Will it be good or evil?" The ardent mind finds its mission.

The heavy body, gorged with meat and drink, perhaps will not find it or miss it, never having yearned for it. But man is a King, and his kingdom is his own heart; he has two rotatory movements, like the earth, one on his own axis, or daily existence, and another which carries him from his beginning to his end—his soul was an emanation or a breath of the Divinity, which returns to its origin. The globe is but a point whence it takes its flight homewards. Every time man moves off his course and cries to God, he is brought back, but if he does not cry to God, he flies off into space, like the falling star which makes way for a better.

I dreamt that I died, and that instead of being sent to purgatory—that place where sinful, not guilty, souls go to be purified before they enter for ever the presence of God—I was ordered, with a superior Angel Guardian, to execute difficult tasks, in fact, to work under his directions. The first thing appointed to me was to reform the world and redress its wrongs, I to be visible with my own body or not, according to his direction, and he invisible, and working by my hands and mouth. It came about in this manner—I saw a great light, much brighter than the sun, at which I could not look till my eyes were used to it, and I understood that I was in the presence of Jesus Christ, the centre of all Creation; Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and the Solar system, all were revolving round Him. At first I was entranced at finding myself in space, a spirit—so light, so grand, so awful, and so pure; but when I was drawn with all creation into that vortex of light upon which all eyes were fixed, and towards which all souls burned, I was only conscious of one Presence—I do not know how to describe it. He was more beautiful, more majestic

and God-like, than any written words can render. All around Him and near Him, were perfectly happy from His reign of love and mercy. There was no terror, only confidence for themselves, and hope for those without, all glorying in Him, and in belonging to Him. His face was full of goodness and sweetness, but serious; His dignity and majesty were adorable. The Throne was of brilliant gold. I do not know what His garment was, but it shed rays like the sparkle of a diamond. He did not, however, sit upon His Throne, but walked and talked with groups of those dear to Him. There seemed to be a higher heaven than the created heaven to be given to the elect, but it looked down upon our heaven, and I understood that was alone for the Trinity. Near the throne of Jesus stood Mary, and all about him the saints and angels and elect. His eyes rested upon those about Him. He spoke to and granted favours to many, and sent different angels away with orders to execute. I understood that we should always see Him thus if we were perfectly pure, and that is why so few have ever seen Him.

At last His eyes rested upon mine, and I tried to look down, to look away, but I could only look into His eyes. And He said, "Yes! look your fill, for you will not behold me again till the hour of your rest, but that will not be so long." He signed to my good Angel to bring me to Him. I went, all trembling and abashed at my own nothingness. All heaven seemed to veil its face at so great an act of condescension. I knew, or felt, or understood, that our earth was scandalized that one of their own ordinary beings should be so honoured, and I could hear the Devils laughing in Hell, and saying, "Wait awhile," and I shivered. He seemed to smile at me, and to speak so kindly, without even looking at my unworthiness, as He would have done to any of the poor people who loved Him and believed in Him when He was upon earth, and He said, "My child,"—a voice will make itself heard in the desert, and the echoes shall repeat at the furthermost ends of the earth what that voice shall have uttered—"it is not enough that you side with Me; you must never leave Me, always be faithful to Me, and never ashamed of belonging to Me. Keep your eye upon yourself, and upon Me. I will lead you by a way that I will show you. I will

send you My cases of distress. Good actions are better than words, and good example is the best sermon. Never forestall My hour. You will be one day of fire, one day of ice; to-day with the strength of a lion, to-morrow as weak as a broken reed before the wind. With *Me* you can triumph over all. Without *Me*, if you were stronger than the whole world, the smallest trial would cast you into the abyss for ever. Who will afflict you if I console you, who will attack you if I protect you, who will threaten you if I defend you? Tremble lest you hear the voice of Justice, which could break the cedars of the Lebanon as you could twist a straw in your fingers. I shall send you into what the World calls trouble and sorrow; you will have hard work; you will live from day to day; the demon will try incessantly to separate you from Me. Fear to displease Me in not following the inspirations I put into your heart; be afraid lest you despise My graces, and that I take them from you, and give them to another; fear that the sun may go to shine on another, now left in darkness, and that you prove ungrateful for its rays." Then changing from severity, He said, "To-morrow is Easter Sunday, and the week of My Passion ends. Choose something, and ask it of Me, as you did at Calvary, at three o'clock yesterday, that I may grant it unto you?" I answered, "Only this, Lord; that I may remain near you, and adore you for all eternity, and my husband with me." "That," he said, smiling, "is My intention, without your asking; choose something else." "Lord," I answered, "I cannot see—you know all things, give me the things in which I am most deficient, and stand most in need of, and which will make me most pleasing to you. Give me wisdom, prudence, courage, and that holy fear of which you warned me." I dreamt that He put His hand upon my head, and blessed me, and I felt as if a flood of grace and happiness flowed over my soul, and took away all pain and disquiet, as if I were strengthened by some invisible buckler. "You have chosen well, my child," He said; "these are the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Therefore I will send you for a short while to reform the earth you live in, and do all the good your two hands can find to do. Your angel, who will guide you, will then set you fresh tasks for Me, after which you shall abide with Me for ever, according to your petition, and your husband with you."

Upon that I knelt, and bowed myself down before Him, and kissed His feet, and my good Angel and I swept through the air like two birds.

In this state I saw so many wonderful things.

I saw the whole Creation—the heavens, the sun wheeling in space, the moon, and all the firmament. The earth beneath me with plants and flowers, trees, gardens, forests, mountains and valleys, plains, deserts, seas, rivers, and lakes, all the wild beasts and various animals, reptiles, insects, birds, and fishes, and the sea, all ruled and regulated by one hand and one law. Then the most perfect, and at the same time the most contemptible, the only failure—Man, his heart, and the workings of his heart and thoughts; the only thing in all creation that does not perform its duty in harmony with the rest: the only rebellious work. The composition of our being set me in wonder. The perfection of the body, its materials, and the way it was put together, and the machinery set in motion, and the soul and its various qualities, which are like a united family, all connected and working together. The Mind, or Spirit, or Soul, is the Master. The Free Will is his Mistress, who worships God or the Devil. Conscience is their Agent, the Understanding and Sense are the Sons, Imagination and Memory are the Daughters—the whole family form a character, a disposition. The hearts of a family ought to be so united as to have only one will, one sentiment. Their relations ought to last for life, and beyond the tomb. A child who goes forth into the world can never forget the pain, suffering, labour, and care he was to his parents, above all to his mother, and would willingly repay it. How happy are those who carry this out. Then I saw Man as a separate and distinct article—man in his Family, man in Society, man as a People, as a Nation, as an Empire, governed by a Sovereign. A People obeying a Sovereign against their will, all wanting to throw off any restraint, and enjoy what they call Liberty. I heard the voice of God making crowned heads tremble like children, and dealing out goodness and mercy and justice to Kings and People, giving them prosperity and preserving them from harm. I saw him strike down Potentates, and destroy their Empire like a falling star. Man living, moving, making his plans, and God settling them with a glance.

The great book of Creation lay open before me, with God written upon every page. I saw individuals doing a wrong and thinking nobody would know it. True, it was so secretly done that there was no human likelihood of its being known, but at the first corner of the street they were liable to meet their punishment, or the evil-doer found the World, his interest, his friends, failing him at every side. He thought it was chance, but it was not: God left him. He who at once listened to the small voice, repented, and renounced the wrong, and repaired it as far as possible in all sincerity, saw God returning. His arm was not shortened, and He would have performed a miracle, if needful, to deliver that man from his enemies, and hinder his ruin, rather than disappoint that man's trust in Him. When misfortunes happen to a man who does not comprehend God, he agitates himself, turns his anger upon those who surround him, to see who it is that is injuring him; but he who is versed in the ways of God knows that his faults have turned the blessing of God from him. He has no animosity against any person, knowing that creatures are only instruments of divine justice. He therefore only seeks to rise out of his unhappy position, and recover the lost way, taking the evils God sends him with respect and submission. I understood that God made Man last because He wanted to finish all His work, and to begin it anew by creating a being who should be the connecting link with every portion of that creation. He was on this account made with a body and a soul. He grew, he had being or existence, sensation and the use of the senses. By his soul he was connected with the angels; by his senses with the lower animals; by his being, or existence, to the different elements of nature which have no life or intelligence, if such can be said to exist; by his development he resembled the plants. Thus he was connected with every portion of the Creation. By his soul to the spiritual world; by his body to the natural world. The latter was made transitory, the former eternal. This influences man's will, and brightens his intelligence.

Earth was given to him to tread under foot. His face, stamped with the seal of Divine intelligence, was made to look upwards with. "The life of a reasonable and intelligent being, who believes as he ought to do, is merely a tent, pitched to-day to be struck to-

morrow; an arrow shot from a bow; and on the steadiness of his aim depends Salvation or Perdition. This is why from Adam until now every created being has had a Guardian Angel. Our Angels are not all alike. I understood that each one is fitted for the different position or necessity of his charge, and that every Kingdom, City, Family, Parish, Community, or Society, has its own Guardian Angel, besides the individual's Guardian Angel, and that the Guardian Angel is the best friend man has.

I understood that every man will find what he seeks. Who says, "Lord, you are nothing to me! Give me this world, for we are not sure of what is beyond it," will have it so; and who believes that death is nothing but the stepping out of this life into a better one with God, will also receive the desire of his heart.

I also saw how man's heart hardens over the misery of the poor and the sufferings of others, with what an evil eye he looked upon them. He wished there were none; and if he helped them it was with a bad grace and a hurtful word, with a regret at being troubled, at having to part with his petty charity, whilst denying himself nothing.

The most pitiable and the most foolish thing that I saw was the condition of men of science, who have arrived at that point of education and learning that they cast off all belief, and altogether deny the existence of God. I could almost have laughed if it had not been so serious a question. The men who sneered and scoffed were for the most part those who knew a little, and acted a part to attract notice; but the men who were deeply learned, and who seriously and gravely avoided the subject, because it pained them not to be able to believe, were much to be pitied. They appeared like small objects—midges—studying a little section, a little particle, of this huge mosaic, Creation, and very ill comprehending even that, and ignoring and denying the existence of the great Master of the whole work; more ignorant than the meanest spirit flying, who was watching them with amused pity, as we should an ant at work—verily, it reminded me of a child I once knew, who had received a charity education, and could read and write, who asked me seriously, if there was anybody in the world more educated than she was.

"What would God be," said my good Angel to me, "if Man could understand Him?" The Infinite dissected by the finite; the creature on a level with the Creator. Man loses himself in vain reasonings, which alienate him from God. God loves him to study and become learned and scientific to benefit his fellow-creatures, but He is not content, as the Creator, to be denied and ignored. They begin at the wrong end. The science of religion flees from their presumption, and goes to simpler people, who do not make science their only support. Science is but a narrow knowledge of the things which God has made, and the cleverest man is he who, in studying Creation, elevates his spirit in union with Him who made the objects which he tries to study. Men who occupy themselves with natural or physical sciences, which have a term of duration without reference to Him who created them, and who has no term of duration, are more foolish than you who adore the Creator first, and know nothing. I understood that there was a way to accomplish all things under the sun within a certain distance of the earth, balloons, flying, submarine railways, walking under the water, but only within a certain atmosphere around the earth; and I understood that we could do much more, almost what we should consider miraculous, if we were only better acquainted with the laws of nature and certain latent forces within ourselves, and turned them to good and useful scientific account—not to folly. Lacking this knowledge, which is the best and highest gift Divine Providence can endow us with in the flesh, I likened the world to a city full of coachmen, driving blindfolded, as fast as they could drive, all injuring one another; the weak, who only suffer sorrow in contact with the world, crying "Escape who can!" We are too gross and material to understand these things, or we should always save ourselves inexpressible grief—however, some of us are mercifully guided. Our Saviour doubtless bore this in view when He said, "You have eyes, and see not, and ears, and hear not."

Whilst my Angel and I were coming down, I turned and said to him, "Tell me how can I, a poor, ignorant, half-educated woman, reform the world? Yet our Master said so." My Angel said, benevolently, "Do not fear, I have my orders. I shall always be at your side, and my spirit shall move your tongue to speak and

your hands to work: Nature and Truth are yours, and all the rest shall be added unto you." Then I said, "Be it so, for you speak from the spirit, and now that I am descending I can only see with the eyes of my body, but let us make haste that we may return. I have loved work from my youth, it rejoices my heart and intelligence, but now that I have once seen Jesus, I can never care for any other thing. I feel like one cold, hungry, thirsty, naked, and deprived of all things where He is not."

To enter into the details that I went into would, I repeat, occupy a volume; the spirit of Jeremias might have touched the stone upon which I slept, or Baruch might have dwelt there. I will only mention the principal and prominent features of my work. We descended upon my native land, England. Far above the world, on a pedestal, I built a white crystal temple, which shone like the sun, in which I erected four thrones of gold—one was higher than all the rest, and upon it I placed an imperial crown and sceptre of diamonds; another throne was far below that, but raised above two others, and on that I placed a royal crown and sceptre of diamonds; the other two thrones were on each side of and a little below this one, and I placed royal robes and orders on them of great magnificence, but no crowns or sceptres. They all shone with splendour, but the highest one of all like the rays of the sun. On the highest of the three lower ones I placed Her Majesty of England, her crown upon her head, and her sceptre in her hand, and I saluted her as "Queen of the World." On her right I placed His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and on her left Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and her children were grouped about her knee. I then retired and looked at my handy work, and perceived the Koh-i-noor fastened in the front of the royal crown, and advancing and bowing down low before her, I took the Koh-i-noor out of her crown, and replaced it by a star which my Angel gave me, a gift which brought with it all the "seven gifts" and the "twelve fruits" of the Holy Ghost. The Queen looked at me severely, for she could not see the spiritual star, and she said, "Why have you robbed my crown of its brightest ornament?" "Because," I said, "O Majesty! I love you, and I love my country. The Koh-i-noor has a fatal mystery attached to it, and it has ruined more than

one Dynasty. You, Madam, are the thirteenth possessor, the unluckiest number of all. In an unhappy hour it was sent as a royal present to you, our beloved Queen—not long afterwards you were plunged into sorrow by the death of our good and wise Prince. From that time, for ten years our greatness and prestige have been steadily declining.* This stone is as brilliant as a snake, and as false as Hades. It perhaps has upon it the blood and the curse of the poor. Let us not keep it. Do not leave it as a luckless legacy to your royal son." Then she said, still severely, "For whom is that Throne and Imperial crown and sceptre far above mine?" "That, Madam," I replied, "is the future throne of the Prince of Wales. His reign will be a great and good one—a most remarkable reign. And I have put you in this crystal Temple on this pedestal, far above the world, that in future your and his virtues and government may shine upon other countries, as the star did for the Magi in Bethlehem!" The queen being appeased, but still looking at the Koh-i-noor, said, "What are you going to do with it?" "Madam," I replied "I am going to keep it as a present for your Majesty's most powerful rival. There is one that I greatly admire, but fear; I shall watch her closely, and if I have any reason to distrust her, the Koh-i-noor will visit her for a period."

The Queen looked serious and thoughtful for a time, and I waited with respect for her next words. She then said, "Where did you get your power?" I replied, "From our Divine Master!" "Then," she said, "go forth with my blessing, and do as you know for the honour and glory of our throne under Him." I went forth, and I made for the Duke of Edinburgh a throne something similar in Ireland, and made him "King of Ireland," tributary to England. I made Prince Arthur in like manner King over all India and Ceylon, tributary to England.

I made Prince Leopold King over Canada and all our American possessions, tributary to England. I made the Duke of Cambridge King over Australia, New Zealand, and all our other British Colonies and possessions, tributary to England. I was obliged to make him a wandering monarch, for he was compelled to visit each of his dominions once every two years, and reside therein. I remember feeling very much distressed because

* This was written in 1871.

the Queen had not a fifth son, as I much stood in need of one; though why, I now do not know. I dreamt that the five daughters of the Queen were unmarried, and I married them to Russia, Germany, Austria, and Spain, and saved the youngest, Princess Beatrice, for France, when France shall have become Christian.

Thus I made the whole world one united family, with England at their head.

I severed Church and State, being unwilling to see them hampering and vexing each other. I placed every religion on a fair footing, and let them stand or fall by their own merits. I ordered full liberty of conscience—not what is called so; and no man was afraid to follow his conscience for fear of being tabooed or losing caste, place, or means of support. I banished for one year from the country, every man who was found guilty of tampering with another's conscience, or putting religious pressure upon him. The consequence was that we all grew to worship at one shrine, the same God and the same religion as that which was given to Adam, for I understood that religion stands the same now as it did then, that it is only the obedience to the acts we have to perform that has changed, or rather a difference in laws. God made religion. God chose Himself to change His prescriptions for the health of man's soul, after Adam's fall. He changed them for the patriarchs, He changed them for His chosen people the Jews—these He gave to Moses. He changed them again when He came Himself to substitute a law of love instead of a law of fear.*

It is He Himself who chose to change them, but the religion has never been lost. Religion is a code of moral and sanitary laws, both for body and soul, which makes us more healthful both in *morale* and *physique*, and more pure and upright to meet our God. Between the Jews and Christians there is only this difference, that the Jewish religion was the symbol and figure of the Christian religion, which Jesus, the Messiah, was to establish. It was promised to Adam when cast out of paradise. It was

* Matthew v. 17-18:—"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

expected by the patriarchs, it was announced by the prophets, and all we have to do is to conserve Adam's religion, and to obey the new prescriptions left by Jesus with His apostles. Religion is to know, to love, and serve God here below, and to be happy with Him for ever in Eternity. God has fixed, and decreed, and willed, a religion that is one, holy, apostolic, and universal, that man should recognize Him for his Creator, and Creator of all things, and that knowing this he should fulfil the duties of a creature towards his Creator.

I then turned my attention towards the Government: I chose my Prime Minister, I struck off his mental shackles, and he became true to his nature, firm as a rock, strong as a lion in the cause of Truth, Justice, and Right—"as wise as a serpent, as simple as a dove." I filled every seat in the Cabinet, but I cannot divulge their names. The Privy Council, Lords, and Commons, allowed the royal voice to be heard. It was not a merely empty name. My Government was Conservative in all good that concerned, or was connected with, the Throne, the Royal family, and the aristocracy of England. I held the aristocracy in its proper sphere, which is to float on the surface of the world, and I placed much power in the hands of the best. I encouraged all old traditions and customs, restored England to her aristocratic and gentlemanly ideas and habits, and abolished the republican sentiment which of late years has been growing so rank; I hanged three men for high treason whom I have since recognized; I made the House of Lords more powerful than the House of Commons, but every Lord was well fitted for his work. I did not keep an idle, half-educated, vapouring aristocracy, because I understood that God made them nobles, and gave them money and lands, power and influence, to govern, simply that they might benefit their own country. Every man, and woman too, was expected to work, and to be answerable for so many of their fellow creatures. I understood that I must not let Conservatism shut out progress, and keep civilization, learning, progress, and the advancement of the country at bay. I gave the middle classes the highest possible training, every comfort and happiness, but no luxuries that might teach them softness and effeminacy. I opened honourable places to them, I did every-

thing to advance England, but I understood that I was not to raise the platform so high that every decent trader might hope to educate himself and rise to the House of Commons, or dine with the Prime Minister. I would not pit cabman against peer, nor let the working-man be a bugbear to his master. I hindered the aristocracy from cutting this rod to whip themselves, and sowing tares in their own lands. God made grades, even in the Bible, some to rule, and others to serve. Of those things which are quoted in the Holy Scriptures as an abomination before the Lord, one is "The handmaid set up in the place of her mistress; the earth cannot bear her," and "The disciple cannot stand in the place of the master." I understood that the lower, that is the unrefined, classes, would trample out the aristocracy in time if once they held the reins in their hands. They have neither the education nor the high-bred feeling to rule well or mercifully. Who is so cruel to a negro as a freed slave? I understood that when England should be upset, and the dregs take the place where the cream ought to be, repentance would come too late. I advanced merit, and talent, and nature's nobility in every possible way, but I did not pay it the poor compliment of raising with it those who should be below it. I appointed useful and fitting work and a proper education for my brute forces, each in its proper stratum, and I had no poor, for all received education, and could command work, wages, and comfortable homes. I told off my convicts and incorrigibles to the public works. I did not maintain them in idle luxury, as sundry large-hearted friends do; more than that, instead of making prison a paradise, thus offering a premium for crime, I established the punishment of flogging for all crimes of brutal cowardice and cruelty, especially to women, children, and animals, and also garotters; and not one flogging, but six months' imprisonment and hard labour, with three floggings. Brutality was kept under, and the weak and helpless were protected, for I saw the bigger the brute the greater the coward, and nothing but dread of the lash could keep him off his prey.* I appointed to each city or town, parish or

* There is, however, a loophole for the sickly philanthropist who sympathizes with the brute who, having been flogged once, would have to look forward to another, but has no feeling for his victim. This I did not dream. Let the senti-

district, large free schools, open to the public for a good training education with the best of masters, at the Government expense. Each clergyman, of whatever sect or denomination, was obliged under penalty to keep a class apart from these schools for his own religious teaching. Thus education, religious and profane, was distinct and separate, and everybody had the same means of religious knowledge. The Government supported the profane education, and the people supported the religious, each flock keeping its own shepherd. I glanced abroad, and saw what no Englishman sees who lives entirely or habitually in England—how once our name was a great name, one of fear, admiration, and respect, and sometimes of love; how we are now fast becoming a laughing-stock and a by-word; that the days are passing when an Englishman's word was as good as another man's bond. And why? We are more civilized, we are richer, we have a great many more points in our favour now than we had then. But then we had a policy, now we have none—visible, at least, to the naked eye. We used once to be so proud of being English, and now we are so often forced to feel rather ashamed of ourselves. Those who live abroad know what the Government is doing at home, without reading the newspapers. There is a barometer in the street, in the Eastern bazar, to tell it to you every hour. If hats fly off, if way is made for you, if every friend and acquaintance is anxious for your notice, you know that the barometer ranges high. If you see sinister looks, if you are jostled in the street, and people rather try to avoid your salute than otherwise, if you see them laughing and speaking low together, go home and look through the columns of your unopened *Times* or *Pall Mall*, and you will soon learn the cause.

mentalist persuade women only to be true enough to themselves, to refuse to marry, to engage themselves, to associate with, or even to dance with, men who commit flagrant acts of brutality. And let us include vivisectors, so that the world may be purged of this woe, which is a brand upon any nation.

If our miserable frames are rotten let them decay, rather than prolong our lives a few more anxious months by making earth hideous with such sounds or sights—so pernicious to youth with life before them, and minds to form—for the sake of those nigh their end by disease. I am told that the worst operation in a vivisecting hall is to remove a horse's hoof. I ask you, my sisters, who ever wanted to drive a horse with the hoof off? Could you clasp the hand of a man with loving trust which had just been engaged in such an operation?

Seeing these things even far more extensively with the eyes of the soul, as if the whole world lay open before me like a book, I maintained our dignity and prestige abroad as he did who is still, and will ever be, called in the East, "The Great Eltchi." I supported my *employés* abroad, except those who were doing things unworthy of England. I took care that all my men were gentlemen by birth, education, and sentiment, and had the dignity of their country truly at heart. I employed my best men, and ordered them to acquire influence, popularity, and respect, and not to allow themselves to be despised, for I knew it was necessary, especially far off from England, for the sake of her good name. With this I adopted a steady line of policy abroad, which was to hold out the friendly hand to all who sought it, and to make that hand one worthy to be sought, and one that spread abroad all the good it could. But I never passed over or pretended not to see a slight, and I dealt out heavy punishments for the least deviation or breach of faith. On my side I religiously kept every promise or engagement. My honour was so intact that I defied the world. I did not patch it up with money or arbitration. I understood that I should always be ready to fight whenever honour required it; so I kept my army and navy ever ready. I knew that I was rich enough and strong enough to meet the whole world in combat, and I did not choose to act as if I were poor and weak, for Baruch taught me, "Give not thy honour to another, nor thy dignity to a strange nation." I understood that there were greater things on earth than cotton and trade, and I did not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Having settled affairs abroad, I turned my eyes back upon the smaller details of reform for my own country. I saw that there was not the same honesty and integrity in the City and in business as there used to be in the days when an Englishman's word was better than another man's *bond;* and in commerce that tawdry articles such as one finds abroad are taking the place of our solid work; and that men could do things now-a-days, if evilly disposed, which formerly would have been too great a risk, and still manage to keep a respectable reputation. I laid a heavy fine on such evasive conduct, and established a public place where a sufferer proving his own respectability could post up his grievance without

fear of the law. I imposed another duty upon England, and especially upon the aristocracy. I determined to have no poor, no haunts of vice and wretchedness. I began my reform at both ends of the social scale, and met in the middle; we had money enough and men enough to carry it out. First, I weeded my Police, officered them with military men, and subjected them to more military laws. England is the most charitable country in the world; but I saw where all that philanthropic money went, and how little reached where the donors had meant it to go. I took the direction of charitable reform at home, and proscribed fancy charitable projects abroad: and I employed upon my own Augean stable the millions thus saved. I put detachments of Police to pick up those 30,000 wretches in London who nightly lie on door-steps, who, in the midst of plenty, have not a crumb of bread, nor a drop of clean water to drink. I pulled down all those garrets and cellars where low vice breeds and grows and lives. I collected all those women who want to be "up and doing." All those *vies manquées*, those *femmes incomprises*, who, from superfluous energies, if they can do nothing good, will do harm. I appointed detachments of this virulent and uneasy class of my own sex to clean and clothe and feed and house and teach these poor creatures the name of God, and how to earn a livelihood.*

* I am not yet a convert to the "rights of woman" movement. Its ardent supporters say that is because I am happy, contented, and consequently selfish. It appears to me that, *pro*, it is right that women of property and mothers of sons should have some choice as to their Legislators, and that woman should become a useful contributor to the public good, and a self-maintaining, independent being; that all the arts and sciences, and some professions, may be open to her, that when her father dies she may not be reduced to that immoral, ignoble alternative, a marriage of convenience without affection; helping man, not with her physical strength, because she has none, not perhaps with her logic, for I have heard men say that, no matter how miserable a creature a man may be, he has two lobes more brain than we have, but with her true and dog-like instinct and her tact, pulling equally on the collar of Life with man. *Con*, I think that it will tend greatly to abolish marriage; and it is to be considered whether decrease of population is desirable in England—and perhaps it is, seeing that there are 500 candidates for every inch of ground and every petty employment. I think that the Army, Navy, Bar, Church, and Medicine, Parliamentary and all State and Government employments, must be left to the male biped, or we unsex ourselves, which would be undesirable. Nature defines pretty well our line of capacity.

Female doctors would be less objectionable if employed in Eastern harims, or

Meanwhile Ireland, under the reign of the Duke of Edinburgh, was becoming as prosperous, happy, and contented, and as proud of herself as England; and he, under my inspiration, began his rule by giving her what she most wanted. He said to the Protestants, "What do you require?" and they had it; and to the Catholics, "What do you desire?" and they had it too; whilst England was never the worse.

I held a court in England, on the Mohammedan principle, upon the Tichborne trial, and in one half-hour we knew what to do, as well as how all that huge difficulty arose. Thus an old English family was spared anxiety, publicity, and shameful accusations, and hundreds and thousands of pounds were saved on all sides.

I thought I had now done all I could for my own Country, when my good Angel reminded me that private society has great influence on the affairs of a nation, perhaps equally with good public regulations. So we visited invisibly every class and grade in England, from the highest downwards. The bane of the lowest was drink, but that we remedied partly by education, by rules already agreed upon for the poor, and by another regulation which we carried out with success. From Saturday night to Sunday night is the great drinking time, and it is mere folly closing the public-houses except during church time; because it is just as easy to lay in each man his stock on Saturday after "early closing" time, and to drink all Sunday. I therefore understood that I was to cause the Sunday to be made pleasanter to them.* In the morning they have church, then their family dinner, and then perhaps an afternoon service. I therefore caused all those who had an estate, a park or garden, to establish a Sunday cricketing ground, with out-of-door games, with rooms for reading or talking, and where they might smoke their pipes, drink

for children and for domestic practice. To me a female doctor is as unnatural as a married priest (I speak as a Catholic).

Again, every true woman is a Conservative and an Aristocrat at heart, and to pass this Act would be greatly to increase the Conservatism of England; therefore one must be surprised that those who pin their faith upon the long-sighted Statesman at the helm (Disraeli) should overlook such a waste of political power.

* "And He said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath."

tea or beer in moderation, and bring their wives and families. Thus it made a pleasant weekly gathering, where they all met like a club. Families were united, and neighbours became neighbourly, and they grew to like it better than the public-house. The young ones learnt to look forward to Sunday as a treat, not a penance day. The rich go to Greenwich and similar places, and shall we expect that the poor man, who works six days out of seven, should pass the whole Sunday "twisting his thumbs" and reading his Bible, concerning which he perhaps has but little knowledge or understanding? All work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, but a wicked boy. God said, "Keep holy the sabbath day," meaning to worship Him and abstain from servile work. He also "loves the cheerful giver," and He never forbade innocent amusements which keep from vice, and which make prayer refreshing and work lighter. Man is the tyrant who made that law.

At first my measure was not very popular, but they came to like it. I saw the priest and parson walking arm in arm amongst the people; there was likewise an evening school for instruction, for those who longed to learn. All these works God accepted on His "Day of rest," and the vice of drinking was almost as rare as in other lands.

We then moved up into the middle classes, and the first person I met there was the most objectionable old "person" that I ever beheld. To me, who saw her with the eyes of the soul, she was one, and to those who saw her with the eyes of the body she was another. She was handsomely dressed, oppressively large and matronly, respectable and imposing to her own set of parasites by her authoritative manner, and her loud, self-glorifying talk; she worshipped the great, and worried the little; she always appeared to know the best people, and to be on the point of presenting her *entourage* into the highest society, which was absurd to me, who saw her with my soul's eyes; she talked "hashed Bible" with a nasal twang, and rubbed her hands complacently the while, inwardly thinking what fools people were to allow it.

I said to my Angel, "Who is this?"

He replied, "This is a type of a class; it is a creature of Lucifer's, the entity which the people on earth popularly call

Mrs. Grundy. It is the only use Lucifer can make of her. Become visible for an instant, and see how she will hate you in the body as well as in the spirit."

I did so, and we were introduced. We instantly took stock of each other—that was enough; I then disappeared in the crowd.

"Why does she hate me?" I asked my Angel.

"Because," he said, "you have a pure, natural mind, and you love true religion, as much as you dislike cant. Now come and watch how she perverts England; you will find so many tainted by this creature; she trails her poison far and wide. She is not 'respectable;' she is a cloak to cover vice; she is servile, vicious, venomous, and hypocritical, who toadies all around for good opinion; she is especially powerful over the middling class, which is the largest, whose God is, 'to get on,' and which 'will-o'-the-wisp' she incessantly dances before their eyes. Those who dislike her must hide their dislike, and associate with her, for she pervades society. To please her so-called delicate sensibilities, everybody must write as if they were ten years old. She reduces the level of what may be said to the strain of 'stories for good little boys and girls.' Who dare write wholesale wholesome truths for sensible grown up men and women?—and why? Because these truths would become the maxim of the world, and Mrs. Grundy's reign of cant and hypocrisy would be over."

"Can we not," I asked, "show England how she conducts herself behind the scenes?"

"With difficulty," he sighed.

"What can I do?" I rejoined. "Can we not abolish her at once?"

"No," he said sadly; "Lucifer would only replace her by another. Her slow and sure poison to souls is too useful for him to allow the type to drop, as long as it will last. It is a case for constant prayer and education. A time will come when she will cease to hang like the albatross round the neck of society in England, but not before she has done incalculable mischief to the present and, perhaps, to future generations."

I left this society sadly, because I could do nothing for it.

We then passed, also invisibly, into another class, where I wept the whole time, for I saw so many cruel acts done, mostly

unnecessarily. My good Angel also wept, for we were standing in the midst of the moral plague, where three parts were justly condemned to "die the death," and a fourth part had but, as it were, passed the plague stricken too closely in the street, and were condemned on this earth to live without the pale of quarantine; and there were none to rescue them until their eternal rest, and our Saviour meets them to say, "Come, ye long-suffering innocent ones."

My good Angel, taking me by the hand, bid me look instead of weeping. "Do you see," he said, "how much good might be done here. What a field for work if any one had the courage, but there are none to be found; all are too frightened of Mrs. Grundy, who has more sway over them than the example of Jesus with Mary Magdalen, or the Samaritan woman at the well. Understand that Society must draw a line, and make laws for the preservation of morality, and punish those who break them; but look at the thousands of cases which ought to have been recommended to mercy, and the thousands more where there has been no fault. See all the good women's characters which have been blown to the four winds by private enmity, by man's vanity, by false female friends, for an external imprudence, a breach of etiquette or discharged servants; women who have never sinned, nor thought of sinning, driven into this accursed fold, on the word, perhaps, of a jealous woman not worthy to tie her shoestring. These are the very women who from sheer sensitiveness shrink into obscurity at the first word, without having any idea how to raise themselves again; and, being left amongst the tried and justly condemned, have crept into a corner to suffer and die.

"Oh, if women would only choose their friends discreetly! Only one jealousy is permitted—the natural one of the affections. Every other sin gives some pleasure, but envy tortures the one who feels it, and does not hurt the envied one, whilst the things that she envies her friend, and tries to deprive her of, do not pass into the envious one's possession. Again, if a bad woman and a good woman become friends, they must either soon part, or the bad must become good, or the good bad. The bad one has nothing to lose, the good one all. It is like tying a young, fresh,

wholesome living body to a decomposed corpse; the former must be blighted, wither, and die, in such contact.

"Yet do you see qualities in the British public, and in good society *en masse*, which deserve the highest praise. These are obscured by Mrs. Grundy—for none are so just when they know the truth, none so loyal-hearted. They will rise to a man to support a cause they believe to be true, with one heart and one voice, and if it is a case of distress, with their purse in their hand. And this is the secret of England's greatness. Her men are men indeed, and her good women are angels; look round the world, and there is none like them. It makes one all the more sorry for blots that hide their glory—such as mismanagement, drink, and Mrs. Grundy.

"Do you see that every one is afraid to speak of these things, as if hiding a sore was better than applying knife and cautery to heal it? that every woman is afraid of being suspected, of being thought to speak leniently, of being accused of not caring for the society of her own sex? Nature and truth often long to speak kindly of or to many a fellow creature tabooed by Mrs. Grundy, but cowardice prevails—dread of the plague spot—and they kneel to her shrine, lest they too should be suspected. Yet never any good was done by turning the cold shoulder, if *good* is the object. You understand that I do not allude to open, flaunting, confirmed vice, which is hell-bound unless Jesus converts them by a miracle, but to misfortune—people, for instance, who are compromised or suspected, but are anything but guilty, yet often meet with a far worse fate than the guilty.

"Now watch with me the only sort of women these unhappy ones ever see; what sort of sympathy they receive from their own sex. Here are three women of the Grundy school, who hope to make a great name, a great reputation, as 'Christian ladies.' Watch their hard measures with these unhappy sisters. That proud, hard woman you see yonder is herself a fallen woman not found out; the one sitting near her will be so in six months; and the third, one the nearest us, is only lacking a temptation."

I rang out in a clear voice from above, "The woman who knows she is all right herself, need never be cruel in order to hang out a flag for her own virtue."

They started, and turned pale. My Angel reproved me for speaking without orders. "Well," I replied, "these 'good Christians' are not obliged to seek out these unhappy creatures, who have never had a chance in life, and have been more sinned against than sinning; but if they do undertake the mission they are no true women to hurt their feelings, and drive them to believe that no matter how good they are now, and have been for years, and may be in future—how deeply they may repent and atone—there is no ray of hope for them in this life, that their story must stalk after them like a ghost, to warn all healthy society out of their paths, until they lie in their graves. Is that what you call a mission? and may I not stop it?"

"No," he said, smiling; "you know these are not true women, and you know, if life's accidents brought you face to face with such as these, that you would treat their case with prayer and hope and sympathy. Every woman," he continued, "should remember in her pride, that to-day she is just and her sister woman is fallen; but unless the grace of God support her, who can say what she might be to-morrow? She might be tempted, have no more strength, and be abandoned; and God might send that other sinner a great grace, which would lift her out of that abyss, and make her a saint."

And we heard floating in the air, spirit-voices, which chanted: "Be rested, sufferers; the arm of God is not shortened. Why do you disquiet yourselves about the smoke which arises from soured hearts and evil tongues? A breath from God can blow it away: He has allowed it for a moment for your good. Suffer, not for the sins you are accused of, but for those which you have committed, till Jesus sends you help and deliverance."

Now let us follow these supposed superior women to see the result. They have planted a poisoned dart in the brains and hearts which they professed to soothe in Heaven's name. The hard are harder, the weak are more despairing, and the "three" are sitting in society of their own kind, talking to an admiring crowd of the delights of "good Christian work," and what a happiness it is to be allowed to "walk in the footsteps of Jesus."

I was about to burst into a great laugh, but my good Angel put his hand over my mouth, and prevented me. I felt glad to

quit this society, because he showed me that until general society finds out and discards Mrs. Grundy, no army of true, brave, wholesome spirits will be found to undertake a labour of love for God's sake in this quarter, to rescue the unhappy from the bad souls.

"Now," said my good Angel, "you have had hard and disagreeable work, and you have worse to do. I will therefore give you a short rest. Make yourself visible, and assemble around you the society after your own heart. Enjoy the presence of those you love on earth for a short while, and then take leave of them until you meet again in the other world, as we must go upon our mission again, and then return to Jesus. I shall like to see what you will draw about you, if left to yourself." "I will show you," I replied, "the society that pleases me. The best, the rarest, the most exclusive, which I, though a wanderer, seek and find. A charming society, where Mrs. Grundy cannot enter, were she to sell her soul to Lucifer for the privilege; where there is no vulgarity, no vice, no cruelty, no jealousy, no backbiting, no struggling up, no scheming, no 'getting on,' as they call it. All is intellect, sparkling wit, refinement, good sense, true friendship. The affairs of the day are earnestly discussed, travel, information gleaned, good stories told, and we separate in a wholesome, happy, refreshed state of mind, each one pleased with self and all the others, and only look forward to the next evening, when we shall meet again. If you will preside over us invisibly, even you will not have to veil your face, however merry we may be. Whilst talking I drew around me in my sleep all those I had known and loved from my birth till then, and others unknown to me, whom I have met since. I will not name any, as most of them are too well known, and others were added from all parts of the world, who suited and amalgamated with my London friends; I saw the interior state and workings of the heart of each one, and it composed a charming society not to be equalled in any part of the world. Every one there had some peculiar attribute or charm, to make him or her welcome. The men were highly educated and clever, all of whom had either travelled, or were living a public life in some useful career—the greater part of them of middle age—but some were young. The women were the best and noblest of

my own sex—not women who care only for the society of men, nor women who get on well only with women, for both are equally silly—but they were characters evenly balanced. Amongst us dwelt perfect happiness, true sympathy, and cordiality—a thorough mutual understanding and confidence, a genial atmosphere in every sense of the word, and real conversation about real things.

I said that my women friends were the best and noblest of our sex. I mean that they were women, with all the softness and refinement of a woman, who, without being in the least masculine, had almost the mind and education of man; that they were open to all that is true, tender, good, chivalrous, and noble; simple and natural in mind and manners, not because they lacked cleverness, but because they were good and honest—women of high-bred feeling and education, deeply religious without boring other people with it. I mean a loyal love of God, a religion with stamina, full of courage, wisdom, and prudence; soft-voiced women, with the sweet, humble dignity of a lady, and devoid of that flaunting bounce and stare which some people think gives an air of fashion and exclusiveness, but which makes them so *very* vulgar; women who, in a word, wherever they go, diffuse their sunbeams of good and comfort and brightness around them, making you feel that their friendship is one of your greatest treasures; women who know none of the smallness of our sex, except that it exists, and that they suffer from it without knowing why; who do not understand the little jealousies, spites, untruths, gossipping, mischief-making, and small intrigues about a straw, which make this glorious world of ours a purgatory, where every woman such as they are, are periodically vivisected. Thank heaven, I do know such women, and their friendship is my pride. I do know many other kinds of women, and they make me thirst for the desert. I was constantly wishing to do something wrong, or stupid, or imprudent, or lawless, by my own judgment, and without my Angel I should have fallen a thousand times into frightful precipices, but he always held me up.

I wanted to marry the women who cause all the annoyances of the world, to a certain class of feminine men who seem to have sprung up more thickly of late, and who breakfast, lunch, and

dine, on the pigmy horrors that their feminines create, and are only fitted to consort with these women. My plan was to purify society by marrying them, to make them all a happy home in the most distant island in the seas. I ran a needle through the earth, and it came out in Pitcairn's Island, so I fixed upon that for my Tophet, with other arrangements for their progeny; but my good angel said that it would not be lawful to treat things with divine souls like reptiles and wild beasts, and that it must be left, like the moral plague, to time, education, and prayer.

Having done all we could for England, we returned to London, for I was anxious to pay my homage to my Queen before I left for ever.

When I stood in the presence of Her Majesty, I again bowed down before her. She smiled, and spoke so kindly to me, and taking me by the hand, she said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. I know not how to tell you what my heart feels at the work you have done, and the changes you have carried out in my dominions by divine inspiration. I wish to give you some lasting mark of my favour."

"Madam," I replied, glowing with pleasure at her speech, "I am more than repaid by the approval of my Master, Jesus Christ, and by this expression of thanks from yourself, my Sovereign under Him; I have only now to settle France and the Papal States, and then I go for ever to Heaven. Earthly favours would be of no service to me, even if I desired them. But since your Majesty is so gracious as to offer me a boon, I have only one regret at leaving Earth, and that is that I leave behind me one very dear to me—my husband; and I commend him to your Royal care and favour."

Her Majesty then asked me what was my grievance, and I replied to her, "Madam, he is a man unlike everybody else—a very extraordinary man; I am not worthy to tie the latchet of his shoe; he has toiled every hour and every minute for *thirty-two* * years, distinguishing himself in every possible way. If your Majesty will inquire, you will find that he has done more than

* In my dream, I only poured forth my grievance up to the time that it occurred (April, 1871). In printing the relation of it in 1875, I have brought the dates up to the present time.

any other six men in your Majesty's dominions; that others who are as nothing to him, are at the top of the ladder of fortune and honour, whilst by some strange fate he alone—a very king amongst them—has never been advanced, never received an honour, never received the thanks of any Government, save once, in a private letter for a petty detail of his career in discharging a dangerous Mission as your Majesty's Commissioner to the Court of the King of Dahomey, with whom he resided, at the peril of his life for three months; and after thirty-two years he is still a simple Consul, for which favour we are compelled to be very grateful. Madam, all England knows that I have passed the whole of my married life in trying to obtain justice for him. It has been my one occupation. It is a thorn in my side to see the best and noblest and truest man that breathes never employed in a sphere or in a matter suitable to his merits and talents. I am an ambitious woman, Madam, but all my life bears upwards to noble ends. I fear that I have been tiresome to many great and good people in your Majesty's various Governments for the past fourteen years in this cause; but, to the honour and glory of English gentlemen be it said, I have rarely been slighted or despised in the performance of my mission. I shall cry like an eagle for justice till it comes—I shall cry for it, Madam, till I die."

The Queen was much moved at my words, which were eloquent with truth, and she replied, "Tell me all the public career of your husband."

"Madam," I said, "he began life at Oxford, and was destined for the Church—his grandfather and his greatuncle (two brothers) having been, one Bishop and the other Rector of Tuam—but he yearned so much after military service that his father, who was Colonel in the 36th, procured him a commission in the Indian Army, and sent him out to India in 1842, at the end of the Affghan war. He was nineteen years in the Bombay Army, eight years in active service, chiefly on the staff of Sir Charles Napier, who soon discovered his merits and turned them to account. He quickly passed examinations in eight Oriental languages—Hindostani, Persian, Arabic, and others. He now speaks and knows thoroughly twenty-nine languages, both European and Oriental, not counting dialects. As a horseman,

swordsman, and shot, he became unsurpassed, and received from France a *brevêt de pointe* for his swordsmanship.* He published in 1853 a system of bayonet exercise. It is the one actually adopted at present by the Horse-Guards. He received no credit for it, the only thing he coveted; but it was acknowledged by an order on the Treasury for the sum of one shilling. In the Crimea he was Chief of the Staff to General Beatson, and he was the principal organizer of the Irregular Cavalry, and at the moment of their disbanding had 4000 sabres in perfect training, ready to do anything and go anywhere. Lord Palmerston was going to send Captain Burton to raise a large body of Kurdish horse, when peace was proclaimed. In 1861, when the Indian army changed hands, they managed to bring him under the reduction, and to sweep out his whole nineteen years' service, as if they had never been, without a vestige of pay or pension. At this period commenced the neglect of his services. I think myself that he offended the Court of Directors by the freedom of his remarks upon their political neglect, and other lacks, on the shores of the Red Sea, which, had his warnings been listened to, would have prevented the Jeddah massacre. They avenged themselves on the boy-soldier with the long head, by general imputations and personal neglect. He published a satisfactory explanation of the case in his appendix to his 'Lake Regions.' If technically right—and, of course, they must have been—it was most ungenerously done, to sweep out an Indian career of nineteen years like a blank sheet of paper, as if it had never been; and he only realized it on seeing his successor gazetted.

"That is all his military career; but during the times when he was not on active service he was serving his country, humanity, science, and civilization, in other ways—by opening up lands hitherto unknown, and trying to do good wherever he went. Barth was honoured, Colonel Grant was rewarded, Sir Samuel Baker was knighted for one expedition, Speke and Livingstone would have been crowned with glory had they lived: Captain

* Captain Burton has now a work in the press, entitled, "The Secrets of the Sword," a book which no soldier ought to be ignorant of. It brings up all the schools to the present date. McClaren's is half a century old.

Burton, their pioneer, alone is left without acknowledgment. It is forgotten that he was the first to lead the way, that he, so to speak, opened the oyster, for Livingstone, Baker, Speke and Grant, to take the pearl. Every item of news received from that large-hearted hero, Livingstone, tended to prove that Captain Burton's original theory was right: that his Lake Tanganyika is the head basin of the Nile. Again, it must be remembered that each of these heroic men had made one great expedition, except Livingstone, whose whole life was an expedition, and all justly won large rewards; whilst Captain Burton has made several under the Royal Geographical Society and the Foreign Office, most of which were at the risk of his life; for instance, Mecca and Medinah, in 1853.

"His talents for mixing with and assimilating natives of all countries, but especially Oriental characters, and of becoming as one of themselves without any one ever doubting his origin, his perfect knowledge of their languages, and his being gifted by nature with an Arab head and face,* favoured his first great enterprise. He is the only man who is not born a Moslem and an Oriental who has ever performed the Haj to Mecca and Medinah, and can still live with the Moslems as one of themselves, in perfect friendship. He went as a Dervish, lived with the people

* These sentences seem to explain how Richard Burton is an Arab in appearance, and that incurable restlessness, that being unable to wrest from fortune a spot on earth where to rest when tired of wandering, like the loose sands of the desert. "There is a reason," says Gautier, who was a mixture of Andalusian and Moor, "for that fantasy of nature which causes an Arab to be born in Paris, or a Greek in Auvergne. The mysterious voice of blood, which is silent for generations, or only utters a confused murmur, speaks at rare intervals a more intelligible language. In the general confusion race claims its own, and some forgotten ancestor asserts his rights. Who knows what alien drops are mingled in our blood? The great migrations from the table-lands of India, the descents of the northern races, the Roman and Arab invasions, have all left their marks. Instincts which seem bizarre spring from these confused recollections, these hints of a distant country. The vague desire of this primitive fatherland moves such minds as retain the more vivid memories of the past. Hence the wild unrest that wakens in certain spirits the need of flight, such as the cranes and swallows feel when kept in bondage—the impulses that make a man leave his luxurious life to bury himself in the steppes, the desert, the Pampas, the Sáhárá. He goes to seek his brothers. It would be easy to point out the intellectual fatherland of our greatest minds. Lamartine, De Musset, and De Vigny are English; Delacroix is Anglo-Indian; Victor Hugo a Spaniard; Ingres belongs to the Italy of Florence and Rome."

almost a year, and is still called amongst them Hadji Abdullah, and treated as one of themselves.

"He then explored Harar in Moslem Abyssinia, and went to Somali-land in East Africa, which had been vainly attempted by thirty travellers. He commanded the expedition, taking with him the brave and gallant Speke, who met with so sad a death in the height of his glory; also Lieutenants Herne and Stroyan, two young Indian officers. The explorers were attacked in the night by the natives, who endeavoured to throw down their tents, and catch them, as it were, in a trap. All fought their way bravely through the enemy; Captain Burton and Captain Speke were both desperately wounded, and poor Stroyan was killed, whilst Herne's fate was to be untouched. Captain Speke had eleven wounds, and my husband, with a lance through his jaws and palate, wandered up and down the coast, suffering from wounds, hunger, thirst, leaving the natives to sack their property, but carrying off the dead body of their comrade, and were at last picked up by a native dhow.

"In 1856 he set out for his great exploration of the Lake regions of Central Africa, again taking with him his comrade in arms and travel—Speke—who was afterwards, in his turn, Commander of a subsequent expedition with Grant. Then it was that my husband discovered Tanganyika. This was the first attempt to open up the sources of the Nile. They were absent three years, during which my husband had twenty-one fevers, paralysis, and blindness, and Speke had equally suffered. In 1860 he went to the United States, visited California, and spent six weeks with Brigham Young, the Mormon Prophet, at the Salt Lake City, and travelled during that expedition 25,000 miles. In 1861, when he came under the Indian reduction, Earl Russell sent him as Consul to Fernando Po, on the West Coast of Africa, popularly called "The Foreign-office Grave." Earl Russell was a kind master, and we were very grateful to him for this post at a moment when it was so much needed. The Bight of Biafra, 600 miles in extent, was his jurisdiction. He did good service here for three years. He thoroughly explored from Bathurst, on the Gambia, down to San Paulo de Loanda, in Angola, marched up to Abeokuta, and ascended the Cameroons Mountains. He tried

to induce the English Government to establish there a sanitarium for the West Coast, and a convict station for felons, who should construct roads, and cultivate cotton and chocolate. *He also gave the Government information which, had it been accepted, would have prevented the necessity of the late Gold-Coast War. He has been giving warnings to the various Governments, for at least thirty years, of coming troubles, and this information is never accepted in each case till the catastrophes have happened.*

"He visited the cannibal Mpangwe, the Fans of Du Chaillu; he went to Benin City, unknown to Europe since the death of Belzoni; he ascended the Congo River, and explored the Yellalah Rapids, the Elephant Mountains, and the whole line of lagoons between Lagos and the Volta River. Then he was sent on a dangerous mission—a three months' visit to the King of Dahomey, as your Majesty's Commissioner, with presents, to induce King Gelele to abolish his "customs." The sights he was compelled to see daily would have broken any other man's nerves for life. His two volumes upon the subject have settled the 'Dahoman question,' and since he exposed the true state of the case, that blood-stained corner of Africa has taken its proper place in the estimation of Europe. Yet the only acknowledgment of this service was a private note from Earl Russell, in which he says that 'Captain Burton performed this delicate and dangerous mission to his entire satisfaction.' The Foreign-office List even omits to mention him as Commissioner. Captain Burton was then transferred to Santos, in Saõ Paulo (Brazil), where he was active and useful for four years, both on the coast and in the interior. He thoroughly explored his own province, which is larger than France, the gold and diamond mines of Minas Geraes, canoed down the great river San Francisco 1500 miles, visited the Argentine Republic, the rivers La Plata and Paraguay, for the purpose of reporting to the Foreign-office the state of the Paraguayan war. He crossed the Pampas and the Andes to Chili and Peru, amongst the bad Indians, whilst on sick leave for an illness, during which he was at death's door, and visited all the Pacific coast. Returning by the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, and Rio, to London, he found himself appointed to Damascus, the first and only good appointment he has ever had. Lord

Stanley's sound sense and great judgment knew exactly the post to suit the man, and the man to suit the post. It is a situation where his friendship with Mohammedans, and his knowledge of Arabic and other Eastern languages, put him in intimate relation with the Arab tribes and authorities. Of his career here, I can only say that he raised the English name to its former prestige. He has explored all the unknown part of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land. He saved the poor peasantry of Damascus from the usurers. He advanced the just claims of British subjects, kept the peace when a massacre seemed imminent, and opposed the fanatical persecution directed against the Christians. These measures, it is to be regretted, necessarily awoke the active enmity and envy of smaller men, who excited the Governor-General against him, and kept the Foreign-office perpetually worried and misinformed.

"In addition, he has written some thirty volumes, which describe his travels.

"His languages, his knowledge and experience upon every subject under heaven, any one single act of his life, of which he has concentrated 500 such acts into thirty-two years, would have earned the highest honours, and made the position of any other man. In France or Russia, or in the East, such a character would have been the Emperor's or the Sultan's chief adviser." [Here I add on the remainder of Captain Burton's career up to the present date (1875).] "In 1871 Captain Burton was recalled by the Liberal Government, under the misrepresentations above alluded to, and the Wali was, we understood, advised to pretend that he thought Captain Burton's life was in danger from the Moslems. Yet after he left a monster meeting was held in the Great Mosque, where Mohammedans of all sects united to pray for his return. He came home and submitted a printed relation of his case, giving an account of his stewardship to the Foreign Office; and the Secretary of State, who would never have consented to his recall had he been on the spot to see the truth, not only exonerated him from all blame, but declared that his recall was due only to the Consulate of Damascus being reduced to a Vice-Consulate. Captain Burton, being out of employment for ten months, there-

fore set out for Iceland in 1872, and thoroughly studied and explored it, returning the same year to find himself posted at Trieste, a pleasant commercial European port, where the duties concerning British seamen hardly promised much activity for such a man. Yet he has been able to explore and describe all the surrounding *castellieri*, or preto-historical buildings, of Istria, supposed to be Roman, unknown to the literary world, and which are considered to be the most interesting in the Continent of Europe.

"Meantime, the events which followed in Syria form the very best testimonials to the wisdom and uprightness of Captain Burton. He was supposed to have indulged in undue interference to secure the good of Syria. Scarcely had he left than his suggestions were freely adopted, and her Majesty's Government formally congratulated the Porte thereon. Captain Burton, in plain words, ventured to make certain suggestions which the Governor-General was advised to resent. Captain Burton was recalled, and the Porte likewise recalled their own Governor-general, and sent a man whom all respected, viz., Subhi Pasha. He, on arriving, adopted Captain Burton's suggestions, gave posts of honour to those he had recommended, whilst his predecessor's *employés* were disgraced, and fled. Subhi Pasha's conduct was officially commended by our Government; yet Captain Burton was left at Trieste, and the other consular agents were retained in office. This want of appreciation of Captain Burton's services is not only a neglect, it is simply an imputation upon his career. He is now not only the discoverer and opener of the lake regions of Central Africa, but the senior traveller of England. Most men who have done even average duty, military, or civil, or scientific, during thirty-two years, are acknowledged by some or several forms of honour. To what, then, must the public at home and abroad attribute the cold shade thrown over exploits which are unparalleled, which are known and appreciated throughout Europe, all the learned societies of which have made him an honorary member? But the foreign Governments—for instance, the Italian, which bestowed gold medals and other honours upon Captain Speke and the Rev. Mr. Badger—cannot be expected to lead the way in honouring a man whose services are ignored by his own rulers.

"To use the expression of the stanchest Statesman in England at present living, when he was chairman at a public dinner given to Captain Burton (4th of April, 1865), he said:—'Captain Burton is the most distinguished explorer of the day: he has condensed more of study, hardship, successful enterprise, and education, than would suffice to fill up the existence of half-a-dozen ordinary men. That if his career were to end to-morrow, he would have done enough to entitle him to a conspicuous and permanent place in the annals of our country. That his career had been one of infinite value, labour, and research at the imminent risk of his life. That he had done good service to the State in various ways, and extended our knowledge of the Globe by opening up barbarous and savage countries to enterprise—keeping up the spirit of adventure and enterprise, love of reputation, effort, and work, without regard to money—the old English native feeling which has made our country what it has become, and will keep our country what it is to be, and without which feeling our wealth and material prosperity would not be worth one year's purchase.'

"I sat in the gallery and listened with pride, and though it is ten years ago I can repeat it word for word."

"And what part have you taken in all this?" said the Queen.

"Madam," I said, "except passing my youth and receiving my education at the Convent of the Sepulchre in England, and my having been his faithful companion for fourteen years, I have no history to relate."

"But then you are competent to tell me; have you any idea how this state of things came about?" said her Majesty.

"Yes, Madam, perfectly," I replied. "He has never in all his life told a lie. Humbug stands abashed before him. He lives sixty years before his time. Born of Low Church and very bigotted parents, as soon as he could reason he began to cast off prejudice, and to follow a natural law. Grace aiding the reason of man—upright, honourable, manly, and gentlemanly, but professing no direct form of belief, except in one Almighty Being, God—the belief that says, 'I do that because it is right, and not for hell, nor heaven, nor for religion, but because it is right'—a natural law of Divine grace which such men unconsciously ignore, as Divine

intelligence—yet such it is. These sentiments, Madam, though creed should not be allowed to prevent public services being acknowledged, find but little favour in England; and when men want to advance in life they must truckle to what does find favour; and there are plenty found willing to do it, who thus receive the rewards due to better men."

The Queen was much affected. "Then," she said, "what would you consider to be his right position in the world?"

I said to her, "Madam, his just and right position, according to his work and merits, would be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to some Eastern Court, and K.C.B.; likewise to be restored to honorary rank in the army, which would be equivalent to that which he would have actually held, had not his career been ungenerously cut short. His talents, knowledge, experience, and merits, fit into that position and no other. He has done military service as well as civil, and therefore there should be no difficulty. He can be rewarded not upon one ground, but upon eight or nine—as a soldier, as a Government Envoy, as a Foreign-office Commissioner, as an Author, a Linguist, as a benefactor to Science, as an Explorer, as a Discoverer, as an organizer of benefits to his country. It is a fine thing to stand before the World on a pedestal as a plain, unadorned hero; but it is a very bitter thing to sit as he is now doing by his distant fireside in a strange land, and read in the newspapers how England has forgotten him, and to know that men who have not done a tithe of his service will reap the credit and reward of his deeds, perhaps of the very ideas and words that he has spoken and written. For all these long years he has thought, studied, and written, and in all the four quarters of the globe has been a credit to his country. All these long years he has braved hunger, thirst, heat, cold, wild beasts, and savage tribes; has fought and suffered, carrying his life in his hand. In these extremities the thought of England's credit and honour, of his Queen's praise and approbation, bore him through nobly and successfully."

The Queen then said, "Go forth, and finish your work with a rested mind. Your boon is granted. Take my blessing with you, and pray that our Divine Master may watch over me and my children, and my Kingdom."

I bowed down low, kissed her hands, and departed, happy and consoled.*

My Angel and I then left England for ever, and we flew through the air like birds. There was a great storm in the Channel, and we saw several wrecks as we passed, which made me very sad. I wept, and begged my good Angel to save them, but he said, "I cannot—my Master did not give me that work to do, I dare not do any other than that appointed to me. If He wishes them to be saved, other angels will be sent to save those destined

* *List of Captain Burton's Works.*

First Footsteps in Africa. 1 vol. Longmans, 1856.
Lake Regions of Equatorial Africa. 2 vols. Longmans, 1860.
Notices of the Lunar Mountains, and the Sources of the White Nile. 1 vol. Clowes and Sons, 1860.
Abeokuta and the Cameroons. 2 vols. Tinsley, 1863.
Dahomé. 2 vols. Tinsley, 1864.
The Nile Basin. 1 vol. Tinsley, 1864.
Wit and Wisdom of Africa. 1 vol. Tinsley, 1865.
Wanderings in West Africa. 2 vols. Tinsley, 1863.
The City of the Saints (Mormon). 1 vol. Longmans, 1861.
Mecca and Medinah. 3 vols. Longmans, 1855.
Sindh, or the Unhappy Valley. 2 vols. Bentley, 1851.
Sindh, or the Indus. 1 vol. Allen, 1851.
Goa, or the Blue Mountains. 1 vol. Bentley, 1851.
Falconry Van Voorst. 1 vol. 1852.
Bayonet Exercise. 1 vol. Clowes and Sons, 1853.
Grammar of the Mooltani Language. 1849.
Notes on the Pushtú, or Affghan Language. 1849.
Grammar of the Játakí, or Beloheki Dialect. 1849.
Vickram and the Vampire: Hindu Tales. 1 vol. Longmans, 1870.
The Highlands of Brazil. 2 vols. Tinsley, 1869.
Paraguay. 1 vol. Tinsley, 1870.
Zanzibar. 2 vols. Tinsley, 1872.
Unexplored Syria. 2 vols. Tinsley, 1872.

Just out:—Articles on Rome (Macmillan).—Hans Stadt.—Lacerda's Journey to Cazembe, and small pamphlet of Supplementary Papers to the Mwátá Cazembe.—The Castellieri of Istria.

In the Press:—The "Secrets of the Sword."—The Cataracts of the Congo.—Ultima Thule (Iceland).—The Lowlands of Brazil:

On the Stocks.—Istria.—Translation of Camoes.—Personal Experiences in Syria.—Book on Cavalry.

Besides which, Captain Burton has written extensively for *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, and a host of magazines, pamphlets, and periodicals; has lectured in many lands, has largely contributed to the newspaper press in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, both north and south, to say nothing of poetry and anonymous writings.

to live. My only orders are to attend upon you, and to be always by your side." We flew to the scene of the Franco-Prussian war, and we saw Lucifer and his Court directing the French forces, and driving them on to their miserable fate; and my Angel told me of Napoleon's flight to England, and his subsequent death. We first went to Fröhsdorf, and spoke with the King of France (Henri V.), to endeavour to prepare him to ascend his own Throne, and to wear his own crown and sceptre.

My Angel made me say, "Look, Sire, how God loves France, and how He is letting her chastise herself, but at the first sign of repentance He will bring you her King to her, and raise her above all nations except England. He wishes that we should pray for France every time we kneel, and it is only prayer that saves her from utter annihilation. She is to God in the nineteenth century what the Jews were to him in the Old Testament, a stiff-necked people, straying from their God and their laws. There is in her great evil and great good. If they were equal, God would not chastise her. We are ordered never to kneel without praying for France, and the King (Henri V.). You alone can make France respected, because she is yours by divine right. Your reign would be one of virtue, religion, peace, and prosperity, a truly mild, loving, paternal epoch; but three things you will have to observe. Firstly, to hold the reins in your own hands, and to prevent the horrors of former monarchies. Secondly, to keep in order the worldly part of the clergy, and debar them from mixing in the political affairs of the country; and, thirdly, to allow full liberty of the Press as a safety valve." He now listened to the dictates of his heart and the traditions of his race, and was at times about to accept the position, and then fell back upon the difficulties of the white flag, and the impossibility of certain concessions, which I am not at liberty to reveal. I could not help saying to my good Angel, that I thought the very worst present God ever made to man was free-will. A noble, chivalrous-hearted gentleman the King will ever remain, but King of France with those scruples he can never be. Poor France! It was enough to wring the heart to behold the scenes that we saw. She would, under her rightful owner, have become healthy, and grown rich, powerful, happy, and good. How she does need rest!

The only fear is, that when she waxed well and strong she might again become restless and faithless, and sting the hand that nursed her when she was sick. We begged, and admonished, and told the story backwards and forwards, and were wearied out, but on certain points we could not shake the King. "What do you argue from that?" said my good Angel. "I understand that France has not repented of her evil ways, and does not merit her good King. I see that God punished the sin of the first angels, of Adam, of the Jews, of all nations, of each individual, by terrible scourges, and of France now by this desolating war, and it is not ended; so he punishes each of us as a warning, if we do not renounce our sin. To do that we must study our sin, dissect it, its nature, degrees, sources, consequences—for we cannot fight an enemy we do not know, still less if we mistake it for a friend. I also understand that Europe is in a strange state, and is passing into another period, where there is no room in it for two such chivalrous, knightly relics of ancient tradition as Henri V. and Pio Nono. Europe has become common-place, *parvenu*, and money-making, and she must have everything in keeping—brand-new, tawdry, and fleeting. She has rushed into a feverish progression, and does not know that she is racing madly round in circles. Now I understand why there is no place for Richard Burton. It is time for gentlemen to die." "You must not be angry," said my good Angel, smiling, "or you will be unfit for good work, and I shall have to reprimand you. What was rejected and cast forth will be called back. A young prince from across the seas will ascend the throne refused by Henri V." I understood Napoleon IV., now Prince Imperial.

From this time we had to do the last and most difficult thing, which required much thought and preparation, and prayer and holy counsel with my good Angel. This difficulty was the Papal States. As we went on, I said to my good Angel, "I am terribly afraid to meddle with the Pope. I have noticed that every one who touches that sacred man withers away. Suppose he does not like our arrangement, and excommunicates me." My good Angel smiled, and said, "He will not do that; he knows you are a devout and earnest Catholic, and that whatever you do, you will mean it for the glory of the Church.

He has already received a warning through his good angel of your coming, and why." I said, like a child learning a lesson, "Do tell me all about the Infallibility before we go in, for fear I should make some mistake." He replied: "That is very simple. Do you not believe in it?" "Oh yes!" I said; "of course I believe in it. Every one did before it was made an article of faith, and then some did not like it, or thought it unnecessary. But I suppose he was told to do it by his good angel." "Yes," he said, "he was. This is the meaning of it. You must not confuse the Office and the Man, because it only relates to matters of faith. Christ, when He came upon earth, promised that 'His Church should not err' in matters of faith, and commended his flock to Peter. St. James became head after Peter, and then St. Simeon, and so on until Pio Nono, who is their direct successor. You know that upon the death of one Pope another has always been instantly elected, and ever holding their doctrine without reformation. Christ is the Church who cannot err, and is infallible. The Pope is His vicegerent, or agent, upon earth, who consequently cannot err. The Pope means the Church, the Church is Christ. You may tell it backwards and forwards as you please, but you must not separate the three. There stands the Church—the Rock of Ages—with Christ at her head in heaven, and the Pope to guide her on earth. The Pope is officially, not personally, infallible, and stands in the position of a judge who pronounces sentence upon a case."

We then went to the Vatican. How my heart beat with awe as we walked up the great steps! We were not announced, nor presented, as at an audience, because we were spirits, and passed where we would. I copied everything my Angel did. We knelt at the door and kissed the ground, again in the middle of the room. The Pope did not appear surprised, as if he were accustomed to receive such visits, and rose from a *prie-Dieu* where he was at prayer. We knelt again at his feet, and kissed them. He did not see my good Angel, but only me, nor could I see his good angel, but I understood that they were speaking together, and that his was one of "the Seven" who stand before the throne of God. And I was aware that my good Angel saluted with great reverence some person in the room whom I did not see, for I

beheld no one but our venerable Pontiff, who raised me, blessed me, and gave me his hand, which I kissed devoutly. I was very happy, for I saw around his head a ray of the glory which shone about Jesus. I waited humbly for his first words. At last he spoke and inquired tenderly about England, "a country never absent from his heart and prayers, on account of the virtues of our Queen, and the good and charity done therein; and said if it were not for his advanced age he would have paid England a visit." Then he spoke of the troubles of Italy, and his own imprisonment. The tears ran down his venerable cheeks as he spoke of Victor Emmanuel, whom he styled as "Nostro figlio chi sarà tosto o tardi il prodigo, e chi riceverei con gioja in queste braccie paterne." He then spoke to me about myself, and congratulated me upon "so soon entering into my rest," and about my husband, to whom "he sent his blessing as one of God's elect;" and amongst other things he said to me, "My daughter, why do you afflict yourself at seeing your noble husband passed over in regard to worldly honours? You see that he has done enough great actions to secure a high position, and that you have had friends and interest enough employed to have reached any honours, and all that has failed. Look at your husband, and then look at the people who do get these honours and places, and cease to repine. It is not the will of God, for your husband is far greater than any of these, and He has great designs, in proportion, in store for him. You are now going through severe trials, be prepared, and go and offer them up at the Sepulchre. Take this as a sign. In the very place where Jesus said, 'No man is a prophet in his own country,' the people shall treat your husband as they treated Jesus." *

A sensation of rest and confidence came upon my anxious, tired spirit, and my flagging energies seemed to revive. "Now, my daughter, the time is coming for Jerusalem to be glorified. That is why we have lost our temporal power in Rome. Christ

* It is only right that I should state that all this is a dream, that I never was in Rome till April, 1873, two years later. I went on purpose to see His Holiness, who was ill the whole time, and unable to receive me. I caught Roman fever, and had to leave; so that I have never yet seen His Holiness nor the Vatican, and I fear I never shall.

calls us to our original, our native home. It may be in my time, or, as I am very old, perhaps it may be in another Pontiff's reign, for Popes will succeed to the end of time, no matter what the world may do to prevent it. Go, therefore, and prepare for us as you know." I again begged his blessing upon what I was about to do for the Church, kissed his hands and feet, and went out as I came. My Angel was kneeling silently and respectfully in his presence, and accompanied me, bringing me through passages full of pictures. We then flew to Jerusalem, and there we built a splendid Palace on Mount Sion. It was more beautiful than the rising sun, of gold, silver, and mosaics, marble, ebony, mother-of-pearl, crystals, and precious woods. We brought him here in triumph, and installed him in it; but I cannot say if it was Pio Nono or a future Pope. It shed a ray of glory and light all over Jerusalem, and all the Holy Places had stars hanging over them, to mark the true sites for the Faithful. We imposed a Papal tax on all Catholic countries, which brought a sufficient revenue, and levied guards of honour, both naval and military, befitting Royal dignity; being a Man of Peace he needed not to fight. His revenues never fluctuated, and his mind was never harassed by politics or by warfare. The glory and prosperity that Christ promised to Jerusalem was fulfilled. The Jews believed in Him, and were converted. He was spiritual King of all the Faithful, and subject to no temporal, earthly King. He bore the title of Kudsu-hu Rasul Allah (His Holiness the Apostle of God); but the Moslems objected to our taking a Mohammedan title, and for peace sake he said he was quite willing to be called instead, Kudsu-hu el Wakíl Allah (His Holiness the Agent of God).

Italy sank into obscurity, like Greece, and her glory and her art departed from her. She changed places with Jerusalem, and had to sing her lamentations, and Jeremias was verified in the prophecies of Baruch.*

His Holiness then instituted one new thing for the glory of the Church; it was in regard to the priesthood. He commanded that no priest of any country should be ordained till he was thirty years of age, that he might be old enough to understand his vast responsibilities before he undertook them. Furthermore, he

* Future Jerusalem (Baruch v. 1-9.) Future Italy (Lamentations i. 1-15; ii. 1, 2, 14, 15.)

exacted that no churchman, excepting those destined for monastic life, should be ordained until he had passed a certain examination —a standard by which every ecclesiastic destined for public life should be a highly educated gentleman, and a man of the world. Thus they would take equal standing amongst the clever and gentlemanly Divines of other Churches, by natural acquirements alone; and so, backed up by the light of Truth and Divine ordination, they would weigh down all other Divines. Furthermore, each priest was obliged to take an oath at his ordination to obey the laws of his own country, and the country he lived in, and to abstain from politics and temporal things, confining himself solely to the work of his sacred calling—the salvation of souls, and the offices of the Church. This brought peace to the Church.

My good Angel said to me, "You see what a difficult question it is. What a misfortune for a man to usurp the priesthood, or to renounce the priesthood; what a responsibility to reject the priesthood, or to receive the priesthood. How, those in power must study, examine, and scrutinize for years, and judge. What shall he do who has the misfortune to admit a bad priest, or who refuses a good one? For example, his Holiness cannot refuse to ordain A, B, or C, who are judged to be saintly men, and beloved of Jesus Christ, to whom it would be highly displeasing; and, on the other hand, A, B, or C, may be what the *world* calls ignorant, and if he turns them into the world the world will persecute the Church on account of their ignorance. Remember that none of the apostles and evangelists, save Paul, were educated men, but they were inspired, and were also persecuted. Also observe what startling truths sometimes drop from the lips of a poor village priest. These, in the *world's* estimation, cannot serve the cause of Christ, but will be understood by the poor."

"But," I said, somewhat impatiently—and here an evil and a worldly spirit spoke out of my mouth for some minutes—"cannot the Holy Father appoint those that are fit for the world to the world, those fit for the poor to the poor, and those fit for monasteries to monasteries? As long as they are ordained priests, and are permitted to serve Christ at the Altar, and thus follow their vocation or religious calling, would it not suffice? I do not

speak of England, or even France, but in remote countries where I have been, and seen the priests who are from the ranks of the people."

"Tell me frankly what is upon your mind," said my good Angel, "for though I can *see* who it is that is making you speak now, I want you to express it in so many words, and I will tell you what is right, to confound the spirit and instruct *you*."

"I will do so," I replied, "but, first, I beg of you to pardon me if I say anything which might seem disrespectful; my only anxiety being to purify what appears to me a blot in our system. You know that I have been born of saintly parents, brought up in a religious, strict Roman Catholic family, and have passed part of my youth in a convent of the Holy Sepulchre; consequently I was taught the deepest reverence for the holy character of the priest, and justly so, for all I saw, before I went beyond the precincts of France and England. Then I married a man of very large views, who had seen and lived, bought experience, and studied all the customs, habits, and religions of the wide world. As the wife of an English Protestant Consul in the four quarters of the globe, I have also been supposed to be a Protestant, until a proper moment arrived to declare my religion by going to my own Church and Sacraments. I have therefore seen things from all kinds of positions and aspects, and much of it has troubled my mind; not that it staggers my belief in my Church, or my religion, but I want to cleanse the abuse before 'the people that stand by.' For as Catholic means Universal, we must not only look at what is done in our own little island, but what is done over the whole Globe. This is what I have seen in Portugal, Italy, Madeira, Brazil, Spanish territories, and other countries. It is only the system that is wrong. In England it is not the case. A young man expresses his wish to become a Priest, as his brothers choose the Army, Navy, or Bar. Generally every obstacle is thrown in his way, and he is tried by a long and severe noviceship, so that his vows are not taken till he is of an age to know what he is sacrificing of life. In England—which rarely occurs—if a priest is not all that a holy man of God should be, the whole of Catholic England knows it. He is passed by amongst ourselves with, 'There goes the bad priest, who did so and so.' The man is a

Pariah:' we hide his shame from outsiders as if it were our own! In France things are very well; but in Spanish colonies, Portugal, Madeira, Brazil, and Italy, it is not so uncommon to find a careless priest, which is a favourite retort upon us with all people of other religious professions. And why is it? Look to the system abroad! A family have so many sons. They do not know how to put them all out into professions. They are poor, or there is a living for a curé in the family. They select, probably, the least brilliant son—poor Joaõ or Carlo—who is told it will be a very fine thing to be like Monsieur le Curé, and say 'we will make a priest of him.' He is shut up in the Seminary, and at sixteen or eighteen—before he knows what life is in its simplest forms—he is a priest, and perfection is expected of him. He has yet all the frolic of a boy, and what is he to do when he finds out what an ugly trick his parents have played upon him? He might have been an excellent Christian and Catholic as a married man, or in any profession but this one. He may eventually settle down to this, or he may not; and before he does he may have lost his holy reputation by some boyish levity. Every family yielding a priest must make too many, and too many are bad. Only a third of them can have spiritual work, and what is to become of the rest? But why do wise heads and grey-beards suppress those who work and do good, and turn all the young idle ones loose on the towns without Bishops. Private and worldly individuals also should be very chary of making vows until late in life; for if a vow well kept adds a merit to an act of virtue, it doubles and trebles the fault which is committed against it.

"I can call many saintly French and English priests to prove the truth of my assertions concerning foreign countries. Does the Holy Father himself know and sorrow over these things, or is he kept in ignorance of them?"

When I had finished, my good Angel, who had been looking serious, and even severe, but had listened attentively to my every word, said, "Listen, my child, and lay my words up in your heart. Have respect and veneration for the sacred character of the priest, he is the 'voice in the desert,' the interpreter of God's Word to souls. I do not speak of any foolish enthusiasm for the man, or those little church cliques gathered around a favourite priest or a

good preacher. I say for the sacred character of the priest. You cannot show him too much respect for it.

"What our Lord said to His apostles, may convey some idea to your mind of the awful importance of our subject, for it was said in their person to all their successors in sacerdotal orders, and the following texts from the Acts of the Apostles bear out what *they* thought of their Divine mission, and of their successors' work.*

"These texts prove the dignity of the priest and his power, and that in despising him, you despise Christ Himself. Whoever the man may be who is ordained a priest—be he a good man or a sinner—let him honour or degrade his dignity—be he faithful or unfaithful, 'he is a priest for ever,' and he possesses one thing which you ought always to respect in him. The character which is conferred upon him by the imposition of the hands of the Holy Father the representative of Christ. That character may be degraded, trodden under-foot, sullied by him who bears it, but it can never be effaced, and he will carry it to his grave and to all eternity. You must learn to separate the man from his office. Judas was a traitor, but he was an apostle, and will be one for all eternity. There are also unhappily some on earth, but comfort yourself with the thought that the number is comparatively small. There may be many ignorant, poor, uneducated, unpolished, and risen from the ranks, but few are really bad. When you meet such a one, bow down in veneration before his sacred character, but tremble for him and pray for him.

"The faithful do not think enough of their priesthood, nor do they pray enough for them. You can never repay the priest all that he does for you.

"When you open your eyes upon earth, who appears the first thing to Baptize you, to drive away from you the devil and original sin, and to make you a child of God? Your priest! Later in life, who uses his power of Absolution to forgive you your sins in the name of Christ? Your priest! Into whose ear do you pour your troubles, sufferings, wants, weaknesses, and sins? Your priest's! Who soothes, comforts, consoles, encourages,

* Acts vi. 3-7, xiii. 1-4, xiv. 23; I. Timothy iv. 14; II. Timothy i. 6; II. Corinthians ii. 10.

and helps you on, taking half your burden upon himself like Christ? Your priest!—through his ministry you are admitted to the great union of love between God and His creatures. Let people laugh at a confessor. We all want more light than that of our eyes and our intelligence. If the chiefs of families, patriarchs, legislators, judges, prophets, and pontiffs, were the light of the people, why not the advice of a confessor inspired by God, since this is the law of God, from the apostles to this day? In natural life we take counsel from a man who is either a professional or a connoisseur of the thing we want to know, and why not spiritually? St. Paul could not walk alone after he was struck blind. The wisest man is blind as to what concerns himself, without the succour of a friend, but that friend must be prudent, learned, and charitable. He must have science and experience.

"Who offers the sacrifice of the Mass daily, every word of which he utters, every part of his dress representing some part of the Passion of Christ, who came down to offer Himself as an unbloody sacrifice to His Father for His people? It was to be the sacrifice of the new law, of which one would suffice to save the world, and each is of inestimable value to your soul. Who offers it? Your priest!

"Who feeds you with the body and blood of Christ—the Saviour who waits patiently and lovingly in the tabernacle at the will of His creatures, longing for them to ask to receive Him? Who gives Him to you? Your priest!

"Who gives you the sacrament of Confirmation wherein you receive the Holy Ghost? Your Bishop! When you come to the time of life to marry, who unites you by the sacrament to the one you have chosen for your life's journey? Your priest! If your choice is a religious life, who ordains or professes you? Your Bishop!

"When you come to the dreaded hour of death, and are called to appear before your God, to answer for your life, your good and bad deeds, to account for every thought, word, and action—you who have been criticizing, sneering at, and picking holes in every trifling defect of the priesthood, who do you call out for then? Who is the only being who can be of any use to you? Your

priest! Then you know what the sacerdotal character is made of. You have some fearful disease, and those who love you best would fly from you. They are tired of constant watching and care, and your impatience, that has lasted for weeks and months, and worn everybody out, and the sleepless nights besides; they can do you no good, and the doctor has said he can do nothing for you—you are past his skill—Time is over as far as you are concerned. All think *it* would really be a blessing to yourself. They are frightened at the infection, and the noxious vapours of the dying chamber, and confess to each other that if *it* goes on much longer they cannot hold up, and they take it in turns, and pass you on to each other's care. It happens to all, and it must come. But where is your priest? He has nothing to lose, but all to gain. He is bending over your sick pillow at all hours of the day and night: he knows nothing of infection and horrible vapours. It is part of his daily life for Christ. He is listening to the old, old story—the ghastly story of the life of sin, and the until now forgotten Christ. Forsaken by all, and driven to turn to Him at the last moment, the priest is pouring promises of the love and forgiveness of Jesus in your ear; and telling you how you will open your eyes in the arms of that loving Saviour who was only waiting for that word of repentance; and he knows our Saviour, according to *His* promise, must do as the priest promises, 'Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven.'

"God wants repentance: that is, a determination to sin no more. He knows how weak you are, and is willing to forgive you as soon as repentance enters your soul.

"All would not have the grace, even at the last moment. By grace I mean all liberality of God, over and above what is due from a Creator to a creature; but the priest has charity, and charity to a fellow-man is the spirit of God, and is man's likeness to God, and who has this virtue is capable of all things. None can resist him, and were the guns of a battery turned upon him on a battle-field, had you even the plague, and he were bound to die, the priest will never leave you so long as you have breath, till he brings you the grace to repent to God. The Priest gives you the Viaticum and the Extreme Unction, the Dying Absolution, and the Departing Benediction; and when the

last agony and the rattle in the throat, that startle everybody else out of that room, commences, he is reciting the prayers for the departing soul, and is warding off the last efforts of Satan to grasp his prey, and he continues until the private and immediate judgment of God may have taken place, for there are angels in that room, rejoicing or weeping. Every man is judged privately the moment he dies, and he receives the public confirmation of the same sentence on the Last Day, when the most secret corner will be unveiled. When the mortal remains, already too distressing to behold, are borne from the house, it is the priest who accompanies them to the graveyard, with the burial service, and if it is a pauper, he stands alone! It is the priest who says the Masses for the repose of that soul, and prays for its deliverance from the pains of Purgatory, long after others have almost forgotten it; 'for it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.' Who then has been your Guardian Angel and best friend, and ushered you from your cradle to your grave? Your priest! Now you have some idea of what he does for you.

"But go to his home, his humble dwelling, where are hardly the bare necessaries of life. For you, and such as you, he has renounced liberty, fortune, wife, children, and all the joys of life, to sacrifice Self upon the altar of abnegation and charity. What is he doing? His poor dwelling is surrounded by the hungry, the thirsty, the almost naked and starving poor, the homeless, the widow, the orphan, those who are goaded to despair by tyrants, and tortured by meannesses and injustices.

"How is he to relieve them from his bare cupboard and empty purse?' Yet if he begs you for a little for the love of God, you do not remember anything he has done for you, but you shut your heart and refuse, or dole out a grudging trifle, saying or thinking, 'Those priests are always asking for money?' After a cold, haughty rebuff from the rich, and a hard morning with these poor at home, faint, hungry, and weary himself, he goes forth to spend his afternoon in the hospitals, the prisons, or perhaps to attend a burial. He counsels the doubtful, instructs the ignorant, comforts the afflicted. He admonishes sinners, and meets with rudeness in reply. He must receive all insults and

injuries with a patient smile and a sweet word, bear wrongs and calumnies patiently, and pray for all the living and the dead. He comes home, worn out body and soul, to a frugal meal—perhaps none—and in the evening recites his Office, or prepares his sermon. Besides all this work, the Offices of the Church are performed by him. His life, like Christ's, is all love for his flock, and he receives nothing but rebuffs, insults, calumny, and criticism in return. Do you think that Nature could stand its forces being daily and hourly exhausted, body and mind, if a great supernatural grace were not supporting it invisibly? The priest is the father of your salvation, your most faithful friend. Pray for him with the profoundest respect, and the greatest veneration for his sacred character. Pray above all for the Holy Pontiff, for your Bishop, for your Confessor, for the priest while saying Mass at the Altar, and for him whose lot it will be to assist you at the hour of your death. Your Confessor is the physician of your soul, and you must be as honest with him as you would be with the physician of your body, or he cannot help you. My child!" he concluded, "never forget that, according to the words of Christ, he who despises or insults a priest, is guilty of a sacrilege, and deserves the same chastisement that the Jews deserved, when they crucified the Son of God. Blessed be he who sees the person of Jesus Christ in His priests, and honours, and respects, and venerates them as their great dignity and sacerdotal character deserve."

I listened with breathless attention, and I thought that I had never until then understood the greatness of the priestly dignity, and it made a profound impression on me, and I treasured it up as a great grace in my heart.*

I am describing imperfectly what I saw and heard, because I have no actual words to express spirit or dream talk, which,

* Friends have advised me that my description of the priesthood is so purely Roman that it may excite some indignation. I trust not! I like to believe that every good Protestant clergyman does the same for his flock as our priest does for us, and hope that my readers will accept my view, that I dreamt of the type of the Universal Pastor. I think and hope I am right; although I naturally write in my own language, and speak of the rites of my own Church. I did not compose any part of my dream for the public; I really did dream it, and therefore I cannot conscientiously alter or take away one word to suit the tastes of my readers, nor would they wish it.

however, was an internal teaching which I understood. I felt to understand my Angel not only when he spoke, but to understand his look, behaviour, gesture, mark of kindness or severity, though if awake my spirit would have been too narrow, by reason of my body, to have done so.

Suddenly beautiful bells began to boom slowly and in time. I thought they sang "For ever, ever, ever, ever, for ever," and then clanged out, "Come, come," and my good angel said, "Our time is ended, we must go back to Jesus now." So saying, he marked the letters THAU upon my forehead with his finger, and handed me a paper upon which was written—

"+ May the Lord guard and bless thee, and turn His face towards thee!

"+ May the Lord have mercy upon thee, and give thee peace!

"+ May the Lord give thee His holy blessing!"

A cross preceded each sentence.

"This," he said, "is your 'passport,' wear it around your neck, and make one like it for your husband. Whoever molests you show him this." A flood of joy rushed over my soul, accompanied by a violent shock.

I awoke! a peasant (a goatherd I think) had entered the cave, and I fancy had shaken me, for he looked scared, and said, "Pardon, ya Sitti, I thought you were dead."

The bells of the Sepulchre were giving out their deep-tongued note, and echoing over the hills. When I came to myself I looked at my watch, it was the Ave Maria—sunset.

Then all my happiness was gone. I was no spirit with a Guardian Angel, flying about and governing all things by a wish, seeing the world and even individuals unmasked at my feet, and moving Emperors, Kings, Queens, Pontiffs, and Ministers like chessmen; but only my poor humble self, private and obscure, still to toil on, and work, and suffer. Nay, I had to rouse myself at once, and almost run, to pass the gates before I was locked out of the town for the night. Who would have thought of coming to look for me in that cave? I should have been certainly reported as murdered and thrown down a well, until sunrise, and that some Jin had been seen hovering near the walls in the

night. With the "pomp and circumstance" of a Kawwass, before and behind, they would have perhaps let me through after time, but a lone and an unknown woman would have had a poor chance.

When I reached home it was long past sunset, and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and Captain Burton had not returned from the Caves. The gates of the town were shut, and I felt seriously alarmed lest they should have met with some accident, perhaps used all their magnesium and been unable to find their way out again, for the caves are miles long, deep, and unknown, so before settling myself to write, I ordered my horse and rode back to the Damascus Gate, to propitiate the guard, and to post a Kawwass there, that they might get into the town; and as it was dark, I went down myself with men, lights, ropes, and more magnesium; however, in a quarter of an hour I met them coming back safe. I then locked myself up in my room, and wrote down in notes, all that I had seen and heard in dreamland, and afterwards daily in detail. Yet I do not think I slept more than two hours, if so much. Again I say it was but a dream. Do not fancy that I suppose it was a miracle: nothing but a long, detailed, vivid dream, a *bonâ fide* honest dream, and I am subject to them whenever I am over-tired, or over-excited, or fast. I am glad and grateful when they occur, for I am always better and wiser after them. I never dream nonsense on these peculiar occasions, but learn more from them than by books, and see clearly how I ought to act. I recount this one because I think there are so many "grains of wheat amongst the chaff."

My experience of dreams of this strong nature is, that they throw a physical languor over one that is subject to them, which indisposes for work for a time, and renders it hard and distasteful, as magnetism or electricity acts; but that shortly a fresh vitality and elasticity sets in in favour of that which one has to do.

The trouble, and sorrow, and work, I must say, began directly, and have continued steadily ever since; I have done my best, often fainthearted, but struggling on. He has brought me by a way which He has shown me, and which I shall never leave, though it is a continual struggle and a travail day and night. He sends me all His cases of distress, and I feel what is placed

upon my shoulders. The line of conduct He has traced for me I always fear to leave, and if I am beguiled for awhile from my work, by the World, or naturally joyous spirits, I am made to feel it, am bitterly punished, and invited to return and to be more faithful. In short, I may not desert my work; I know that such dreams are a great grace. I know that it began, I feel it developing—I shall see it finished here or there. A time is passed and has only left a souvenir. A time will come, and to that I look forward. There is hardly ever a contingency, or a situation, which to me is strange, and which I do not foresee; and I have known beforehand, places, people, books, and situations, in a similar manner to the above. You may call it by what name you please, dreaming, instinct, electricity, or mesmerism, only you must not call it miracles, for those never come to people like me, only to the very good.

This proves, that whoever does not fast discreetly, on religious or sanitary grounds, which doubtless was the reason for the example of Christ, carries about a body gorged with food, which hinders the vigour of the mind, clogs the brain, and stands between our intelligence and a clear view of high objects; but, also, a medical man ought to decide how much individuals can stand, for they vary; and, carried to too great an extent, the imagination becomes too exalted, perhaps because the body does not make enough blood to supply the brain. This in badly disposed persons would turn to evil, like opiates, of which Charles Kingsley so graphically wrote:—"Never trust a laudanum drinker as a friend. With the eye of imagination, he will see me commit all the seven deadly sins in the morning, and with the tongue of inspiration, will proclaim it through the town in the evening."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PILGRIMAGE—(*Continued*).

EASTER SUNDAY.—I was up before dawn, and had the happiness of hearing two Masses and receiving Holy Communion in the Sepulchre, and was the only other person besides the officiating priest and acolyte. There is only room for three, and therefore it is a blessed privilege to be watched and waited for, and as so many are desirous of obtaining it, we have to await our turn.

After this took place the Grand High Mass and a very fine Procession. The Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, performed the ceremony, and gave us the Pontifical blessing and plenary indulgence on the part of the Pope. I and my party had the good fate, as usual, to be with the French Consulate, so that we were in the best places, and formed part of the Procession, being next to the priests.

We then went to congratulate our Patriarch, Monsignor Valerga, on the Feast; and the fast and church ceremonies being ended, I had a long conversation with him about my Convent, and I asked him for five things, which were all granted, except one—I asked him to make me a "Chanoinesse du St. Sepulchre," and laid before him some family claims. He said that he had had orders from Rome respecting Canons, but not respecting Canonesses, but that when he could obtain leave, my name should be first on the list, and with that I had to be content. He gave me a printed paper, signed with his own hand, and a medal with an inscription on it, which certified that I was a good pilgrim, likewise his photograph, his blessing, and several other little things, and I came away much pleased. Also we went to thank the Greek Patriarch,

who gave us Easter eggs, chocolate-coloured, with white angels on them, and his blessing.

We then went to see the Máristán, formerly Hospital of the Knights of St. John, an interesting ruin; and thence we went to the Tower of David, which is the Chief Fortress, and is situated on the site of the Palace of Herod the Great. It commands the city, and is occupied by a part of the garrison. It has four towers: the first is Hippicus, built in honour of Herod's friend; the tower of Mariam after his mistress; the tower of Phasaël after his brother, who perished in the Parthian war. The tower of David is by far the most ancient, and has a window which was supposed to be the oratory of David. At a little distance is the site of the house of Uriah, whom the king caused to be killed, so as to marry his wife Bathsheba, who was the mother of Solomon. It was from this window, it is said, that David first saw her, and here that he afterwards did such bitter penance, humbling himself before God and composing his psalms.* We found here, as we have so often done, mason's marks in the stone.† Close by lives Bishop Gobat, whose house and the Protestant Church also occupy part of the site of Herod's palace.

Near it is a little church dedicated to St. James the Less. Again a little farther are three small chapels, built upon the spot where Jesus, after His death, appeared to the three Maries. ‡

Continuing our walk we soon came to a little church built by the Crusaders over the site of St. Thomas's house. The Mohammedans turned it into a Mosque, but finding, as usual, that it brought bad luck, they left it. Next we pass the convent of the Armenian orthodox Sisters of Charity, whose church is built over the site of the house of the High Priest Annas, father-in-law of Caiaphas—the first place to which the crowd brought Jesus, and where Jesus was first examined, and received a blow.§

* II. Samuel xii. 7, 13, 17.

† Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and my husband of course denied that the building, as it now stands, is of ancient date. They found reason to conclude that the old materials were rebuilt by the Saracens. At the same time, after carefully inspecting the foundations of Hippicus, they believe that they may have dated from Jewish times.

‡ Matthew xxviii. 9, 10. § John xviii. 13, 14, 22-24.

There are some stones which are said to have belonged to Annas's house, and some little olive off-shoots of the tree to which they tied our Saviour, whilst they disputed amongst themselves where they should next take him. Close to it is the Armenian Cathedral, College, and Hospice for Pilgrims. The next interesting object is a pretty little church, built on the spot where St. James the Great, son of Zebedee and brother of John,* coming from Spain, where he had preached Christ and built a little church, was decapitated by Herod Agrippa. An altar in the north wall is shown as the precise spot. It is said that the disciples stole the body and buried it at Compostello. The Armenians showed us the tomb of St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem in St. Helena's time. They also keep three large stones, one reposing on the two others. One from Mount Sinai, one from Tabor, and one from the bed of the Jordan. At a little distance from Báb el Naby Daoud (Gate of the prophet David, which is the Gate of Sion), is shown the spot where the apostles, carrying the remains of our Blessed Lady to her grave, were stopped by a crowd of Jews, who, still bearing rancour to the mother of Him they crucified, tried to upset it. The most bitter was a Rabbi who put his hand on the bier—I give you the tradition—it stuck there, and his arm withered; all the rest were struck blind. They repented of their sacrilege, and the apostles knelt and prayed for them. They received their sight, and the Rabbi saved his arm, and they were all baptized. There is also an Armenian convent built on part of the site of the house of Caiaphas on Mount Sion. His country residence is traditionally placed on the "Hill of Evil Council," but the Armenians show this their convent as the place where Jesus was examined by the High Priest, where Peter denied him, and where the Master passed part of the night between Thursday and Friday. The exact spot is covered by a side chapel in the sanctuary of this church, and the altar is formed of part of the stone which was rolled back by the angel from the Sepulchre.

This stone, "which Jesus raised from the tomb, and rolled back, and upon which the angel sat, crying to the world that He

* Acts ii. 1, 2.

was risen," must have been large, for pieces have been cut and given to various churches, and there remains a large bulk in the entrance to the grave at present. Leaving this convent we found ourselves again in the Christian Cemeteries: the Armenians, Catholic and non-Catholic; Greek, non-Catholic; and the American; and we are close again to the house where our Lady dwelt after the death of Jesus, and also near the Cœnaculum. Near the English hospital is an arch, generally thought to have been the Gate of Genath (the gardens). Close by was a church which they used to show as a prison of St. Peter, but it is not there now.

There is a tradition to the effect that by the advice of St. John, whilst living in the above-named house, our Lady addressed a letter to the people of Messina, when St. Paul was preaching the gospel. The nuns of the Sepulchre kindly gave me a copy of it, which I think is interesting enough to introduce, and if true is a valuable relic. I translate it into literal English:—

"This letter was written by the very happy Virgin Mary, at the time that Paul Apostle preached the gospel, and was conserved in a reliquary on the high altar at Messina.

"I, Mary, Virgin, servant of God, and very humble mother of Jesus Christ, Son of God, Father all powerful and eternal—to all those of Messina health and benediction in our Lord.

"You have heard by the Ambassadors sent to you, as by the preaching of Paul Apostle. You have received the Gospel, and confessed the *whole* to be true, that is, that the Son of God was made man, and this is Jesus Christ, the true Messiah, as He really is.

(Signed) "MARY, Virgin, handmaid of the Lord."

And after it is written, "This letter is the same which was found in the City of Messina. Whoever will carry it upon them (about them) shall not die by iron, or the sword, nor fire, nor water, nor by sudden death, nor without having received the Sacrament."

We then walked half round the walls of the town. First passing the tank of Hezekiah, which many suppose to be the lower pool, which he constructed at the same time with an aqueduct, at the approach of Sennacherib, to be able to draw water from the

Upper Pool of Gihon (Birket Mamilla), on the road to St. John of the Desert. The aqueduct still exists, and when the upper pool is full it serves to fill the lower tank. These pools and aqueducts are mentioned in Isaiah xxii. 9-11. We then went towards St. Stephen's Gate, and passed a large piscina, Birket-Sitti Mariam (of our Lady Mary), and arrived at the north-east corner of the walls, where Godfrey de Bouillon first arrived in 1099. Not far from the Báb es Záheri is the site of the house of Simon the Pharisee, where Mary Magdalen also anointed our Saviour's feet. She must have done this more than once during the time of her repentance and conversion, as Matthew, Mark, and John mention it, at Bethany in the house of Simon the Leper, and Luke mentions it at the house of Simon the Pharisee, in Jerusalem.* There used to be a cross on the pavement where He sat, but now they show a foot-print said to be His. The church that covered this spot once belonged to the Jacobites, then (probably) to the Canons of the Sepulchre; to the Crusaders; and, lastly, it became a Moslem School, El Maymumíyyeh. It is now an Arab pottery. Then we walked on to the Gate of Damascus, once called the Pilgrims' Gate, not far from which is the supposed site of the old Church of St. Stephen, built by Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Theodosius. There are here three tombs, and one of them is thought to be the Empress's. Here camped Robert Count of Flanders in the Crusades, and close by the Knights of St. John had their stables. We continued our walk round Jerusalem to the Jaffa Gate, where we met our horses, mounted, and rode back to St. Anne's; and we finished our evening, as we often did when worn out with fatigue, with our French friends and Mr. Mauss, amongst the excavations. A divan out of doors was soon arranged in a shady spot, with narghílehs and sherbets for refreshment, and there we used to talk when we liked, and sleep when it was too warm.

Easter Monday.—To-day we went at an early hour by the invitation of the Armenian Patriarch to witness their High Mass. These are Armenian orthodox, but whenever I say orthodox, of course I should say schismatic, because whatever calls itself orthodox means non-Catholic.

* Read Luke vii. 36-50.

"The gospel was read in three languages: Armenian, Turkish, and French; the two last inside tribunes. I could hardly decide which exhibited the most splendour, the Armenian or the Greek orthodox. There could not have been less than thirty deacons serving on each side of the altar, and each one's dress was more splendid than the others'. One held up a Testament of red and gold; two carried huge candles, like small trees; two bore silver quinholi, or tambourines, on tall sticks inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and silver bells. These represent the Order of the Angels with six wings, whose Greek name is Hexaptérugoi. Before the altar were six High Priests, with caps like mitres, surmounted by a cross and inlaid with gold, pearls, and every kind of jewel, but mostly pearls. The Patriarch and High Priests wore wonderful vestments, topped by a standing collar a hand deep, which ran like a wall round their shoulders. They were studded with jewels and lined with red silk. I counted eight or nine of the above gorgeous caps inside the sanctuary. There were also about fifty chanters in gorgeous dresses; the meanest of them all, who was close to me, had the whole of the Last Supper embroidered on his back in rubies and pearls. The mitre was the same shape as ours, but it was a mass of diamonds; as also was the crozier, which was shaped like a vase, with a crook at the top.

Suddenly, at the time which would have been in our Mass the Offertory, a large red curtain was let down as at the first act of a play, and this happened thrice. It hid the Patriarch and the high dignitaries within the Sanctuary, and left out below it only the chanters, with the deacons wearing pearl caps.

There was a five minutes' interlude for us outsiders, during which I was able to notice the splendid Church. Every part of it is in gold filagree and carving. It owns all the colours of the rainbow and yet they harmonize. The chair of St. James is under a tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl canopy, with a silver lamp hanging over it. As they say he always occupies his own place invisibly during Mass, the Patriarch cannot sit there, but has a chair beside it. It is surrounded by gorgeous carpets, embroidered by hand. The one we sat upon was priceless—about 100 years old, Persian silk, and hand-embroidered inscriptions. I was sorry to have to tread upon it. The Church was full

of quai d pictures, representing Church traditions. The tribunes were very grand, two plain, and three splendidly ornamented. St. James was beheaded here; his head has a beautiful shrine.

I will begin at the grey silk curtain and silver door, set in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, which leads into a chapel or oratory or shrine, within which is an altar. It is surmounted by a little cupola, painted blue, with flying angels on it to represent the heavens; a recess or niche, and a balcony which is framed around with gold ornamentation and lamps, looks into the church. Each tribune is ornamented with gilt railings, and an arched fragment of filagree studded with malachite and precious stones. The whole Church is hung with silver lamps on silver chains and ostrich eggs in festoons, some plain and others ornamented. These last are an Oriental custom for good luck, taken from the ancient Greeks, and mean "If the ostrich neglects to watch her eggs they addle; and that if we neglect our souls, or, in other words, if we be not watchful over ourselves, our souls addle." The altar is, unlike ours, surmounted by three tabernacles.

The procession of the Holy Sacrament then takes place, when the curtain rises, the chalice being carried round the church. And the "Elevation" is more like our Benediction after Mass. They also have, like us, the "kiss of peace." They beat gongs and cymbals, carried in the hand and struck with a piece of wood. The music is peculiar. There is constantly a prolonged humming on one note, and bells appear to be the principal sound. The effect is bizarre but pleasing, and the quinholi are very pretty. All the church plate is studded with jewels; their riches surpass the Greeks, and certainly the Latins. The preaching is like a lesson, and, as I did not know Armenian, it appeared to me that they never stopped to take breath. When the Patriarch came out the second time his dress was embroidered with a wreath of vine leaves, grapes, and flowers. There was a representation in cloth, in the centre, of our Lady sitting and holding St. James' decapitated head in her lap, and surrounded by angels. All around were pictures of deceased Patriarchs, and their mitres and breviaries were each upon an ornamental shelf over their

heads. Just before the Elevation they lit up a lamp before each head, and candles above it, and it had a very strange effect.

The two incense bearers had their gold stoles fastened round their backs crossways, the two ends hanging down in front. One had a long black velvet and gold stole over his shoulder, hanging down fore and aft. The deacons had embroidery an inch and a half thick, of embossed gold and flowers upon their shoulders. The bell carriers had a kind of Chinese cloak covered with huge and gorgeous flowers. All the ornaments of the High Altar are little enamel pictures, set in form of screens, or monstrances, with gold and silver rays darting from them, and studded with pearls, a huge one next to the Retablo, and seven smaller ones on each side. For Communion the Patriarch kneels and breaks off a bit of bread from a larger piece, over the chalice. Deacons hold the communion cloth, and they receive standing. The chalice was of gold and enamel, set with jewels. The curtain falls a third time, and there is a magnificent procession, with music. I could not help thinking what they would say of this in England, where even our Roman Catholic ceremonies are thought so pompous, and so sensuous to attract the people's imagination. Whereas we consider our own so severe, simple, and Apostolic.

All these ceremonies occupied some hours, but began early and were over early—so we ordered our horses and went with our French friends to visit Ain-Karim, "Saint John in the Mountains." We went out by the Jaffa Gate, and turned to the west. We almost immediately passed the "Upper Pool" (Birket Mamilla), at the end of the Gihon valley, where Solomon was anointed King by David's order, by the hands of the High Priest Sadoc, and the Prophet Nathan.* Here Isaiah prophesied (vii. 3-14), 740 years before Christ. It is called in Scripture the Pool of Serpents, and the Pool of Bethara, and the field above is the Fuller's Field, where Rabaces, Sennacherib's general, encamped with the Assyrian army. Before the fight Rabaces harangued his army, insulting the true God outside his holy City; and Hezekiah, and the Israelites inside the holy city, prayed to God. The prophet Isaiah came to tell the latter, on the part of God, not to fear;† and when Rabaces got up in the morning he

* III. or I. Kings i. 32-40. † IV. or II. Kings xix. 32-36.

found 185,000 of his soldiers dead in their tents, so that he fled with the few that remained. St. Mamilla here buried a number of martyrs in a cave, and after a battle between Saracens and Christians, there is a legend that a lion picked up all the Christian bodies and took them to this cave. Besides the pool, or birket, there was once a church and a convent here called after St. Mamilla.

One hundred yards from this spot was buried Herod Agrippa, who killed St. James and imprisoned Peter.* He died in A.D. 44, at Cæsarea, whilst his admirers were proclaiming him to be God. The tomb is a cave for sepulture, as usual.

The road to St. John of the Desert is very bad, and going slowly it occupies two hours. The Terra Santa Fathers (Franciscans) have a monastery there and a boys' school. The Sœurs de Sion have a convent, a school, and an orphanage for girls. Their director is Père Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne. The village might contain about 600 inhabitants, 100 of whom are Catholics. It is the summer quarter of the Sisters, whose establishment belongs to Monsignor Valerga. Ain-Karim is the ancient Ain, a priestly town of the tribe of Judah, mentioned in Josh. xxv. 32, also xxi. 16. Here lived the High Priest Zachariah and his wife Elizabeth, who gave birth to St. John the Baptist.

We descended into a small chapel, cut in the rock, in which was born the Baptist.† We went to the source of the water, which one always does in the East, water being the first thought. It is called the Virgin's Fountain, because whilst she stayed with her cousin St. Elizabeth for three months, she must have come to draw water here. We then mounted a hill and came to the Sanctuary of the Visitation, where Zachariah had a country-house, where the Virgin stayed with St. Elizabeth, and where St. John was circumcised. When Herod sent in quest of male children, St. Elizabeth fled with St. John into a cave, and holding him against the rock, the legend says that it melted like wax, enclosed and hid him, and a niche is shown which is supposed to be the spot. This part of the rock is venerated, and also a rock, now covered with stone or marble, where St. John used to preach.‡

* Acts xii. 3, 4. † Luke i. 5-25, 39-66.

‡ Read Matthew iii. 1-17.

We then rode out about forty minutes away over bad country to the Cave of St. John the Baptist, where he led the life of a hermit, and prepared for his preaching.* It is a natural cave, perhaps seven yards long and three high, and is on the incline of a mountain overhanging the Valley of the Terebinth, which from that point is very deep. There is a bench cut in the stone, which served the Baptist as bed, and priests now say Mass upon it. Tradition declares that the Magi passed the night here.† Near the grotto are some débris which are said to have been part of Elizabeth's tomb, who after Zachariah died, came also to inhabit the desert.

Our party consisted of the French Consul, the Chancellier, M. Lacau, and the Chancellier of the French Consulate at Port Sa'íd, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, my husband, and myself. I need not say that at the end of our two hours of stony and mountainous ride the Sisters of Sion gave us a most cordial reception. After dinner we had coffee and narghílehs out of doors. Père Ratisbonne accompanied us and showed us everything. There is plenty of water, and by-and-by they will make it a beautiful place. Their convent, school, and orphanage, are well organized, as indeed these French religious establishments always are. Above this convent is the Spanish Monastery. We spent the day here with the nuns and Père Ratisbonne, and when we left we came round by the Jaffa road. The horses were restive, and we wanted to save sunset before locking up, so we galloped back, running races and playing Jeríd tricks, and one of our French friends had a very bad fall, and was much shaken.

Easter Tuesday.—Her Majesty's Ship *T*—— is at Jaffa; a number of men-of-war's men rode up this evening, and it sounded strange in the solemn silence of Jerusalem, to hear "We won't go home till morning," "Champagne Charley," and "Sally come up," till past midnight. I ordered some drink for them, with a message to sing "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen" for me, which they did with a hearty good-will. It made the old walls ring again.

On Wednesday, 12th, we went to Bethlehem. It was a delight-

* Read Luke i. 80 and Mark i. 4-7. † Read Matthew ii. 1, 2.

ful day and a pleasant little ride. The first interesting object was the well by which the Magi are supposed to have seen the star before entering Bethlehem. The Magi lost sight of the star at this well, since called Bir Nejím, which up to now had guided them. After having visited Herod in Jerusalem, they again returned to Bethlehem, and on arriving at this well the star again appeared to them, guiding and preceding them until it rested over the stable.* The second was Rachel's white tomb on the way of Ephrata,† which we stopped to reverence, and then we entered Bethlehem. It is a pretty and flourishing townlet on a height amid hills and groves. There is only one place to lodge in, and that is the Terra Santa Monastery, which covers the holy stable where our Saviour was born. We met with a hearty reception, nice rooms, every attention and comfort, including good food. The only difficulty was stabling. I sallied forth again to look for it, and I at last found accommodation, but of the worst kind. It was too windy to picket out without absolute necessity.

The Basilica attached to the Monastery over the Holy Places is dedicated to the Nativity. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians have each their chapels. Where the three chapels meet, you descend a staircase into the crypt, which is better described as a series of grottos, caverns, and passages cut in the rocks, which must have formed part of the old Khan (inn) where Mary brought forth our Lord. The centre of attraction is a large grotto with an altar and a silver star under it, marking the spot where this Divine Event took place, and around the star is written "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." The manger, or trough, where the animals feed, is an excavation in the rock, and there is an altar over the spot where the Magi—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—adored. It is said that in this grotto the Angel from heaven warned Joseph to fly into Egypt with Mary.‡

Here I remained for a long while, reading Luke and Matthew, and reflecting on the position in which all Christians should, and all Catholics do, stand towards Mary. Do not call it a sermon if

* Matthew i. 15, 16:—"And Eliud begat Eleazar; and Eleazar begat Matthan; and Matthan begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."

† Genesis xxxv. 16-21. ‡ Read Matthew ii. 1-18; Luke ii. 1-20.

I, tell you my reflections upon the subject, because I never yet met a Protestant, however well educated, who understood the relation between Mary and Catholics.

Mary, as mother of Jesus, is above all creatures, and more honoured than the saints and angels in heaven. I do not adore her, because she is not God, but I render her all the honours which a creature may receive which are not due to God. In her maternity I unite the creature and the Creator, the Son and the mother. No! I do not adore her, but I venerate her; and I adore in her Him whom she conceived and brought forth, and gave to us for our salvation.

Mary was chosen, thought of, planned, perfected, and sanctified for all eternity to be the Mother of God. Jesus knew that he would become man, that man would sin, and could not save himself alone, and that He would not abandon him. What was resolved in eternity was to be accomplished in the middle of time, and to extend its efficacy over all time from the beginning unto the end. Sin, therefore, never could have been in her. Her conception must have been pure and holy, without stain, and immaculate, like her life. It could not have been fit that God could have been born of, or come in contact with anything else; reason as well as faith demands that we should believe he exempted her from it. What is there to stagger us? We believe that Sarah, and Elizabeth, and Anna her mother, bore sons at a time which in another woman would be a physical impossibility. We believe that Elijah went up to heaven in a fiery chariot, and that the apostles raised the dead to life, and we are scared at the possibility that God might have created for Himself one pure vessel from which to be born. It is truly "straining at a gnat whilst we swallow a camel." The honour that we render to her—this *chef d'œuvre* of God—is a direct homage to Him, and a pleasing and indirect way of showing our love to Him whom we adore. And in my humble opinion the proclamation of this belief as an "article of faith" is the brightest ornament of Pius the Ninth's reign.

Mary was likewise the Mother of Virgins, for at a time when marriage was the universal vocation, when the glory of a woman was to have sons, and of a man to have a wife who bore him sons —at a time when every virgin bewailed her virginity, for each

one had a secret hope that they might bring forth the long-expected Messiah—she was the first who voluntarily practised virginity, and consecrated herself to God without command, advice, or example. Before her doing so it was an opprobrium. I have finished.

We can imagine Mary and Joseph arriving late at dusk, weary and footsore from the long journey from the mountains, where she had been staying with her cousin, St. Elizabeth, hungry and thirsty, looking so poor, dirty, ragged, and travel-stained. The plumage of the night growing fast around them, the bitter, cold, and driving wind—just such a night as this—yet she, of the Royal House of David, born immaculately of two saints, consecrated in the Temple, protected by a saintly husband, and served invisibly, tradition says, by Angels in the Temple; she, the Mother of our God, had to wander about in search of a lodging, meeting scanty pity and many insults from the rich and well housed, well clothed, and well fed, her pitiable condition being partly the cause of their being turned from every door where they sought shelter; and here, in this rocky stable, needing all earthly things, she brought forth "The Light of the World" —your and my Redeemer. And it happened then, just as it happens now, that the rich of the world were indifferent to the Great Fact which took place close by them. Some few, especially in high quarters, persecuted him, and some few came to adore, and for those few then, as for you and I now, the star still shines to show us where.

Tradition tells us that the Angel came to the entrance of the grotto, and prostrating before Jesus said, "Lord! the Magi from the East have seen your star and have come to adore you." Jesus said nothing, but looked at Mary, and they came in, each one wearing a robe, which descended to his feet; a crown on his head, and in his hands gold, incense, and myrrh. Each one humbly prostrated on the ground and put his crown at the feet of Jesus, which they kissed, saying, "I adore you, Oh Son of God. I adore you, Oh Son of God, made man! I adore you, Oh King of the Jews!" and offered him their presents. Jesus blessed them. Mary spoke to them of original sin, of the promise of a Redeemer, the Holy Trinity, and of the changes that

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CAPTn BURTON'S HOUSE AT SALAHIYYEH UNDER JEBEL KAYSUN.

(From a Painting by Frederic Leighton, R.A.)

were about to take place through the Incarnation, *i.e.*, the reformation of religion and laws for the Jews; to which they listened with the greatest respect, alternately looking at Jesus and Mary. She then put Jesus into each one's arms for a moment. They were overjoyed, and prostrating, retired.

I must now tell you all the facts, traditions, and legends concerning Bethlehem. On leaving this principal grotto you walk through many passages and caves, lit up with lamps and wax lights, each of which has an altar dedicated to different holy persons. One to St. Eusebius, a disciple of St. Jerome, another to St. Jerome on his tomb. There is a room which was his studying place and retreat, as well as his school, where he publicly taught the Christian doctrine in Bethlehem. He was born in 340. There he began to translate from Hebrew the Scriptures in A.D. 390. And here he died in 420, aged 80.

There is also an altar dedicated to the Holy Innocents massacred by Herod. One to St. Joseph, said to be the spot to which he retired when our Lord was born. One to St. Paula on her tomb, and one to her daughter St. Eustatia, both disciples of Jerome. There are some wonderful privileges attached to this altar, the same as those conferred on that of St. Catherine at Sinai.

After seeing all, I returned to the Grotto of the Nativity, where I passed a very happy hour reading and writing my reflections; but I was teased by some funny English examining the tapestry which hangs on the walls, and poking the rock with their umbrellas, I suppose to see if it was solid. They never even looked at the Holy Spot. They talked loud, and said it was all "bosh." I felt very badly till the rocky floor, slippery as glass, intercepted to deliver me—two of them slid and sat down, and as it is also hard and jagged, it kept them quiet till they left.

We then went out to see what there was of interest round the town. First we visited the mother-of-pearl workers. Large quantities of mother-of-pearl are brought here from the Red Sea, and bituminous schiste from Neby Musa (Moses' tomb). These, together with olive wood from Mount Olivet, are the chief materials. They work them into beautiful things and sell them

at Jerusalem. Bethlehem contains about six thousand inhabitants. The Franciscans have a school for boys, and there is an orphanage conducted by an Abbé for the Patriarchate. The Sisters of St. Joseph teach the girls. Bethlehem, 846 feet above sea level, is situated upon a mountain, and surrounded by well cultivated valleys planted with fruit trees. Its existence was known 1740 years B.C. Many historical personages were born here, but until the birth of our Saviour, perhaps the most interesting event was that Ruth in her widowhood came with her mother into Bethlehem.* Shortly after leaving the village you see a little plain, which was the fields of Booz, where Ruth came to glean; and Booz, who was a Bethlehemite, married her, and had a son Obad, the father of Jesse, and the grandfather of David. Here David was consecrated King, 1072 B.C.† Here was born Jacob, father of Joseph, our Blessed Lady's husband;‡ St. Anna, our Blessed Lady's mother was a Bethlehemite, and then our Saviour Himself. Before Herod became King of Judah, whilst Cleopatra was Queen of Egypt, there lived at Bethlehem a priest named Matthew, of the race of David. He had by his wife Mary three daughters, Mary, and Saba, and Anna. Mary married at Bethlehem, and had a daughter Salome; Saba married at Bethlehem, and her daughter was Elizabeth, mother of the Baptist; and Anna, mother of our Lady, married Joachim an Israelite, and settled in Nazareth in Galilee.§

Round about Bethlehem are the following objects of interest which we went to visit:—A tower on a high hill, called the Flock Tower, where it is said Jacob pitched his tents when Rachel died giving birth to Benjamin: the tomb we passed on the way into the town. We cross over the field of chick-peas, to which is attached a legend: our Saviour passing by saw a man sowing peas, and said to him, "What art thou sowing, friend?" The man answered impudently, "I am sowing stones." Jesus answered, "Thou wilt reap stones." And when this man's harvest came he found only what there is in it to-day, stones in the form

* Read Ruth i. 15-22. † I. Kings or I. Samuel xvi. 1-13.

‡ Matthew i. 13-16.

§ My husband, who has scanty faith in Holy Places, holds that the tradition of Bethlehem is the most, if not the only, reliable one.

of chick-peas. This field is also said to have produced the plate of lentils for which Esau sold his birthright. Not far away is a rock, which we also passed coming in; it is near the ground, and bears an impression something like what a heavy body would leave on a feather mattress. This also has its legend. When Elijah, having put to death the priests of Baal, was persecuted by Jezebel, who swore that he should die, the prophet fled, and reposing here under a rock fell asleep; an angel came and said to him, "Arise and eat," and he beheld near him a cake baked in the ashes, and a cup of water; he ate, drank, slept again. By-and-by the angel called him again, and said, "Eat and drink again, for thou hast a long way to go." He did as he was commanded, leaving the impress of his body on the rock, and fortified by this nourishment he walked forty days and nights to Horeb, the mountain of God.* But in this legend the localities do not correspond to the text.

From this rock you can see both Bethlehem and Jerusalem. A little eastward there used to be a church, built over the spot where Habacuc was going to carry his workmen their dinner, and met the angel (B.C. 540).†

We then went to see the Grotto of the Milk. Tradition tells us that when Joseph was warned by the angel that Herod would seek the life of Jesus, he took the Virgin and Child, and lived with them in this cave, waiting a favourable moment to continue his flight into Egypt; that our Blessed Lady fed the Divine Infant, that some drops of the milk fell on the ground, which blessed the cave. Since that time mothers of all nations and creeds, Moslem, Christian, and Jew (?), when they are in distress at being unable to nurse a child, take a bit of this chalky stone, and drink it dissolved in water. People who do not believe in miracles tell me that the stone certainly has some properties that produce this effect.

A gun-shot from this grotto is the site of a house in a little field which it is said belonged to Joseph, and where he lived before his marriage. It had descended to him from Jesse, and he was not admitted on the night of Christmas Eve, on his return from Egypt, by the then lodger or tenant, out of contempt for the

* III. Kings or I. Kings xix. 4-8. † Bel and the Dragon, 33-39; Daniel xiv. 32-38.

condition of Mary, which is more remarkable because both Mary and Joseph were son and daughter of Bethlehemites, and the tie of relation and neighbour is so sacred in the East.

At the bottom of the mountain about a mile from Bethlehem is Bayt Sahúr, the house or grotto of the shepherds to whom the Angel announced the birth of our Saviour. You descend to it by twenty-one steps.

In the village is a well, called Bir Mariam, with its legend. Our Blessed Lady passing by saw a man drawing water, and asked him for some; but he refused the jar, saying, "Drink there." The water rose up to the brim of the well, that Mary might drink, and then returned to its usual level, thus rebuking the rudeness of a creature to the mother of God. Not far from Bethlehem is the well or cistern of David (Bir Daoud), mentioned in Paralipomenon.*

Our dinner and our hosts were Spanish. The Superior looks as if he had been carved out of some old oak tree. The monks served us, and we passed a cheerful evening with them. The wind, sighing through the olive-trees, made a murmuring like the sea throughout the night.

Next day, having heard Mass and received Holy Communion in the Sacred Stable, and having exhausted the objects of interest in and about Bethlehem, we continued our travels. We rode over what we Damascenes thought a very pleasant road, albeit considered very bad in this part of the world, till we came to Solomon's Pools, or basins, which are thought to have been made to water the "shut garden," mentioned in the Canticle of Canticles.† They receive only rain water, and are situated in the Wady Artas, on the border of what begins a wild and desolate country, which has from time to time justly a very bad reputation. They are three, and the largest is 182 yards long, 79 broad, and 16 deep. The road lay over hills alternately stony, and here and there carpeted with the prettiest wild flowers. Close by the

* I. Paralipomenon or I. Chronicles xi. 15-19.

† Song of Solomon iv. 12:—"A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse: a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Ecclesiastes ii. 6:—"I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."

reservoirs is a castle or fortress, called Kala'at el Borák. There is a little building over the Sealed Fountain.

From here you see a hillock crowned with ruins, which is supposed to be the ancient Etham, famous for its cave in which Samson hid from the Philistines, and at the foot of which was the shut garden.*

We then came to Bayt Surr, and afterwards to Ramet el Khalíl, ruins of an ancient city, with a foundation of big stones. Thence we turned off out of our way to the right over a very stony country. Our object was to visit Abraham's Oak, or rather terebinth, of Mamre. The relic stood alone, surrounded by a railing, near a well in a field. It is a large holm oak, and cannot be the original though it may be the site; and thereupon we tried to realize Abraham's tents and flocks.†

We then rode on to Hebron (El Khalíl), and went straight to the quarantine ground, a large building used to receive strangers and Mecca pilgrims, in order to prevent them from communicating diseases to the town. But there was no quarantine, and we found ourselves quartered on the house of a Jew, who carried his hospitality so far as to vacate his house altogether for our use, we providing for ourselves and our people. This was a most comfortable arrangement. The house had been freshly whitewashed and done up, and was beautifully clean. Here we remained for three nights and two days, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly, except for the "Norfolk Howards," who were so large and so numerous that if there had been any *esprit de corps* amongst them they might have turned us Giaours, our servants, horses, and baggage, into the street over and over again.

Hebron is an ancient town lying in a depression, surrounded by ten hills, of which it straggles up three. The two to the west are well wooded with olives, and the rest are either barren or own a little sparse vegetation. The houses are stone, each has a square roof with a dome, and the whole is clumped together like Baghdad dates. They look old, untidy, and ruinous, save a better one here and there. One cannot go out upon the roof without all the other roofs being crowded, and cries of "Bakshísh" arise like the cackle of a fowl-yard at feeding time. The

* Read Judges xv. 7-20. † Genesis xiii. 18.

quarantine is a square white building, and stands alone to the south-west, in what would in England be called a small common, and cattle feed upon the green slope. The only thing worth visiting, and it is a host in itself, is the Haram el Khalíl, which all venerate, and which none are allowed to behold except from outside. From a height you see embattled walls and a square chapel which looks like a white cottage. Inside this is a cave difficult to descend, they say, where lie the remains of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Rebecca, and Leah; we commenced by entering an arch and ascending a flight of thirty steps. There was a high wall on our right, the base of which is composed of huge stones, here and there a pilaster. Then we sighted a corridor, where we put on slippers — here the Shaykhs and Moslems kissed the ground. It has a groined roof, and inscriptions all around the pilasters. At the end is an arch, with an iron door. The Mosque is square; it has also pilasters, and domed and groined ceiling, with honey-comb ornamentations. The Mosque contains two mihrabs (prayer niches), one in the wall and another facing it, with its back to the interior. When we left the Mosque we saw two flights of steps entering long, groined, arched passages, which were entrances to the street. There were water tanks, and the Shaykh's house at the back of a fountain in the street, and a tank or trough for horses to drink from, over which are a spout and an inscription. This was the old Serai. We turned a corner and descended twenty-eight steps between two walls. The Jews are only allowed to advance to the eighth step from the bottom, and there are two or three holes which, however, do not perforate the wall enough to touch the interior, and into this the poor people poke their hands to touch it for a blessing, and weep and pray.

We then went out of the Great Gates and entered a rough courtyard, hung with vines, where the poor are lodged. There is a ruined fort under repair full of passages, and small rooms, and débris; up a flight of stairs they showed us a door with a hole, through which we saw a passage and a painted door behind, which they call Joseph's Tomb. There is a round well on the stairs, and higher up than that, you can look down into this building—a bare wall, a curious window with round holes, and a

cupola above, where the tombs should be. There was a curiously painted door and passage with small ruined places outside and below.

The *loculi* are situated three due north, one bends to the right, and some are laid out like the letter *S*, east and west. The Haram is on a slope, and the wall is built up to hide the Birket es Sultan, the tank where David fought. It has sixteen columns or pilasters of basalt on each side, and twenty-five battlements. The west side is round, the east oblong. The minaret is to the east, and the west corner contains the cottage like the chapel of ease, which has three windows of bull's-eye glass. You can see it from a height, and on its top glitters a crescent and a star. There is a suburb Hérat esh Shaykh. The minaret is Shaykh Ali Bakáa. We were surrounded by Guards, Shaykhs, and Slaves —amongst the latter we distributed a few napoleons. The two Shaykhs of the Haram were Ibrahim Effendi el Hammuri, and Abdo Salámi, son of the principal Shaykh.

It was very irritating that Captain Burton, who had made the Meccan pilgrimage, and who is considered as having a right to enter where Moslems enter, could not be admitted by the Hebronites to the cave below the Mosque, the only part hitherto unvisited by travellers. The answer was—"If we went, you should go too; but even we dare not go now. The doors have been closed, one for 70 years, and the other for 150 years. It would be a matter of life and death to risk it." Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and I, who had no right except by courtesy, offered them £50; but they were, if not unmoved, stanch to their orders. As it was, I was the only woman who had gone so far, and that was conceded on account of my being the wife of Hadji Abdullah.

The town, with its pavement, looked as if it had dated from the year One. The people were very respectful, albeit fanatical. The Shaykh gloatingly told us that there were no Christians in the place—he evidently did not think he was speaking to Christians. Lazy fellows sit in a dirty market-place, smoking unclean narghílehs in the mud. There is a manufactory of glass, as delicate though less pretty than old Venetian; also soap, and water-skins. There are 600 Jews here, chiefly Pharisees. They are very

quiet and respectful, not so pampered as our Damascus Jews. To-day being their Sabbath they hardly speak. The Shaykhs are not in the least fanatical to us. They spend all their time with us, and go as far as they dare without infringing their orders.

I will here quote the letter which I wrote to the *Times* from Hebron:—

Perhaps, even in these exciting days, a short account of my visit to venerable Hebron, the site of the Cave of Machpelah, and the burial place of the Father of the Faithful, may interest some of your readers. I can, at any rate, set right much of what has been wrongly written, and I can lay before the public an act of gross injustice which has hitherto remained unnoticed.

The popular plans of the Hebron Temple are those taken from Mr. James Fergusson (Appendix 3, *The Holy Sepulchre*, London, Murray, 1865), and Dr. Ermete Pierotti's *Macpéla; ou, le Tombeau des Patriarches*, Lausanne, 1869. The former is deficient, especially in the Orientation of the building, but what it gives is exact. The latter neglects to note the form of the ceiling and the order of the column capitals; moreover, in the matter of the cavern entrances he has notably allowed fancy to supply facts.

The interest of Hebron centres in its cave. The Sanctuary, which covers the last resting-place of "St. Abraham," is built upon the south-western slope of the hard range of red and white limestone (secondary) which forms the left bank of the valley. The dip of the strata on the left bank, which is free from building, varies from 2 deg. to 4 deg., and even 5 deg. north-north-west to south-south-east. The whole cave is supposed to be enclosed within the temple shell, and, remembering that Machpelah means "double cave," it is interesting to remark that modern Moslems divide it into Magharat el Fauka, the upper, and Magharat el Tahta, the lower cave. The former is supposed to be the part actually occupied by the tombs of the three Patriarchs and their wives, the highest point lying between Abraham and Isaac. The latter would be the outlying portions extending to the inner edges of the *enceinte*.

Those who visit the Sanctuary see only one circular opening between the floor and the cave, and Lord Bute estimated the diameter to be 7in. A lamp is kept burning in it, while letters addressed to the Patriarchs, and at times money, are thrown in as *ex votos*. All the Shaykhs attached to the mosque unanimously declare that there were two entrances, one near the south-west angle of the wall (not shown by Dr. Pierotti) and the other between the tombs of Abraham and Sarah; but that, in consequence

of accidents to imprudent visitors, the former was closed sixty or seventy years ago, and the latter for the last hundred and fifty years, with slabs fastened with lead. Such is, as I have said, the unanimous account. A child or a pole with a wax ball could easily remove the papers and the coin; a secret opening, however, might be easily kept from strangers. The entrance said to have been effected by Dr. Pierotti (page 96) is pronounced to be a barefaced invention, and we know that his exploration of the Bir el Arwah (Well of Souls), in the so-called Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, is equally apocryphal. I should not have deemed the subject worthy of attention had not the fiction run into the fact, and the fact had been quoted by sundry authors. For instance, we read that "the Well of Souls has a long passage running north and south, connecting it with the cisterns of the Haram" (page 374, No. 7, *Palestine Exploration Fund*), when we know nothing of the kind.

Accompanied by Mr. Charles F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, representative of the Palestine Exploration Fund in Syria, and my husband, we were permitted on Saturday, the 15th of April, under the guidance of 'Brahim el Hammúri, a Mujawir, or mosque servant, to ascend the Daraj Sayyidna Yusuf (steps of our Lord Joseph), an old and well-built flight of 31, leading to the platform which covers the cave. Here we observed that the building is not oriented as usual. The long east and west walls flanking the Meccan or southern front run 328 deg. and 148 deg. The short lines are disposed at angles of 234 deg. and 54 deg. Consequently the so-called southern part is 32 deg. too much to the north.

Removing our shoes where mats covered the long narrow eastern passage subtending the Sanctuary, we were allowed to enter the Mosque el Jauli, so called from its builder, and a mere outwork of the Haram. Though we carefully stamped upon the ground, we found no hollow corresponding with Dr. Pierotti's "*entrée primitive de la caverne*," and we certainly should expect a cave to open down and not up hill. Nearly opposite stood the low-pointed arch with iron door and peep holes that bars the Sanctuary. Before entering the attendant must rattle his keys and shake the lock, lest, peradventure, he might behold Sittna Sara (our Lady Sarah) combing her hair, and be struck blind or dead by the wrath of Abraham. This, we are told, has happened. The Patriarch most feared, however, is Sayyidna Ishak (Isaac), of whose tetchy and rancorous character we have heard for the first time authentic details.

Resuming the passage towards the so-called south, we descended ten steps, passing through a door in a rudely battlemented wall, which divides the corridor into two parts; it is flanked by two grilled windows, and is guarded by a night porter; on the left is the kitchen of our Lord the Friend (of Allah—namely, Abraham), where two big cauldrons distribute

soup to the poor every afternoon. We were shown near the south-east angle of the Haram its largest stone, measuring 24ft. 10in. in length. We then descended the flight of 28 steps called Daraj el Haram, the Scala Santa *par excellence*, leading to the south-western door, and thence by nine modern steps we issued into the filthy street and the crowded bazar. No Jew is allowed to ascend farther than the eighth step, but opposite to the fifth there is a rent, apparently artificial, in the Haram wall, into which for a consideration he may insert his hands. Another of these places occurs outside, and to the north of the south-western gate. Our conductor informed us with a grim smile that while the hapless Hebrews believe that through it the fingers can touch part of the sacred cave, it is merely a conduit for the water with which the Sanctuary floor is washed.

I felt so sorry—it is hard to guess by what right, except by that of a might now grown feeble—men whose compound ignorance buries the body of Joseph at Hebron are allowed to monopolize the graves of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—names equally dear to the Jewish, the Christian, and the Mahommedan world.

But a few years ago a firman from the Porte threw open the mosques of the Moslems to all worshippers who took an interest in them, and yet how soon has fanaticism compelled the order to become a dead letter? If we telegraph to Constantinople for permission to enter the Hebron Sanctuary, the Porte replies that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Prince of Prussia cannot be considered as precedents. True; but they forget Mr. Fergusson, Lord Bute, M. Rénan and M. de Vogüé, and others. Whenever, as at Hebron and at Safed, where a catacomb and *loculi*, probably belonging to a crusading church, have been ridiculously christened the "Cave of Jacob's Daughters," local holy places are closed to certain sections of the community, bigotry and bad blood necessarily result. On the other hand, the opening of general sanctuaries, like the tomb of Moses and the grave of Joshua near the waters of Merom, tends to allay the heart-burnings of well-meaning worshippers, and remarkably to abate religious rancour and prejudice.

Surely a combined representation of the European Powers would have the effect of at once doing away with this great wrong? And if we neglect our duty Russia will not. Already a Muscovite Hospice is beginning to rise around the old holm oak supposed to represent the Terebinth of Abraham, and in a few years we may hope to see Jew, Christian, and Moslem offering up their prayers at the sepulchres which all equally revere, and which are the common property of the whole civilized world.

Written at Hebron, 15th April, 1871.

On Low Sunday we again left Hebron. It was a long dreary

ride to Jerusalem, owing to clouds and darkness and driving wind and rain, through barren hills and rocks and stony ground. We passed nothing on the road but a few goats and wild flowers, both looking miserable. I was indisposed to stop anywhere, even to breakfast, so we rode hard when we could, and we did not rest at Solomon's Pools, nor pass again by Abraham's Oak. Only one instant in the stable at Bethlehem, and a salute to the tomb of Rachel, and we made straight for Jerusalem.

We remained several days in Jerusalem, during which I enjoyed more quietly the holy sites. Of new things we went to the Bible Home with our kind friend and Consul, Mr. N. T. Moore, to see models of the Sepulchre, and the Tabernacle of the Ark of the Covenant. After breakfast I visited our Patriarch, and had all my questions settled for my Convent at home.

We had some amateur photography at the Spanish Consulate, but it was not a success, except in making one uglier than Nature did. It was not even what photographs generally are, "justice without mercy." We called upon Mme. Ganneau, a charming French lady of the old school, devoted to her son. We called on Shaykh Ashini, the Russian Dragoman, and his wife—a pleasant visit with much hospitality, and they showed us all over the buildings, which are a small town. They have two Russian priests, a very large church, with a splendid screen of gold and choice modern paintings. A gem of a little chapel for the palace, and from the top a glorious view facing Moab.

On the 20th we again visited the Haram. The Latin Patriarch called upon us at our hotel. This was considered a great honour, very seldom accorded to any. We all went to the street door to receive him, where the Catholics knelt and kissed his hand. In the afternoon we again followed the stations of the cross, and walked about with Frère Liévin, and we once more visited Bethany and our Lady's Tomb.

In the evening we were invited by the Anglican Bishop Gobat to a soirée, which we enjoyed very much. We met several friends—Miss Wilson, the lady superintendent of the Zahleh schools, Miss Amy Fullerton, and last, but far from least, the late Bishop of Gibraltar, Dr. Harris. We had an opportunity of becoming more acquainted with Bishop Gobat's family. We had

a little music, tea, and prayers, and separated about eleven, very much pleased and edified.

Mr. Holman Hunt paid us the compliment of showing us, in confidence, his "Shadow of Death," and of asking our opinion upon it. We kept his secret faithfully. It is a beautiful idea, symbolizing the home life at Nazareth, where doubtless "the sword," spoken of by Simeon, "pierced Mary's soul." Where, when she kissed His forehead, she must have seen the crown of thorns; when she saw His hands and feet, she also saw the nails. When she felt His heart beat she thought of the lance. She constantly saw Him on the cross, a prey to fearful agony, insulted and derided by the people with His last breath. Yes, it is a beautiful "home" idea, and the scenery, landscape, and all the minor details, are perfectly true to nature. When the great artist gives us a "Last Supper," life size, it will efface all others; but I hope he will paint it at Jerusalem itself, and in the Cœnaculum.

We then went to say good-bye to the Greek Patriarch, who gave my husband a gold cross, and to-day (21st) and the next two days were spent in farewells, and in last visits to all the Holy Places.

The 23rd, St. George, I went to hear my last Mass in the Sepulchre, and receive Holy Communion on Calvary.

On the 24th of April we left Jerusalem; Mr. Moore, Mr. Lacau, and many other friends accompanied us out. We all parted at Bir Ayyúb (Joab's well). Our friends rode back, Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake went another way, and I remained alone with our servants, horses, and baggage, under escort of Mohammed Agha. I sent them on, and turned my horse's head round, to take a long, long last look at the sacred walls of Jerusalem, with a hearty thanksgiving for having been permitted to visit it, and a fervent hope that I might one day return again. According to our custom I recited the psalm, "Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus," ("Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept;") I added of my own accord from Joel—

Joel ii. 21-32:—"Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things. Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field: for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig

tree and the vine do yield their strength. Be glad then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for he hath given you the former rain moderately, and he will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain in the first month. And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil. And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you. And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you: and my people shall never be ashamed. And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else: and my people shall never be ashamed. And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit. And I will shew wonders in the heavens, and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered: for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

After which I galloped after my belongings.

My road lay through orchards and grass, and there were many *loculi* on the hill sides. I climbed up to some of them to describe them to Captain Burton. They consisted of an outer chamber, or vestibule, and two inner; some contained nine *loculi* in tiers of three. One had two large places for sarcophagi, or two sides, and a third side had two big and one little one for a baby. I passed the graveyard of a Bedawi tribe, El Abbadiyah.

Leaving this honey-comb of tombs I followed a winding footpath amongst bleak mountains and narrow places through Wady en Náhr (Valley of Fire), when the scenery again became pretty and pleasant. I passed one fountain like Ramet el Khalíl, near which it appeared as if *loculi* had been begun and not finished The Wady el Dayr then burst upon my sight, and quite took away my breath, for it was by far the most curious rock formation I had ever beheld.

It is a wide and deep defile two or three miles long, and

winding like a serpent, and broadening at the curves into amphitheatres. The sides resemble castellated piles and Gothic cathedrals, so fantastic are the shapes assumed by the natural rock; under St. Saba it became a monkery for all penitents who wished to live a hermit's life. It bears evidence of having been inhabited by austere men, for it is as full of caves as a honeycomb with cells, and these were used by the earliest anchorites.

The country is truly the abomination of desolation. Not a sound, not a drop of water, not a leaf, nor a plant, nor a living thing, nothing but that gigantic, naked, awful rockery for miles and miles, with the everlasting sun raining fire upon it. This Greek orthodox monkery is a sort of convict station, or reformatory, for those who behave badly, and are sent here under a kind of arrest; so I was told, at least. The monastery clambers up from the bottom of the ravine to the top, and it is flanked by a wall, which runs up its side in ridges, or steps. It is topped by the ugliest square tower I ever saw; it ought to be in St. Helen's, Lancashire. This convent is extensive patchwork, rock eked out with brick. The church has big buttresses, a dome, and a belfry. There is a watch-tower on another eminence, where they put women, who are under no pretence admitted into the monastery. They say that whatever woman enters there dies. I had a great mind to enter like a boy, but the Patriarch had been so kind to me, and had been so courteous in desiring me to remain on the day I entered by mistake into the Holy of Holies, that I could not make up my mind to the treachery of playing such a trick. As it was I pulled the ends of my habit out of my big boots, and presented myself at the door in my own character, asking leave to enter, but was strictly refused. The good monk said, "We do not like women here, my daughter. We are afraid of them."

"You don't look so, Father," I answered him.

"Well," he said, laughing, "it is our rule, and any woman who passes this door dies."

"Will you let me risk it, Father?" I asked.

"No! my daughter. No! Go in peace," and he shut the door in a hurry for fear I should try.

It appears that Madame Ida Pfeiffer was once here and also wished to go in, and was very irate when she was put

in the watch-tower. However, we had our tents, and wanted for nothing. I strolled off, and perched on an airy crag, from which I could look down upon the monastery, and I thought the monks at any rate liked to watch the forbidden article, for I counted sixty, who all came out to stare. When my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake arrived they were admitted willingly enough, and shown everything. A deep-tongued bell tolled out at sunset and echoed strangely through that awful ravine. The sun was still tinting the stone-coloured hills and the dark blue range of Moab, when a gong sounded through the rocks, and at its echo, to my surprise and delight, I saw flocks of jackals clamber up to the monastery to be fed; they were followed by a flight of black and yellow blackbirds. The monks tame all the wild animals. They do what I also do in solitude, make the lower animals companions and study them.

When we strolled about and examined the locality we found quantities of black worms with many legs; also white snail shells, and a few new wild plants. In the morning, from dawn to sunrise, the colouring was magical, in the ravine especially, and I left with the impression that Mar Saba is the most picturesque and desolate spot in Syria. There is something before dawn in the East that invigorates and inspires you, when the large morning star is hanging over the distant mountains. It is so sweet and still. It has the beauty of a patriarchal repose, and as you contemplate it, you almost pity enlightened Europe, who thinks herself happy, in her fever called "progress."

The watch-tower which I must have occupied if we had not had our tents, is a square ugly chimney on a separate eminence, a regular feminine quarantine. It was built by the Empress Eudoxia, where she lived, and led a holy, penitential life. The door is so high that you must ascend and descend by a ladder. I suppose dresses were not so long and voluminous in those times. St. Euthymus was the first anchorite who took up his lodgings in this ravine in A.D. 405. St. Saba, his fervent disciple, succeeded him, and built this monastery. In his time 4000 religious lived in it; and 10,000 penitents under St. Saba occupied the holes in the rocks below. They show a palm-tree planted by St. Saba, which yields dates without stones; also the tomb and

oratory of St. John Damascenus; and likewise a cave and little chapel once inhabited by St. Saba, called the Grotto of the Lion, and which has a legend as follows:—Once the saint having gone out, a lion entered and took up his quarters there. The saint returned and, confiding in God, entered as usual, and began his divine office, but went to sleep over it. The lion took him by the sleeve and dragged him out. This happened twice. Then the saint, turning to the lion, said severely, "Is there not room for both of us?" and pointed to a corner. The lion lay down there, and ever after took up his quarters with the saint. I have no doubt that St. Saba did tame some wild beast, and hence the origin of the legend.

We had read in various handbooks that the journey from Mar Saba to the Dead Sea was very difficult, and we disbelieved and laughed at it. I shall show how severely we were punished. Early next morning we walked over the rocky descent by the wady, full of slippery slabs, and then rode a mile or two. We were again in Bedawi land, a desert of the most sterile description, the earth reeking with heat—salt, sulphurous, carbonized, and stony. We found more black and grey mountains, more descent, and then a gallop over the plains. Here I believe it was that Lady A——— was attacked and robbed in 1870. Our way lay over more grey, barren hills, up and down. The Desert of Judah seemed interminable and so hot, and this went on nearly all day. At last our descent became so rugged and so bad, that our baggage mules stuck fast in it, and we were four hours extricating four poor beasts who were regularly jammed each between two rocks, and could move neither backwards nor forwards. We had to cut away straps and cords, and sacrifice our boxes to release them. It was hard toil after all we had gone through, and we were justly punished, and cried, "Mea maxima culpa," for scoffing at handbooks. We had a way of thinking that we could do what nobody else could, and in spite of the entreaties of our muleteers, who knew the road, we forced them on. They had cried "wolf" so often, that we never believed a word they said. However, happily no beast was injured. We could see the bright blue Dead Sea long before we reached it, and we had to crawl and scramble down on foot under a broiling

sun as best we could, letting our horses pick their own way. The business was too difficult to admit of their running off or fighting, and an Arab horse that is treated like a friend will always follow you in desert places by instinct.

Looking back we could see El Lisán, the tongue, marked in the maps on the Moab side of the Dead Sea; and on the heights above that, and a few miles inland, is the spot where the famous Moabite stone was found.

The Dead Sea, called also the Salt Sea,* the Sea of the Plain: by Arabs, Bahret Lút, (Lot's Sea); by the ancients, Asphaltites, is situated thirty miles to the east of Jerusalem, between the mountains of Judah and Moab; it is sixty miles long, twelve broad, in places very deep (it is said 188 fathoms), and reminds one of a desolate deserted Lake of Geneva. There is a merj, or swamp, below the height which we are descending, and a border of jungle, and patches containing brackish water and flinty sands. The ruins of Gilgal and Jericho, and the supposed sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, are at our feet. We encamped at Ain Feshkah, as Captain Burton wished to examine the soil; and he was of opinion that even without a miracle, they might have been set on fire, as the land is thickly covered with lumps of pure sulphur, and he thought some unusual atmospheric influence might have produced spontaneous combustion. I, however, cling to a blind belief in my Bible, and think that this was once a fertile plain like the Garden of Eden, until the crimes of men and God's anger made it what it is. The sea-water analyzed contains principally lime, magnesium, sodium, and potash. I may without pedantry inform my readers that the bitumen so often spoken of is a vegetable product washed out of the limestone rock by rains and by the waves. We must now call to mind that we are near the third and lowest basin of the Jordan, which we first made acquaintance with at Hasbeyyah (p. 361), which rises, not as set down in maps and books, but at a spot north of Hasbeyyah, close to Hanna Misk's bitumen mines, a small water overshadowed by rocks and oleanders, in a secluded spot; that it runs down the whole centre of the country like a back-bone, forming three

* Read Genesis xiii. 10-12. Genesis xiv. 3:—"All these came together into the woodland vale, which now is the salt sea."

large basins in its course. The first and smallest of these basins is Lake Húleh, its second and larger is Lake Tiberias, which is 716 feet higher than this; the waters are very rapid, and carry away the best swimmers, as I have seen: and the third and largest is this, the Dead Sea, its final reservoir, which receives daily, I am told, seven million tons of water, and has no outlet, but whose evaporation forms the Desert of Salt called the Ghor, about its southern shores.

Whilst waiting for the mules and baggage, we scooped out with our knives the only bush, and hid from the sun, tying the horses to bits of rock. Then we plunged into the sea, and had a glorious swim. You cannot sink, but you make very little way in the water, and tire yourself if you try to swim fast. You can put yourself in any position in the sea, but still, I would recommend people who do not know how to swim, not to go in, as the legs have a propensity to come up as if they were made of cork, and the head to go under: a non-swimmer might easily drown, some parts of his body floating on the surface all the while. To swim you must lie on your back, or tread the water standing upright. If a drop happens to get into your eye, nose, or mouth, it is agonizing: so salt, hard, and bitter. In spite of its being believed that nothing can live in that sea, we saw five little live fish swimming away merrily, and water-birds could swim and dive. After bathing we dined on the borders. The colours of the sea were beautiful, blue shot with all shades, like the opal; and the mountains of Moab were splendid in the last light.

April 26th.—I felt very ill from the effects of the bath. Firstly, we were too warm after our day's ride to plunge at once into cold water, besides which, being the only woman, the others kept out of sight till I was well out to sea. And when the bath was ended I had to stay in the water till my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake dressed and went away, discreetly keeping my head towards Moab, so that I was more than an hour in the water. We had a hard ride to Neby Musa, the so-called tomb of Moses, over that frightfully desolate country, but I was too ill to heed anything. I had a touch of that terrible Jericho fever which has since killed our poor friend.

The "Tomb of Moses" is in the centre of the building, a

little room full of stripes of red, black, and white paint, and inscriptions. The grave itself is covered with a green, tattered, ragged pall, also inscribed. A triple dome forms its roof. It has a dead wall around it, with three buttresses and one arch, which is the commencement of others. A groined pavilion runs around it with pointed arches, five on one side, and the one already mentioned at the corner. There is a large recess as if for an entrance, but a mihrab occupies the place of a door. It has also a little minaret; this is surrounded by a courtyard, which has ten pointed arches on its longest side, then three, and two, and four. These run round in the form of cloisters, some are bricked up, and over many of them are little rooms, mostly ruined and fallen in. I should have thought it was an old convent, but am told it was a khan. An outer lower wall runs all around, forming an enclosure like a stable-yard; and it has a massive iron door and chain to guard the entrance.

The Moslems told us a very pretty legend about the death of Moses. When he had arrived at the age of 120, Allah, whose favourite he was, promised to leave him upon earth until he chose to die. As Moses knew his people would fall away from God's worship as soon as he was gone, he carefully avoided entering any tomb. However, one day whilst walking in the mountains, he saw a hill as white as snow, and four men working hard at scooping a room. These were four angels in disguise to deceive the prophet. "What are you doing here?" he asked of them. "We are ordered by our King," was the reply, "to prepare a room wherein to shut his most precious treasure, and this is why we have retired to the desert. Our task is nearly finished, and we are to wait until the precious freight arrives—it cannot be long." The sun was very hot, and there was no shade anywhere but only the cavern, which was invitingly cool. Moses was tired and sat down to rest on the stone bench at its further end. One of the workmen approached, and offered him most respectfully a beautiful apple, which the prophet accepted to quench his thirst—it is always an apple!—but as soon as he had eaten, the eternal sleep stole over him. The angels carried his soul to God, and his body remained in the cave. Since then the rock, like all the others in this part, has conserved its external whiteness, but when pierced

its inside is as black as possible. As we all know, Moses died on Mount Nebo, and was buried secretly, that the Israelites might not pay him divine honour; the same Mount Nebo where Jeremias hid in a cavern the Tabernacle, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Altar of Incense.*

The country is full of sand-coloured hills, and wadys, or vales. The way seemed interminable, but at last we sighted pleasant grass near the Jordan (Es Sheri'ah). We encamped on the banks at Bethabara, a little above the first ford. The river is winding, broad, and deep, with a strong current, and overhung by trees. I felt so ill and feverish I could hardly look at anything. We breakfasted and took our *siesta* on its banks, and were nearly maddened by ants, mosquitoes, and other similar trifles. We saw some little birds, something like humming-birds, only somewhat larger and not so pretty. All the others bathed, but I only dipped my head in, and filled three bottles to bring home, for baptisms. Having travelled so far to enjoy the blessing of plunging into the water where our Saviour was baptized by John, and being unable to satisfy this longing, my readers will not laugh at me when I say that I cried with vexation and disappointment.

On the spot where we now stand, the river Jordan was miraculously dried up for the passage of the children of Israel. Here Elijah was taken up to heaven in a fiery chariot, and the waters were parted by his mantle which fell upon Elisha. Here David, pursued by Absalom, crossed the Jordan accompanied by his faithful servants. Here Naaman of Damascus (the leper), came to bathe and was cured. Here Elisha ordered the iron part of an axe, that a child had let fall in cutting a tree, to come to the surface. There is a legend that here Adam and Eve were sent to do penance separately, after their fault, to wash for forty days to efface their sin, and to return to Paradise. Adam went through his penance rightly, but poor Eve, deceived a second time by the Fiend in the figure of an angel, disobeyed and came out too soon. There is also a legend that it was here that St. Christopher, who for charity used to carry persons across, to and fro, was honoured by carrying our Saviour on his shoulders, of which

* Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1-8; II. Maccabees ii. 4-7.

tradition we see so many pictures, especially in Spain and Germany. It was here that the Baptist preached and baptized our Lord Jesus; and Jesus crossed the Jordan to reach the place where John baptized.*

In the early Christian times, many pious people came to him on its banks, which in this same part were covered with flags of marble, and a huge cross was planted in the middle of the stream where Jesus was baptized. On the opposite side, facing us, St. Mary the Egyptian, whom we remember was converted in the Chapel of the Porch of Calvary, after having led an austere life for thirty-three years, died in 430, and her body was buried here by St. Zozimus.

In the cool of the following afternoon we rode to modern Ríhá (Jericho), or at least the site now so called, for *savants* say that the ancient Jericho was further down in the plain. The ancient City was destroyed during the siege of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, and it was rebuilt by Adrian and became a Christian town. It enjoyed splendour for many centuries. It was one of the first to fall into the hands of the Moslems, and soon became what it is now, a group of huts holding about 300 wild people, who are always either pillaged by Turks or attacked by Bedawin. This is the reason they do not cultivate their fertile and well-watered land, famous in the old time for precious balsams. The rose of Jericho, a little brown ugly flower that opens in water, is found all about these parts, but can hardly have been what is mentioned in Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18, "I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades, and as a rose-plant in Jericho;" and the Zakkum, which is a kind of thorn from which they extract a white oil, and which may be the much-vaunted balsam, is plentiful: it is still famous for curing wounds.

Jericho, as we now see it, consists of a few huts and tents, and a small part surrounded by pleasant orchards, so-called gardens. We encamped on a dry elevation under the mountains, where lived the prophet Elisha, who purified the fountain called by

* Read Joshua iii. 15-17; iv. 1-7; iv. 17-25; IV. Kings or II. Kings ii. 6-14; II. Kings or II. Samuel ii. 17-22; IV. Kings or II. Kings v. 10-14; IV. Kings or II. Kings vi. 4-7; Matthew iii. 13-17.

his name (now Ain el Sultan). From this spot wrote poor Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, when ill of the Jericho fever which carried him off in 1874:—

"We are now camped in just the same place upon which we camped three years ago, when we left the Dead Sea. You will remember it on the edge of the Jordan valley, near a fine spring, Ain el Sultan. I enclose you a sketch of it as it is at present."

(The sketch makes everything invisible from a pelting rain.)

We remember that Jericho, a City of the Tribe of Benjamin, was the first town Joshua took from the Canaanites, the place where he blew his trumpet and the walls fell down, and that except Rahab, the site of whose house is just above this water, all were killed. She was spared for her charity in having protected the spies of Joshua.*

Herod adorned this city with a hippodrome, amphitheatre, and castle. Here he drowned his son, who was the last of the Maccabees. Here he gathered all the great people of his own kingdom into the amphitheatre, so that at his own death there might be a general mourning, and dying, killed his son Antipater, and was buried at Herodium. Jesus Christ passed one night at Jericho. The site of the house of Zaccheus is shown near the modern fort, and the sycamore which he mounted to see Jesus pass by was enclosed by an oratory, and existed till the sixth century.

In the evening we had a splendid view towards the north end of the Buhaírat Lút (Dead Sea), the Valley of the Jordan looking so green on this side of the river, and on the other side so barren in the distance. A delicious evening it was in camp, although we are still in the Ghor—there was perfect stillness, the stars were bright, and the moonlight streamed on the Moab mountains and the hills of Judæa. The only drawback was the mosquitoes, which prevented sleep. It was hard to imagine that this poor patch of huts was ever a City of Palaces and Towers, Gates and Theatres, Circuses and Colleges; that it was ever embellished with Grecian art—a Royal City, smothered in balsams and

* Read Joshua xviii. 21, vi. 16. 17, 20, 23-27; IV. Kings or II. Kings i. 17-25; III. Kings or I. Kings xvi. 34; Luke xix. 1-10.

scented shrubs, oranges, dates, and pomegranates, and illuminated at night like a Catherine wheel, where proud, cruel Herod the Great and luxurious Cleopatra revelled.

April 27th.—We rose out of the depression of the Jordan into a naked land near the Convent of St. John, in ruins. A short half-hour away from the foot of Jebel Kuruntal is the spot where Jesus fasted forty days and nights, and was tempted by Satan.* It is riddled with rock-cut cells and natural caves, where anchorites passed their lives. There is one in particular which tradition declares to be that of our Saviour, and it became a chapel. There is a story that an Arab Shaykh cut away the only accessible path to the grotto to prevent the pilgrims from ascending, and the holy men from descending. The one leading to our Saviour's cave is of polished slippery rock, only to be attempted barefoot. It has a fine view of Jericho, and the Dead Sea, and Moab: I have noticed that all the places most loved by our Saviour looked on bold, wild, and extensive scenery. There is a story that in this mountain was a cavern for seven virgins, doubtless in imitation of the seven virgins who served Mary in the temple. They lived each in a separate cell. They were taken as children, and when one died her cell became her tomb, and a new cell was scooped for the new-comer. This mountain belonged to the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, who had a chapel. At its foot are the remains of a little fortress built by Ptolemy, where he invited his father-in-law, Simeon Maccabæus, and his two sons, Mathathias and Judas, to a feast, and killed them in order to succeed them.†

We pass in a little while the spot where our Lord cured the blind man (Kharbet el Kakum), which appears now a ruined reservoir. Part of our journey to-day was over terrible break-neck mountains, the country deserted and wild. In these solitudes it is said that Joachim came to pray that our Lord might grant him a son. Here also is located the site of the parable of the good Samaritan.‡ During this march we passed the Fountain of the Apostles, and drew water for our horses, whose throats were filled with leeches by it. The Apostles must have passed this

* Luke iv. 1-4. † Read I. Maccabees xvi. 11-17.

‡ Read Mark x. 46-52; Luke x. 30-37.

way many times, for it is the only water on the road, and is thought to be the Fountain of the Sun, on the borders of Benjamin and Judea.*

It was a pleasant morning; we crossed first the torrent of Nahr el Kelt, the ancient Cherith, in III. Kings or I. Kings xvii.† We could still see Jericho in her gardens, and the Tell or Eminence of the ruins of Gilgal, the first encampment of the Israelites,‡ where Joshua made an Altar of the "twelve stones," where the Ark of the Covenant rested for six years, and where Saul was anointed King over Israel. From the heights of Jebel Kuruntal we had a magnificent view of the Jordan plain, the wilderness of Judea, the mountains of Moab on the far side of the Dead Sea, and of the highlands of Judea upon which we are standing. We are facing northwards. Immediately below us is a plain some twenty miles broad, not level and smooth, but of curious formation, little mounds of all shapes and sizes, so regularly placed that you would say that man had made them. They seem to form domes and villages, and they owe their existence to rains unevenly washing away the composite soil. The Dead Sea lies to our right hand, and the Jordan fringed with verdure winds like a green serpent through the arid, burning plain.

We can also see Ain Hajla, Castle Yabrud, and Ain, a village on a high hill. Yonder are the supposed sites of Sodom and Gomorrah, whereabouts we had encamped; there are the beginning of the mountains of Ajlún, and still again white hills of every shape, square and domed. It was a difficult and tiresome road, all heat and glare like a furnace, especially to a sick woman. The ground upon which we trod, the wavy atmosphere in the ardent sun's rays, the pale yellow landscape, scorching like fire, tortured every sense. The air burnt us, the ground burnt us, the sun and glare compelled us to look on the ground, which in its turn forced us to look straight ahead. You must not shut your eyes, for you must see where your horse is going. Your

* Joshua xviii. 17:—"And was drawn from the north, and went forth to En-shemesh."

† III. Kings or I. Kings xvii. 3–7.

‡ Joshua iv. 13:—"About forty thousand prepared for war passed over before the Lord unto battle, to the plains of Jericho."

head throbs, your pulse beats with fever, your mouth, throat, and tongue are parched, your chest aches with thirst, your eyeballs seem to glow in their sockets.

In this state we passed the white peak of Rummon, and read Judges, 20th and 21st chapters, and then Dayr Durwán, a good village, situated in a stony depression, containing fig and olive groves. Next was the dark cone of Thaibeh, ancient Ephrem, "near to the wilderness," where our Lord withdrew with His disciples after He raised Lazarus; and we then came to cultivation and fields, wild flowers and trees. We were now nearing Bethel, the ancient Loza of the tribe of Benjamin. Some three-quarters of an hour before entering that village we passed through one of the most ancient sites in Palestine—Hai. The camping ground of Abraham before entering Canaan seems to have begun at Hai and ended at Bethel, including both towns, a distance measured by an hour's leisure riding. Hai was chiefly celebrated for its capture and destruction by Joshua. Between the two places Abraham erected an altar to God, east of Bethel, and called upon the name of the Lord. It was here that Abraham and his nephew Lot parted and divided their flocks, Lot choosing the plain of the Jordan. So early as this was the lesson learnt, that two households cannot live together in peace on account of their servants. It was not Abraham and Lot, but the herdsmen who could not agree. Mrs. King, who now advocates families living together in a sort of club, with servants and all things in common, should remember that they have no wilderness to choose from, when the quarrels shall take place.*

We finally encamped at Bethel (Beitin), which has a long and interesting Bible history. The ruins of the ancient city cover the high ridge, at the bottom of which stands the present village, to the extent of three or four acres of foundations and scraps of walls and stones. In the hollow there are grass and water, which were doubtless the attraction of Abraham and Sarah to this spot for pasturage for their camp and flocks. Here Jacob, flying from Esau, dreamt of the ladder to heaven, with angels ascending and descending, and heard the words, "In thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed," etc.

* Read Genesis xii. 8, and all chapter xiii.

Beth-el means the house of God. "El bayt," or "beit," in Arabic, is the house, and this is unquestionably one of the most ancient towns of Abraham. Here he buried Deborah, Rachael's nurse. Here he set up a pillow of stones in the place where God spoke to him, and poured wine and oil thereon. Here arose Jacob's altar to Jehovah. The town was the Seat of the Assemblies in the days of the Judges. Afterwards it became idolatrous and was cursed. Whoever goes to Bethel should read Genesis, Joshua, Kings, Judges, Amos, Isaiah, and Hosea, and the very true description in "Murray," page 210. Abraham, when encamped, here made an altar to God, east of Bethel. I have selected all the principal texts from the Old Testament, showing the importance of Bethel in that time, to refresh the reader's memory and to save her trouble.*

I was so ill that it was proposed we should ride on to Náblus next day, distant about ten hours, and that, once there, we should encamp for four or five days, to let me recover. I mention this because so many English come out to Palestine for riding tours, and from the same cause die, or suffer for years afterwards, from the want of the simplest attention in the beginning.

April 28th.—We left camp at a quarter to 7, and rode over a very bad track, beginning from the Wady et Tín (Valley of Figs), through cultivated mountains and fig and olive groves. No English horse could have even stood upon the places over which we had to ride, but everything, save the ground, was charming. Leaving Bethel, we change from Benjamin to Judah. We passed the villages of Ain Yabrúd, Wady Abu Teraybeh, which valley contains Ain el Haramíyyeh, on the banks of a torrent, formerly a robber's dwelling, a bandit's nest, two caves supported on pillars. This valley is delightful, the air was fresh, redolent of sweet smells. There are tombs cut in the rocks, and a ruin and tower, of which the ancient use is not known, but it is thought that it might have been to protect the road from the robbers. The grey stone walls were rudely piled up, and tapestried by clematis and wild parasites, green and scarlet,

* Read Genesis xii. 8, xiii. 3, 4, 8-11, 18, xxviii. 10-22, xxxv. 6-8, 14, 15; Joshua vii. 2-5, xii. 16, xviii. 22; Judges i. 22-26, xx. 31, xxi. 13-24; I. Kings or I. Samuel vii. 16, xiii. 2; III. Kings or I. Kings xii. 28-33, xiii. 1-5; IV. Kings or II. Kings xxiii. 15-17; Isaiah xxvii. 9; Hosea x. 15; Amos iv. 4, v. 4, 5.

which hung down in rank luxuriance. We passed Abu Sarúr Turmus Aya, and came to Sinjal and its Wady. Here we breakfasted in the shade of an olive grove—a Fellah took our horses to a bit of grass within sight. At Khan Libbún, near the village Libbún, we watered our horses at a splendid water-source, where there was a ruin. Here I entered a villager's harím, and being mistaken for a boy they all ran away screaming, and the men reproved me, which set us all laughing. I apologized, saying I was ignorant of their customs. This village is the ancient Libnah, where Joshua put the idolators to death.* We had left Silo to our right. We ought to have gone there, because its history is most interesting, but on my account it was given up.

We went over endless stony hills, relieved by fruitful valleys, olives, cultivation, and occasional wells. The people in this part of the world are boorish and stupid. About an hour and a half before reaching Náblus, I felt too ill to go on, so I fell behind with two of our servants, hoping to get better, and let the rest go on to prepare the camp. However we lost our way afterwards, and galloped back part of the road we had come, and then found out our mistake, and had to retrace our steps. My husband, alarmed at missing me for so long, waited for me at Jacob's Well, where our Lord asked the Samaritan woman to give Him to drink.

We arrived at our camping ground by a stream, amidst olive groves and gardens, outside Náblus, at 4.30 p.m., having been out ten hours. This is the boundary between the Damascus and the Jerusalem Consular jurisdictions, so we may now consider ourselves once more upon our own ground.

* Joshua x. 29, 30.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONTINUATION, AND LAST OF OUR PILGRIMAGE.

THE lepers and a large crowd collected on the hill to stare at us. I felt very thankful to feel settled for a few days, and to have a long sleep, and got well here. The population is said to consist of 16,000 inhabitants, chiefly turbulent Moslems, a few Catholics and Greek Orthodox, 135 Samaritans, and many Jews. The people of Náblus are supposed to be so lawless that the Governor sent us a guard of soldiers at dusk, who were relieved till daylight. We found them extremely civil. They were not fanatical, but showed us everything with much pleasure, and stood up and saluted us as we passed; except being on the outside of and beyond the town, we incurred no other risk; and beyond being serenaded by jackals, and the owls hooting in the trees above, we heard no sounds.

Náblus is a very pretty and prosperous-looking town, with good stone houses and Egyptian-looking windows, and owning a nice Súk, or bazar. It is situated in a fertile wady, or valley, between the two famous mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, which form natural fortifications for the town. It is well cultivated and planted with thriving trees, especially quinces, and well watered by streams which run several miles. One end opens towards the sea, and the other towards the plain, so that there is always a fresh breeze blowing through it, and nevertheless the only bad thing in it was its foul smells. There is also an ancient aqueduct. We passed all the 28th, 29th, and 30th here.

We went up Mount Ebal the first morning, from which is a splendid view. In the afternoon we rode up to Mount Gerizim,

by far the most interesting. It is a difficult ascent of an hour and a half. On the top are the ruins of a Christian church, and a temple, marked by a little "wely," as English travellers say, and an immense débris. The mountain is entirely covered with stones. Here are encamped at the top all the Samaritans now existing on the face of the earth. They number 135, and are governed by their Chief and High Priest, Ya'akúb Shalabi. Here live entirely apart from the rest of the world eighty males and fifty-five females, including children, and here they celebrate their Passover on the 3rd of May. We were invited, and wished for an excuse to remain, but if I felt well before the 3rd of May we were bound to proceed.

They showed us a small Square, with stone walls, where they celebrate their Passover exactly as the Old Testament dictates.* From here there is a beautiful view of the Sea, and Moab, and the Plain; also of Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb beneath. The Samaritans were very hospitable. I noticed that they did not like my dog to go near them; and suspecting that it rendered them "unclean," according to their faith, I tied him up.

I will describe the Samaritan women's dress, and will take for a model the wife of Ya'akúb Shalabi, who was more richly dressed than the others. She wore large leather shoes, cotton trowsers gathered in at the ankle, red-striped silk petticoat to the knee, a jacket or bodice over it. She had on five jackets of different colours, open at the bosom, and each was so arranged as to let the border of its neighbour be seen. A girdle was around her waist, a necklace of chains clasped her throat, and another of large gold coins hung round her neck. Her hair was not shaved or tucked under like our Jewesses, but dressed in a thousand little plaits down her back, a thousand worsted plaits to imitate hair covered her own hair, and hung down her back below the waist, and were fastened off with and covered with spangles and coins of value. Upon her head she wore a coat of mail of gold, and literally covered with gold coins, of which a very large one dangled on her forehead. She wore diamond and enamel earrings, and a string of pearls coquettishly arranged on one side of her head in a festoon. A yellow handkerchief covered her head, but hung

* Exodus xii. 1-13.

down loose upon her shoulders. Her eyebrows were plu....., and in a straight line in their place patterns were thickly marked in ink. I thought wrongly that they were in Hebrew characters, but they presented that appearance. A silver charm, like a jewel *etui*, and a little silver book containing a charm, she wore upon her heart. I forgot to add a third thick chain of gold around her neck, and that all the head ornaments were surmounted by a large crescent studded with jewels.

We walked about with them and sat in their tents for a long while, and then we came down by a different way, very pretty but very steep. I was suffering, and had to go to bed without any dinner, and was ill all night. The jackals and owls seemed company. There was a delicious rain all night, which refreshed us much.

Next morning we went to the Súk, and bought some rough leather tobacco pouches, which please travellers. Some morning visits had to be returned, and we were attended by Khwajah Jirius, formerly Dragoman to the Russian Consulate at Damascus. We called on Abdu Effendi, the Wakeel, or agent, of Mohammed Said Pasha, the Káim-makám, or Governor. Abdu was not civil enough to rise off his divan to receive us, and had to be taken in hand. Abdullah Effendi, the Treasurer, was very hospitable, and a sister of our already mentioned Dragoman, Hanna Asar, was married to one of the authorities, who gave a beautiful garden *fête* for us in a fair-sized pretty orchard, containing a summer-house and a large birket (fountain). Under an arch was spread a nice European dinner, and actually, though so far from civilization, there was beer and claret, beside the native coffee, sherbet, and narghílehs. All the best of Náblus was there, and included two French abbés and some missionary ladies, amongst whom was one English lady, Mrs. Youhannah el Karey, of the Palestine Christian Union Mission. The French priests were l'Abbé Bost, of Náblus, and l'Abbé Maritain, of the Village des Pasteurs (Bayt Sahúr). There were all the materials for a pleasant day; and it was pleasant, but I was too unwell to appear to advantage, much as I was disposed to enjoy it.

We then went to Ya'akúb Shalabi's house in the town. He took us to their present synagogue, a miserable small groined

room, hung with a few indifferent lamps. A recess was hidden by a long white counterpane, which had a Hebrew inscription worked upon it in gold, hiding another curtain 350 years old, also inscribed. He then sent out of the room a few Samaritans, and showed us a cupboard containing several old MSS., kept in gold and silver cases, ancient, carved, and scroll shaped. One is held most sacred; it is a copy of the ancient Jewish law, written on vellum, and said to be 3374 years old. This venerable Pentateuch dates 1500 B.C., to Abishua, son of Phineas, son of Eleazar, son of Aaron.*

Then we went back to the Samaritan Chief's house, a quaint old place enough, where we had coffee and pipes, and he gave me his photograph and that of his tribe in a group.

We visited the Mosque, formerly a Christian church of St. John, with a Crusader's gate, called in "Murray" Saracenic; the façade was built by the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, in small imitation of the Sepulchre of Jerusalem. St. Justin was born here, and was martyred by Marc Aurelius. We climbed up the minaret, and had a good view. There is a stone in the wall of the Mosque tower with the Ten Commandments in Samaritan characters.

Then we went to the "Hisn Ya'akúb," which is the wailing-place of Jacob, "where he could not be comforted for the loss of Joseph," a small dark room without a window, just like a coal-hole, and is on the site of the ancient Samaritan synagogue. A garden of orange flowers made the air heavy.

We then went through the Samaritan burial-ground at Ras el Ain, and paid a second visit to the Samaritans' tents on Mount Gerizim, returning to ours at night, exhausted by our exertions and the heat.

On the 1st of May I took my Bible, and rode back to Bir Ya'akúb (Jacob's Well) and Joseph's Tomb, to enjoy them by myself. I found some Jews praying there, but we did not disturb one another, as we were all doing the same thing. Jacob's Well is surrounded by a square wall and broken fallen columns, the skeleton ruins of a Christian church. The well itself is like all others, in a small cave beneath, and would be unnoticed now-a-

* Read Ezra vii. 5.

days but for its tender associations. It was cut by the servants of Jacob through the solid rock, and it is more than 100 feet deep, with smooth sides.

Joseph's Tomb is the usual "Wely"—a white square room, without a roof and an open door, with a plain white Tomb in the centre. Who would say that this was a fit memorial for Pharaoh's right hand—and yet it meets with more reverence than the Pyramids or "Tombs of Kings." Here lies the Joseph who was the favourite and dutiful son, who was cast into the pit by his brothers' jealousy, and sold to the Midianite merchants, and was bought by Potiphar, a captain in Pharoah's army*—this is the virtuous man who resisted Potiphar's wife, and interpreted the dreams from his prison, into which Potiphar cast him, who afterwards interpreted Pharaoh's dreams, and at thirty years of age became the Governor of Egypt, and saved it from famine. The affectionate and forgiving brother who received his ten brethren, Benjamin and his father, with all his House, and they were seventy souls in all Egypt; and Jacob died there at 147 years old, and Joseph, by Pharaoh's leave, buried him at Hebron. When Joseph died at the age of 110 years, he was embalmed in Egypt for a while, and there the brethren kept their oath, and carried him to the burial-place of his choice. Read the thirteen last chapters of Genesis upon this spot, for the life of Joseph.

Shechem became for a time the religious capital of the ten tribes, who cut themselves away from their brethren, and were in opposition to the two who remained in Jerusalem; also where Jacob once resided. These Samaritans have been here between 2000 and 3000 years, keeping to the old rules, rites, and ceremonies of their faith—living, labouring, acting, thinking, feeling, and worshipping, as did their Patriarchs and Prophets—tabooed by the world, and content to be so. They have dwindled to a handful, and have remained so for many generations, but always existing. There is constancy, strength of character, and something to be relied upon in this; think of the many religious sects they have seen rise, grow, and shiver into empty air. Some people who are in prominent positions to-day are proud of knowing who their great grandfathers were,

* Genesis xxxvii. 29-36; Genesis l. 24-26.

and those who can tell back to our old Anglo-Saxon days, before the Norman Conquest, prefer their blue blood to the highest positions held by new men. But the high claims of the Samaritans are sadly discounted by the orthodox Jews, who declare them to be "Cuthim," converted Babylonians. Then to Shechem came Abraham to pitch his tent when God led him out of Haran with Sarah his wife, and Lot his nephew, and raised an altar to our Lord. Jacob, coming from Mesopotamia, also bought the field for 100 ewe lambs, of the children of Hamor, father of Sichem, and he made this well. Then Joseph lived in his father's tents and came from Mamre to find his brothers. Jacob left the field to Joseph as a heritage, and the Israelites here brought back his bones from his great Nile sepulchre, as shown in Genesis l. and Joshua xxiv. 32.*

Between the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, Moses caused the Law to be proclaimed afresh, so Gerizim became a second Sinai. Joshua here called the tribes together, and said to them, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."†

On Mount Gerizim Joshua placed the descendants of Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph, and Benjamin, to bless the observers of the law; and on Mount Ebal—Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali to curse its transgressors. Sanabalat, Governor of Sichem, built a temple upon Mount Gerizim, which was the cause of the schism between the Samaritans and the Jews.

Manasses took to wife a stranger, a daughter of Sanabalat, contrary to the Mosaic law. The Jewish people in anger obliged him to put her away, and to come no more near the altar. Manasses went to his father-in-law and told him that, much as he loved his wife, this was more than he could bear. Sanabalat made him keep her, under promise of making him prince of Judah, and to obtain of King Darius leave to build a temple, and

* Joshua viii. 33, 34.

† Deuteronomy xxvii. 11-14:—"And Moses charged the people the same day, saying, These shall stand upon mount Gerizim to bless the people, when ye are come over Jordan; Simeon, and Levi, and Judah, and Issachar, and Joseph, and Benjamin: and these shall stand upon mount Ebal to curse; Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali. And the Levites shall speak, and say unto all the men of Israel with a loud voice."

to appoint him high priest. Alexander the Great conquered Darius, so Sanabalat made the petition to the former, which was granted. In three years the temple was built, and Manasses was the Great Sacrificer 330 B.C. Several Jews joined him, and thus was accomplished the schism and enmity between Jews and Samaritans, who numbered about 11,000. A political and religious hatred had been confirmed by the Jews refusing to let them join in rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem, or to recognize them as descendants of Abraham after the captivity.

The principal chapters of the Old Testament which are interesting concerning the history of Náblus, or Shechem, are Genesis xxxiv., where the sons of Jacob slew the Shechemites for their sister Dinah; and Genesis xxxv., Joshua xvii. and xxiv., Judges ix., and a portion of II. Esdras (Ezra).

Jesus, footsore and weary with His long walk from Jerusalem over stony hill sides, without shade or water, under a fiery Syrian sun, stopped to rest here whilst the disciples went to buy bread in a little detached village called Sychar, close by, and which forms a suburb of Shechem, the City now called Náblus.* Around Him were strips of cornfields, Joseph's white Tomb, and patches of olives. As He sat on the rim of the well, purposely, knowing what would occur, this talkative, light-famed woman came with her jug on her shoulder to draw water. He said to her, "Give me to drink." The woman stood aghast, knowing that she, a Samaritan woman, should be as a plague spot to a Separatist Jew. "How dost Thou, being a Jew, ask of me to drink, who am a Samaritan woman?" Instead of rejecting the grace conferred upon her, and despairing on account of her past life, she stood humbly and ashamed. To this poor sinful woman He first announced His mission of love in Samaria, to join some of the remnants of the election by grace to His Church. By her talking in Shechem, the Samaritans came down to Him, and He abode with them two days, and many were brought into the fold. The disciples almost broke out with wrath, but they were beginning to see that His ways were not the ways of other men.

Purím is a great Feast, which the Jews learnt when they were in captivity in Babylon, and it is kept till now. It was then

* Read Genesis xii. 5-7, xxiii. 18-20, xxxv. 1-5, 22, 23, xxxvii. 12-16; John iv. 5-43.

that the King of Babylon, Ahasuerus, put away Vashti his queen, and took Esther in her place. Esther was a Jewess, and her uncle Mordecai refused honour to Haman, the king's favourite. These two saved the Jews, who were persecuted, and Haman was finally hanged on the gibbet he meant for Mordecai. It was a favourite Feast, like our Christmas, given to making the hearts of the poor glad. Thronging in the synagogue when the Book of Esther is read, the boys clap hands, and the elders and the people shout, "Cursed be Haman, blessed be Mordecai." They afterwards eat and drink in their houses, have music and dancing, and sometimes it ends, their enemies say, in an orgie, both sexes drinking too much. In old times it was their custom to drink till they knew not who was cursing Haman and who was blessing Mordecai. They then go up to those two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, and shout across to each other, "Blessed be Haman and cursed be Mordecai." We found we could hear each other from their respective summits.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon relates in his beautiful and devotional book on the Holy Land, a little story from the Talmud, as follows:— "Two pious elders, Rabba and Zira, agree to keep the feast of the Purím together, and, both being so tipsy as to be rolling on the floor, Rabba killed Zira. In the morning he awoke and found that he had murdered his friend, and prayed to the Lord; and the Lord listened to his voice because the deed was done in Purím, and restored Zira to life. Next year, when the feast came round, Rabba proposed that they should drink together again, but Zira declined the proposal on the ground that miracles do not happen every year."*

We left Náblus at 6 a.m. (*May 2nd*), and after a delightful ride through groves, and wadys, and streams, we entered Samaria (Sebastíyyeh). The site of the old city called Sebaste, is on a hill top, from which we beheld the sea north of Cæsarea on the coast. A little to our right is Bayt Imrín and the village of Burka, a turbulent and fanatical place, but, nevertheless, the population was very civil to us. As we stood on the Tell (hill) we could see valleys all around us, like a conjunction of huge

* Captain Burton tells me that this is also mentioned in Dr. M'Caul's book, "The Old Paths."

trenches, which were enclosed by mountains, and whose central spot is the Tell. There are still several columns and remains, probably of the pagan temple built by Herod the Great, in honour of Augustus. The position of Wali, or Governor-General, must have been even more lucrative and expensive in those days than it is now, if the petty rulers of Syria could build magnificent temples to their Emperors, instead of sending occasionally a costly present. There are the ruins of an ancient Church of St. John Baptist, and his Tomb, with the prophets Abdias and Elisha. We cannot be certain that the bodies are there. In the time of Julian the Apostate they were exposed to profanation. We also passed sixteen standing columns, looking like trees planted in cultivated land. They are supposed to have been part of Herod's theatre at Sebaste. Here Herod married Mariamne, and later strangled two of the sons she bore him. His second wife, Malthacea, mother of Archelaus and Antipas, was a native of Samaria. St. Philip here preached, and performed miracles and cures. Simon the magician was a native of this place, and a favourite of Nero. He was the cause of the death of Peter and Paul. He had been baptized, but could not perform miracles, which irritated him. Read here the whole of chapters xviii. and xxi. of I. Book of Kings, or I. Samuel, and part of chapter xix.; and also of IV. Kings, (Catholic), II. Kings (Protestant), chapters i., vi., vii., x., showing the history and importance of Samaria, though, to look upon it now, none could realize that, except by its columns and ruins, it had ever possessed more than a goat track and a village. It has truly born "the weight of the House of Achab."*

We passed Bayt Imrím, a large village at the foot of the mountain, and Sanur, or Bethulia, the country of Judith. An hour and a half after leaving Samaria we came to Bir Zakhariyyeh, where we breakfasted. There were villages dotted here and there; thence we went to Kubatíyeh and Dothan, where Joseph, son of Jacob, was sold by his brethren, was slightly to our left.† After

* Read Acts viii. 1-25; III. Kings or I. Kings x. 23-33; III. Kings or I. Kings xxii. 37-39; IV. Kings or II. Kings xiii. 9-16; IV. Kings or II. Kings iv. 14-23, xv. 7, 8, 12-14, and 27; IV. Kings or II. Kings xvii. 26-33, xxii. 13.

† Judith iv. 5:—"And Eliachim the priest wrote to all that were over against Esdrelon, which faceth the great plain of Dothain, and to all by whom there might be a passage of way, that they should take possession of the ascents of the moun-

this we had a beautiful and delightful ride, going always north towards the plain of Esdraelon, and the country was full of cultivation. When I say beautiful, the roads were as bad as they could be, nevertheless the country made up for it. Our camp for the night was Jennin, ancient Engannin, a fanatical Levite town of the tribe of Issachar, on the borders of Galilee and Samaria, where Christ cured the ten lepers.*

We had the company of five Englishmen on the way, and they also camped there. They were Messrs. North, Taylor, Parsons, Nevill, and Barnum. There were also encamped Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell, whom my husband had known formerly, and likewise an American and a German camp, besides our own—five camps in all. The locality must have been astonished at its own liveliness. Here we heard the cuckoo for the first time, an event always noticed by English people. It was a glorious evening, with a May moon. The little white village and its Mosque peeping out of the foliage of palm trees, its dome and minaret nestled in orange, fig, and mulberry groves, and a few pomegranates. It was a pretty scene, with plenty of water-mills, gardens of citron and cactus. We were situated on the mountain incline near its foot, on the opening of the plain of Esdraelon. There were distant ranges of mountains all around, and we caught the first view of the head of our old neighbour, Mount Hermon. The mountains of Moab and Hermon always remind me of "crossing the line," when you leave the "Great Bear" for the "Southern Cross." You must always see one or the other, and so it is with these two mountain ranges. Mrs. Bicknell was ill, so that I remained in the tent with her, and Mr. Bicknell dined with my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. There was also a man sick with fever, who had followed me for two days. I kept him in the camp and cured him with Warburg's drops. The burning day was succeeded by a bitter night. I was much touched by an act of motherly love. A youth, one Ahmad el Karsi, had got into a scrape at Náblus, and had been thrown into prison. We had asked and obtained mercy for him, but it proved to be only complimentary,

tains by which there might be any way to Jerusalem, and should keep watch where the way was narrow between the mountains."

* Read Luke xvii. 11-19.

and as soon as we left the authorities put him back into prison. His mother, Hajíyeh el Abba, followed us on foot all over that dreary stony land, in the heat, and arrived footsore and exhausted in the middle of the night to tell it to us.

May 3rd.—We left camp at 7 a.m., and arrived at Dayr Ghrayabi, a little village on the plain of Esdraelon (Merj ibn Amir), undulating and triangular, about thirty-six miles long and fifteen broad, and well watered. The plain is bounded by the Mediterranean on the north-west, and its sides are also bound by great land-marks. As we at present stand, you would say that one was between Mounts Tabor and Hermon, whose peak is now visible, one between Mounts Hermon and Gilboa, and one between Gilboa and Jennin. This plain is also called in Scripture the Valley of Jezreel, and is chiefly celebrated for the victory of Gideon and the overthrow of Saul and Jonathan (Judges and Samuel). We come to the mountain Gilboa, after an hour over some hills, to Fukúa, where Saul and his three sons with him, perished in the battle with the Philistines. The village Gilboa is situated on the mountain incline. Fukúa is a village at the foot of a range of mountains of the same name, the ancient Mount Gilboa. We then had a gentle ascent, followed by a terrible descent on foot from the height above Scythopolis into the Ghor. From the height, this part of the valley of the Jordan appears to be watered by four waters, Ain Jalút, Ain Asy, Ain Rijdaf, and Ain Josak. The others chose to bathe in Asy, a charming blue basin, 83° (Fahrenheit), and slightly salt, so I went to try the aqueduct of Rijdof, but found it hot enough to burn the skin, Josak was just bearable. Here, when we all met again, we found a waterfall, a mill, and Bedawin. There was coolth under the arches of the aqueduct. The Ghor men spread me a grass bed and mats, seeing that I looked ill, and brought me leben and vegetables, so we ate, drank, and slept. We toiled another hour through the burning plain, zigzagging on account of the swamps, and came to a fine khan, 350 years old, built by Senán Pasha. It must have been splendid in its day, and it still has noble gateways and inscriptions. We then came to a ruined Mosque, with a Cufic inscription, on the edge of Scythopolis, where we camped.*

* II. Maccabees xii. 29-31.

Beisan, Beth-Shean, Scythopolis, is well worth a visit, and we wondered that no antiquity hunter had undertaken its excavation. It is the only city, of the ten (Decapolis) visited by our Saviour, on this side of the Jordan. The village itself is wretched, but outside are the ruins of a town, which was Christian in the time of Julian the Apostate, and of an amphitheatre. This last has thirteen tiers and alternate entrances and cages for wild beasts, quite perfect, and an outer gallery all around.

To see the plan of the ruins we ascended a very perpendicular hill, Tell Súk, which was the chief site of the city, and saw on the ascent an ancient gateway, of which one side was of very large size, and in ruins. From the top we saw the Valley of the Jordan, near the Sea of Galilee; east, Jordan's green fringe and famishing desolation side by side; opposite, on the other side of the Jordan, the mountains of Ajlún and Gilead, and Fáhíl (ancient Pella), another town of the Decapolis—the north was hidden by a rise. West was Jebel ed Duhy (Little Hermon), Wady Juled, the mountains of Gilboa, and a contraction of the plain. South is the new village of Scythopolis, a few huts, a ruined mosque, a little barrack; and a large khan, a quarter of a mile to the north. Immediately around us on the hill-top, below, and likewise all around, are splendid ruins—the amphitheatre, columns, Roman remains, and earthworks, showing it to have been an important city and of considerable extent. The remains of Roman outworks on one side were evidently once a broad and magnificent bridge, moat, or draw-bridge, around the fortressed hill, now a green undulating waste, with a stream rushing and bubbling through it, and at the moment I write, is occupied by a solitary Ghor-man and his cow.

On the morning of the *4th of May*, Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake went for a thirteen hours' ride to take some observations. I was not yet strong enough, so it was agreed that we should send on our camp to Nazareth, and I rode away with my Sais, and a Druze named Shahadeh.

Being alone, that is, with a servant and a Master Muleteer, I did not know, until too late, that I was leaving Zerín (Jezreel) and Ain Jalád to my left, and went straight across the plain to Shuttah, Nowris, and Itell, Nowara a village in Esdraelon, to

Sunem (Súlem), so that I did not see the town where Jezebel fell out of the window and was eaten by the dogs, nor the latter site, Ain Jalád, rendered interesting by Gideon and the Madianites.*

This day did me good, for I jogged along at my ease, stopping to admire whatever struck me. I had not to ride against time. Súlem is a small village at the foot of little Hermon, which is mentioned in Scripture.† At the top of Jebel Duhy there was, in St. Jerome's time, a convent of virgins (see St. Jerome's Twelfth Letter to the Virgins of Hermon). There is also a legend attached to this summit. Adam so often expatiated on the delights of Paradise to the descendants of Seth that, in the hope of obtaining from God the boon of returning to their state before the Fall, they went up to the top of Jebel Duhy, and lived there in chastity and penance; but as God took no notice of this act, they came down and went into the land of Naïd, that is, the heights between Carmel and Duhy, where Cain took refuge after his crime, and was killed by Lamech. Seth's descendants married the daughters of Cain, and brought forth the Giants.

Everywhere this day the earth was beautifully green, and carpeted with wild flowers. The air was fresh and balmy, and laden with the sweet scents of spring—grass, herbs, trees, and flowers. We passed the black tents of the Arabs, who gave me milk to drink; and also one well, where we watered the horses. In the Sahl, or Plain, of Esdraelon, there were thousands of storks, which were quite undisturbed by our appearance, and let us ride through them like a flock of sheep; but when they rose to fly altogether, they made such a fearful noise, and looked so large, that my horse took fright, and ran away for about a mile. The sky was so blue, the mountains and plains looked so beautiful, the birds, insects, the wild flowers, the fresh balmy breeze, sweet smells, and gentle sun, the black tents, all combined to make one glad to be alive. The senses were satisfied, and it was a day of physical enjoyment, of real "Kayf," so few of which fall to the lot of Man. However, when all is said, nothing is perfect—I was alone!

* Read Judges vii.; I. Kings or I. Samuel xxxi. 1-13; IV. Kings or II. Kings ix. 30-37; I. Kings, or I. Samuel, xxviii. 4-25.

† Read all IV. Kings or II. Kings iv. concerning Elisha and the Sunamitess, and part of IV. or II. Kings viii.

We rode on till we came to Naim, where our Saviour restored the widow's son,* and from there to Endor, the town of Saul's witch. Here we reposed under some figs for an hour, and were twice insulted for so doing. The atmosphere is very turbulent all about Nazareth. First came Mohammed Abdul Agha, son of Shaykh Said Abdul Agha, who, despite his grand name, would have made the servants count spoons and umbrellas, if he had entered an English door, so much like a common tramp did he look. He said "he did not care for Consuls, nor English, nor Kawwasses; that the Wali obeyed him, and that if he did not he would soon let the Sultan know." A poor woman standing by humbly begged me to wend my weary way in the sun, and not to shade myself under the figs, and thus displease this Great Man. She said, "You know *we* all bow down before him, because he is a great Shaykh." When I was sitting down he thought by my face and voice that I was a woman, and as long as my servants only addressed him in the coarsest Arabic, he bounced exceedingly. But when I rose up, and he saw my riding habit tucked into my boots, he thought I was a youth, and I said, "You may not, O Shaykh, care for Consuls, nor English, nor Kawwasses, nor Wali, nor Sultan, but I am going to make you care about something." Thereupon he jumped up as nimbly as a monkey from his squatting position and ran for his life. Then the villagers, considering me the best man of the two, brought me milk for driving him away. He was followed by a poor Fellah with half a shirt, who did not even belong to the place, but simply came out of his way to insult a stranger, and to ask by what right we sat under the shade of the figs, a thing which in any other part of Syria would have been esteemed an honour, and the only distress would have been, lest we should pass their place without notice. His only answer was from the Sais's "Dabbús," a knobbed stick, or shillelagh, as soon as the words had passed his lips. And after that we were left in peace to enjoy the view.

Taamra is seen on a neighbouring domed hill. Jebel Túr (Mount Tabor) rises opposite where I sit under Endor; and under Tabor, but invisible, is Daburri (in maps Daburríyyeh), ancient Dabereth of Zabulon, between that and Issachar, where the nine

* Read Luke vii. 11-17.; I. Kings or I. Samuel xxviii. 7.

Apostles waited during the time of the Transfiguration, and vainly tried to cure a child possessed of a dumb devil.* The Plain of Esdraelon ends behind Tabor. Jebel esh Shaykh (Hermon) is white with snow in the horizon. The long range of Jebel Násirah (Nazáreth) seems to run from behind Jebel Túr, and to stretch away further than I can see. Endor itself consists of twenty wretched huts on the incline of a hill, and above and about it are many caves, but that of the original witch, whose descendants are quite worthy of her, is the largest and most accessible, and contains a fountain. Inside, at a guess, it is about twelve yards long and five wide, high enough to walk about in, and the water may be a foot deep. At the end where the big fountain is, there is another little fountain, and a dry scoop in the rocks with water dripping from the top; on the other side is a larger scoop the shape of a big head, which also drips. There were crones and pretty girls drawing water—dreadful old women who accused me of having the "evil eye," which made my servants very nervous. Blue eyes are always considered dangerous in the East. I said, "You are quite right, ye women of Endor, I was born with the evil eye." Whereupon they were very civil to me that I might not hurt them.

We then descended into that part of the plain between Endor and Nazareth, still called Merj ibn Amir (Esdraelon), and it was so hot and close that I fell asleep on my horse for fully an hour, and he only awoke me by breaking out unasked into a furious gallop, which he declined to slacken till we came to the little village of Iksal. The plain I thought was more beautiful, and better cultivated than our Buká'a. Iksal is the ancient Chesulloth, of the tribe of Issachar. We then came to the torrent of Kishon, where Barak and Deborah delivered Israel from Jabin and Sisera, and Jael drove a nail through Sisera's head.* Here also Alexander, son of Aristobulus, at the head of 30,000 Jews was defeated by Gabinus, who killed 10,000 of them. He was decapitated at Antioch by Pompey's order.

We next came to the Mountain of Precipitation, whence the Jews wanted to throw down our Saviour. The ascent was very steep, a goat-path scramble, which we did on foot leading our

* Read Mark ix. 13–28. * Read Joshua xix. 18; Judges iv. 4.

horses. We are toiling up this famous steep to see our Saviour's old home, and the synagogue which spurned Him. There is a slight descent, and we leave to the left Yafa (Japhie of the tribe of Zabulon), the country of Zebedee, father of James and John. We continued half an hour more, riding in the vale of Nazareth. Beautiful and refreshing was the little town nestling in the peaceful, smiling vale, part of its houses straggling up the hills. The first sight that met my eye was my baggage mule with my "little all" on its back, which had left us at early dawn, struggling in a big tank of water into which it had fallen. It was likely to be drowned for it was tired of swimming, and it would have sunk had Shahadeh not ridden up and promptly gone to the assistance of the muleteers. I felt glad to ride into camp, where I found all our former fellow-travellers, who were very hospitable to me whilst our tents were being pitched. Whilst sitting about waiting, the Copt Pilgrims came in a body to ask for bakshísh. Being in our own jurisdiction, I did not like to send them away empty, and gave them a handful of small silver, as did also my fellow-travellers.

May 5th.—I had not long to wait for the first fulfilment of my dream. Very early in the morning the Nazarenes sought out the Good One, and paid him the high compliment of stoning him and trying also to thrust him out of the City. Verily, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" The camps were all pitched in a small grassy plain without the town, close to the Greek Orthodox Church, near the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin. The two other English camps, the American and German, were at the further end of it, whilst ours was lower down, nearest the church, and hidden from theirs by a slight eminence. This day was the Greek feast of St. George, and the church was opened for a religious service. At sunrise a Copt wanted to enter my tent, either for curiosity or stealing, or perhaps for the more innocent purpose of asking for bakshísh. At all events to intrude upon "harím" in the East is an outrage. I was still in bed half awake, and I heard the servants tell him to go. He refused, and was very insolent; he took up stones and threw them and struck the men. No one knows what a weapon the stone is in Syrian hands: it is their natural defence, and they

are so well skilled in it that the very girls could defend themselves. The noise awoke me thoroughly; I got up and watched the proceedings through the top of my tent-wall. I called out to the servants to leave him alone, but by this time they were angry and began to beat the Copt. A little affair of this sort amongst the people is such a common thing that nobody notices it, and it would have been over in a moment, but as ill-luck would have it, the Greeks, whom it did not concern, were coming out of church, and seeing a quarrel they could not resist joining, and sided with the Copt against the strangers. The cause of disturbance then fled, leaving the Greeks and the servants to fight over the discord which he had sown. But our men were but six, and the Greeks were 150, not a troop of innocent children playing at games as they afterwards stated at their trial. Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake hearing the noise, ran out of their tent half-dressed to see what was the matter, and said and did everything they could to calm the people. They were received with a hailstorm of stones, each the size of a melon, which seemed to darken the air for several minutes. A rich and respectable Greek called out, "Izbahu-hum; ana b'ati Diyatkhum," ("Kill them all, kill them all; I will pay the blood money!") He was doubtless accustomed to settle all these sort of things by a bakshísh to the Majlis. Shahadeh the Druze Muleteer called out, "Shame! shame! this is the English Consul of Damascus, and on his own ground." Another Greek replied, "Wa in Kán'! Wa in Kán'!" meaning, "So much the worse for him, we will give him more." I put on some clothes while the fight was going on and watched my husband. As an old soldier accustomed to fire, he stood perfectly calm, collected, and self-contained, though the stones hit him right and left. Most men under such pain and provocation would have fired into the crowd, but he simply contented himself, between the blows, with marking out the ringleaders, to take them afterwards. I ran out to give him his two six-shot revolvers, but before I got within stone's reach, he waved me back, and I understood that I should embarrass his movements; so I kept near enough to carry him off if he were badly wounded, and put his revolvers in my belt, meaning to have twelve lives for his one if he were killed. Seeing that he

could not appease them, that three of his servants were badly hurt, and that one lay for dead on the ground with two Greeks jumping upon him to stamp in his chest, and that there remained but three against 150 infuriated barbarians, he pulled a pistol out of Habíb's belt and fired a shot in the air. I understood the signal, and flew round to the other camps and called all the English and Americans with their guns. When they saw a reinforcement of ten armed English and Americans running down towards them, the cowardly crew turned and fled. But for Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake's perfect self-posssession, and our friends' timely assistance, we should none of us have been left alive. They were as bad as the savages of Somali-land. The whole thing did not last ten minutes, and we were taken completely by surprise.

The cause of the ill-feeling originated with the Greek Orthodox Bishop Niffon, of Nazareth, who has since got into trouble and been recalled. The Turkish authorities had sold to this prelate a synagogue and a cemetery belonging to the Jews of Tiberias, some of them British protected subjects, who applied to Captain Burton to protect their property, and who brought eighteen respectable Moslem witnessess to prove that it had belonged to them for 400 years. Captain Burton protested strongly against this unjust sale; and the authorities promised to reconsider the question. Russia has bought the Oak of Abraham near Hebron, Mount Tabor, and Jacob's Well, near Náblus; this was about to be be added for a Greco-Russian Hospice and Convent, perhaps a Fort in disguise, when it was unfortunately Captain Burton's duty to oppose the purchase.

Captain Burton then went to the Káim-makám to report what had happened, and to ask for redress. The official, who had been pipe-bearer to the Wali, appeared a meek but kindly man, and asked, how it was possible to help him, "for," said he, "I have only twelve Zaptíyeh (policemen), mostly young boys armed with small canes; the population is 7000, 2500 of them are Greek Orthodox." So we had to wait at Nazareth five days, whilst Captain Burton sent to St. Jean d'Acre for soldiers. Testimony was then taken in the Majlis, twelve or thirteen of the ringleaders were sent to prison, and finally were brought to Damascus. Their behaviour was extremely insolent. "What do we care?" they

said; "all will be afraid to punish us because we are Greeks, and our Bishop can get us off with a word to the Wali, as he has often done before." So they went to their Bishop with these words, "You have got us into a scrape, and you must get us out of it; we will draw up our own report, and you must sign and seal it; and if you do not, leave Nazareth now, for we will not have you any more."

The Greeks, finding that Captain Burton was in earnest about having the outrage punished, and fearful that one or more of his servants might die, came in a body to beg pardon—the women also called upon me. The Bishop sent to say that he deeply regretted the part he had taken. He was not there, he saw nothing, and could swear to nothing, but that his flock drew up the report, ordered him to sign it, and take it to the Wali, for transmission to Constantinople, or not to show his face in Nazareth till it was settled in their favour. The culprits, meanwhile, lay all the blame upon their Bishop, confessed that they were guilty, and that their report was false, and begged to be forgiven; but of all this no notice could be taken, till it came in writing.

Whilst they were so occupied in our presence, this is how they were manœuvring in the back-ground. They sent in a most untruthful and scandalous report of the affair to Damascus, Beyrout, St. Jean d'Acre, and to Constantinople, which was signed and sealed by their Bishop, and, curiously to say, endorsed by the Wali of Syria, who had not waited or asked for one word of explanation from Captain Burton.

The Greeks, in their report, said that *we* began the quarrel, when, in fact, we were all in bed, and only ran down to find it was at its height, and to save our servants from being killed; that Captain Burton arrested people hap-hazard, whereas he marked all the ringleaders whilst they were fighting—never forgetting a face—and carried justice to such a point as to let off one of the worst, because a single servant could not swear to him, although all the rest of us could. In their report they declared that our servants were quite well. One was insensible, a second spat blood for two months, a third had his ribs dislocated, and Mohammed Agha received such injuries as to be in bed for

three months, and narrowly to escape with life. Not a single Greek was hurt. But here comes the most astounding statement of all: that "they were a group of innocent children playing at games, and that Captain Burton fired into them several times:" and that is almost equalled by another statement, that Captain Burton entered the church, armed, to profane it, tore down the pictures, broke the lamps, shot a priest, and that I went in also in my nightgown and, sword in hand, tore everything down, and jumped upon the débris, and did many other unwomanly things. This document was actually signed and sealed by a Bishop, and a man equal to a Viceroy, and forwarded to Constantinople and to London, although they knew that every word was impossible, and an untruth; yet it was done for the sake of turning a village row into a religious and political question, and ridding themselves of a man whose honesty and independence did not suit them.

Captain Burton neither went into the church, nor fired, nor insulted, nor did any one of our party. I never had a sword in my hand, and when I had called assistance, I stood still till I saw my husband safe, and all the wounded men brought in, and then I sat the whole day, staunching their blood and dressing their wounds. I did not see the Greek Church for three days after my arrival. It was not my church, but the nearest to me, and being invited by some priests, I went in, and said my prayers at the Sanctuary. They gave me blessed water to drink from the fountain under the altar, and I gave them some money. There was nothing broken in the church then, and nothing out of place. They had not had time to invent it.

There is no doubt that Nazareth is very turbulent, and that the Greeks rough ride over everybody there. The language used is so bad, that if travellers understood Arabic there would be a quarrel every day. This was by no means the first, but we were perhaps the first to resent the injuries done to us. Captain Burton was most calm and moderate, and all the English and Americans, and the non-Greek residents of Nazareth, were in admiration of his prudence and *savoir faire*, and every one expressed great regret and sympathy for our troubles. We had always been on most amicable terms with the Greeks, whose civil and religious authorities were our personal friends, and all except

the Bishop of Nazareth were perfectly satisfied. But naturally, Captain Burton's few enemies, and especially those nearest home, who might envy him the respect he inspired, tried to make capital out of the accident. The only mistake Captain Burton made was, thinking that the post being very unsafe, it would be better to defer sending his report of the affair to Constantinople and London until he reached Damascus, when he should explain the affair personally to the Wali. Meantime the scandalous reports were already sent, and he appeared to remain silent. Before he left Nazareth he took the precaution to make all the heads of religious factions sign a Kefil, each to bind their own party to keep the peace after our departure, or the Greeks and Latins would have made it an excuse to light up the whole country. Immediately on arriving at Damascus he made his explanation to the Wali, who condoled with him in the kindest terms; he wrote to our English Consul-General likewise, to M. Petkawitch, the Russian Consul-General, to the Greek Patriarchs of Tripoli and Jerusalem, and the Greek Bishop of Damascus, most of whom telegraphed and sent letters of satisfaction and regret. Our Ambassador at Constantinople, who had received the bad report, telegraphed to know what it all meant, and a full report was sent to Constantinople and to London.

To this succeeded nine months of sham trials, of false verdicts, and suborned witnesses, the prisoners being moved from pillar to post, by the local authorities, each Majlis sucking their blood in the shape of "bartil." The following may give some idea of a local Turkish trial :—

The tribunal began with debating whether the *procès verbaux (formálát)* drawn up at Nazareth and at St. Jean d'Acre were or were not admissible. At the second *séance* (Monday, June 26th), our fellow-traveller, Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, was present, and he testified to the one-sided views, the delays, and the chicanery which as usual formed the favourite tactic. In vain, our agent pleaded that the tribunal of Acre had displayed such partiality by examining only Greek witnesses, and by refusing to hear all others, that MM. Finzi and Barbour, who represented us, had telegraphed to us at Damascus ; that Captain Burton had sent on the message to the Governor-General, and that the latter had himself ordered the prisoners to be brought to head-quarters, and to be tried by the Grand Court of Appeal ; that His Excellency could not have been

ignorant of the law, and that it was for him to have refused the request till sentence had been passed at St. Jean d'Acre. The tribunal, however, declared both documents informal.

I may here mention that a few days after this decision the same Tribunal of Appeal heard a cause (Finzi *versus* Bannay) arising out of the main suit, instead of transferring it to the Tribunal of First Instance (Majlis Tamyiz el Hukuk el Liwa). The fact is, that this course suited them best for the purpose of withholding justice, and thus the law was openly set at nought in Damascus.

On July 3rd, the Governor-General informed us that a Vizirial letter and the decision of the tribunal directed that bail be taken from the accused, who were once more to be examined at Nazareth. Captain Burton protested against this proceeding, and formally placed the responsibility of all delay and evasion of justice upon the authorities of this province.

The accused spent, it is said, several hundred napoleons to procure this temporary release, and they would spend hundreds more. Their object was simply to gain time; as usual, they trusted to the chapter of accidents, and to the carefully spread report of Captain Burton's recall. This affair is used here and at head-quarters to rid the Vilayet of a Consular Officer who is determined to see justice done—the head and point of offence will be found in six millions piastres which he claims for British *protégés*.

In July, he officially named Messrs. Finzi and Barbour as his *procureurs* at Nazareth, requesting the Governor-General to make especial arrangements for their personal safety. He also proposed that Rushdi Effendi, Governor of St. Jean d'Acre, should preside over the tribunal at Nazareth. On July 8, the Governor-General informed him that he had acceded to the latter proposal.

Nazareth, August 1st, 1871.

SIR,

By last post we had the honour of transmitting to you a letter dated February the 26th, in which we explained how the Commissioner, Othman Bey, commenced the investigation regarding the attack made by the Greek community on your party at Nazareth.

When we saw the open partiality of the Commissioner for the accused persons, we presented our objections against his proceedings; however, without any effect. We therefore wrote two formal protests, and presented them to the Pasha of Acca, in the hope that the Commissioner would be induced to take up the case with more regard to truth and justice. But it proved otherwise, for the said Commissioner continued assisting the accused party even more openly than before by his way of putting his

questions, and hinting at the same time what answers they might give for their excuse and defence, and by correcting their statements whilst they were written down. Whenever we wished to make our remarks and protests against this, and have them stated in the protocol, the Commissioner objected, would only hear us verbally, and then register our protest in the manner it pleased him.

On this account we presented yesterday a protest through the Superior of the Franciscan Convent, objecting against this manner of conducting the trial, giving at the same time our reasons for protesting. When the Commissioner heard this he got angry, denied that he had ever refused to accept our remarks, and obtained from the mejlis a document in corroboration of this assertion. This is the custom of mejlises here.

On the 31st of July the Pasha acknowledged our letter, but objected to the protest, informing us that the protocol had been sealed and made over to the Commissioner, who would bring it to the Wali. He returned in the night to Acca, and Othman Bey left for Nablous without having given us a copy of the protocol, or even shown it to us.

If it had been the intention of the authorities to do justice to your case, they would not have broken off the investigation in this manner, and prevented us from seeing the protocol. *The accused Greeks have been given freedom.* We enclose a copy of our protest, and also a copy of the Pasha's answer.

We have only to add that the Commissioner, in questioning the Greeks, suggested the idea that the wounds and bruises of your servants might have been caused by a quarrel among themselves, and that the stone-mark on your arm had perhaps been inflicted by a fall on the journey previously. The Greeks naturally took up this bold way of defence, and the Commissioner recorded their answers accordingly.

We have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your humble and obedient Servants,

(Signed) FINZI and BARBOUR.

Captain Burton,

H.B.M.'s Consul, &c., &c., &c.

From a Protestant Clergyman to Captain Burton, H.B.M.'s Consul, Damascus.

Nazareth, August 2nd, 1871.

DEAR SIR,

The investigation against the people who made the attack upon your party was suddenly broken off, and all the prisoners were set at liberty. The Commissioner and the Pasha of Acre left on Monday evening. The

whole trial was from the beginning a wretched farce, and with this conclusion must necessarily produce the impression upon the population of Nazareth that any outrage committed upon an Englishman, resident or traveller, can be committed without fear of punishment, as the Government will do its utmost to screen the offenders.

On Monday the workmen at our church were hindered and attacked by some Moslems, and in spite of repeated complaints, verbally and by writing, the local authorities have done absolutely nothing in the matter. It is now the third day.

Our church is on the south side, bordering on the property of some Mohammedans, and I am, under the present circumstances, obliged to discontinue the work there.

It is urgent to send strong orders to the local authorities. Kaimacam and Kadi are at present absent.

We received some very kind letters in our troubles, of which I quote one or two. At last, however, all the respectable authorities who were anxious to prove the truth, and were, after nine months, under a new Wali (and we had also left), they resolved to obtain a hearing. Mr. Consul Moore, of Jerusalem, was sent to examine into the affair, and the culprits were sentenced to three and four months' imprisonment, and to a fine of 5000 piastres, which money was distributed amongst the injured servants. Soubhi Pasha had appeared to be very sore about the discharge of fire-arms by Captain Burton; but surely firing in the air as a signal, when one's life is threatened by a lawless crowd, is a mild proceeding. Had a Turkish Pasha received the minutest insult his guard would have fired into them, and killed twenty or thirty of them, and the rest would all have been bastinadoed, and worked in chains for seven years, but an English Consul must not fire in the air as a signal for assistance! I only wished they had attacked a French or an American camp instead of ours.

In support of this I may quote, that when the Arabs about Tripoli revolted, in 1870, against the Government, and killed the Governor appointed by the Turks, the Wali went in person, with troops, and burnt several villages. Of course it was his duty to enforce discipline; but what a farce it is to complain of an English Consul firing a pistol in the air, to obtain assistance to defend his own wife, his friends, and four servants' lives, against

an unprovoked mob, who wanted to kill them. A French, German, American, or Russian Consul would have shot down as many as possible, and their Government would have said they were right. It only shows the amount of support given by the English Government to their employés, and the secret of our position abroad. The treatment and policy that is successful in Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, is little understood by people who have never seen anything but food, piastres, and stick.

If you are not to acquire influence and respect in the place where you live, how can you transact your work, how can you be responsible for anything? From the highest position to the lowest, the man whose orders are to efface himself, is in a terrible position. Yet those were the first instructions my husband received from his immediate superior. Shall I give you an example of France? A native Consul always rises and salutes a European Consul. Once when the French Consul came in, a native sat and stared at him. He immediately walked over and pulled him up by the beard, a very strong measure, which my husband would not take. The Pasha reported it to the French Government. An English Consul would have been recalled for "violence to a native gentleman." The French, knowing that if they put their employé in the wrong, it would reflect upon their Government, telegraphed that he was perfectly right, and to the Consul, "Your leave was on its way out to you, we must defer it for three months, lest the natives should think you were in the wrong, and are recalled." It must be a pleasure to serve a Government that treats its employés like gentlemen to be relied upon, and not like naughty school boys. Our own Government accepted for nine months the Greek report, backed by a "Bishop" and a "Viceroy," until it was proved false.

The Greek Bishop Niffon, encouraged by that moral support, began a crusade against the Protestants, and succeeded in preventing several Protestants from Keneh from cultivating their land, the possession of which was guaranteed to them by the local authorities, and by several orders from the Pasha of Acca.

I add specimens of the kind letters we received on the occasion, showing the feeling of those on the spot, and then will return to describe Nazareth.

Specimens of Letters received every day, showing the feeling in Syria respecting the Greeks, and the affray at Nazareth.

An English colonist in our own district writes :—

"We are all very proud of the affair at Nazareth. The English in Syria are looking up at last after playing second fiddle to the French Consulate for so long."

Another English settler in Mr. Eldridge's jurisdiction, writes :—

"I have heard various accounts of all that befel you at Nazareth. I think that we may all, even Mrs. M. M., send in a vote of thanks to Captain Burton for his firm dealing with such a mob. The fact is, I believe, now that poor France is down, and Russia is lifting up her head, the Greeks are becoming a little impertinent, and need a lesson or two. I only wish that we were in Captain Burton's district, or that we had a Consul like him to take an interest in our behalf here."

From a Maronite at Beyrout, who is learning French.

"Ce qui m'a peiné c'est la contrariété que vous avez eu durant votre voyage dans la Terre Sainte. Dieu l'a voulu ainsi pour donner à ces barbares par votre moyen une leçon qui les mettra à la raison, et de savoir respecter à qui on doit le respect. Oh oui ! ils ont reçu ce qu'ils ont mérité—une leçon qui ne sera jamais effacée de leur mémoire."

From an English Consul.

"I was glad to hear of your safety. The affair at Nazareth must have been very unpleasant, and I hope the stone-throwing caitiffs will get a lesson."

From a Protestant Clergyman in Syria.

June 28th, 1871.

DEAR SIR,

On my return from Jerusalem, the 26th inst., I found your letters May the 23rd and June the 9th, with this order from H.E. the Wali, regarding Mich. Kawar. I beg to thank you in the name of the Protestant community for your kind assistance, and I hope this order, demanding that no case of a Protestant should be tried except in the presence of their

representative, may be the means of protecting them in future from injustice.

I am very sorry to see that the tone of the Greeks is still of a defiant character, and that they, not only at Damascus, but also at Jerusalem, spread exaggerated and false reports in the hope to escape the punishment which their brutal attack upon yourself and servants so well deserves. I deeply regret this occurrence, and I am well aware that the savage conduct of the Greek Christians may lead you to form an exaggerated idea of their turbulent character. Yet since Protestant missionaries came to Nazareth in 1850, the behaviour of the Greeks formed a favourable contrast to the intolerance and violence of the Latin Christians, who repeatedly attacked the missionaries and their premises. The conduct of the Greeks on the 5th of May was probably not prompted by any ill-feeling against European travellers, none of whom during the last years were molested by a Greek Christian; however, it shows the highly excitable and impulsive character of the people, who, heedless of the consequences, are delighted to fight any one, relying on the superior number of their community.

The defiant spirit exhibited by the Greeks after this occurrence is principally due to the influence of their leaders, who often use their power to prevent the punishment of an offender, if he belongs to their party, and thus vitiate the moral ideas of the people, whilst Turkish officials are too weak to offer any opposition. All measures taken by you for the arrest and subsequent punishment of the ringleaders were therefore absolutely necessary; for if an outrage like this should escape punishment, no Englishman would in future visit Nazareth without a feeling of shame, or without experiencing considerable inconvenience.

This riot strikingly shows the necessity of an improvement in the police arrangements of this place. Nazareth is every year visited by a large number of English travellers, and they, as well as the English residents here, have neither the assistance of a British consular agent, nor is there a Consulate within easy reach. It is therefore necessary that a *superior* and perfectly trustworthy individual should be appointed Kaimacam of Nazareth, who might be independent from the above-mentioned local influences, and afford a guarantee for the security of foreigners.

In case my opinion about some farther particulars should be welcome to you, I shall, as far as my knowledge goes, be happy to give it.

With kind regards,

I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

* * * *

Captain Burton,
H.B.M.'s Consul, Damascus.

This is from the Patriarch of the East, and we received similar letters from the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Bishop of Damascus.

From the Patriarch of the Orthodox Greek Church in the East.

Monastère Balamend, le 26 Juillet.

MONSIEUR LE CONSUL,

Avec grand plaisir nous avons reçu votre chère missive du 17 Juillet, par laquelle nous apprenons que Votre Seigneurie nous a adressé une précédente lettre nous parlant de l'affaire de Nazareth, *laquelle lettre ne nous est pas malheureusement parvenue jusqu'à l'heure qu'il est, et nous ne savons pas où elle peut être perdue.*

Nous nous empressons maintenant de répondre à votre estimée lettre que nous avons devant les yeux. Nous vous remercions de tout notre cœur pour les sentiments de sincérité et de véritable affection que vous nous tenez, vous priant de vous assurer que ces sentiments mêmes nous les avons pour votre honorable personne ; conséquemment nous ne doutons pas qu'ils ne se changent point par les affaires de Nazareth quelque soit leur fin. Tout au contraire, nous nous assurons bien que Votre Seigneurie, doué de principes de vérité et de la sublime justice, qui sont des qualités des anglais, nous tende la main d'aide si précieuse, lorsque nos besoins la demandent de quoi nous vous adressons nos remerciements en implorant au Seigneur ardemment pour la santé et la prospérité de Votre Seigneurie en toute chose.

Vous priant d'agréer l'expression de notre considération distingué, avec laquelle nous prions ardemment le Seigneur pour vous, Monsieur le Consul.

(Signé) IROTHÉ, Patriarche d'Antioche.

A Monsieur le Capitaine R. Burton,
Consul de S.M. de la Grande Bretagne, &c., &c.

I have said that the air breeds mutiny in this part of the world, and it continues from between Náblus and Nazareth nearly to Safed.

At Nazareth a Jew cannot cross the bazar without being insulted, nor can the Sultan's subjects inhabit Nazareth. They attacked the Protestant schoolmaster of Jaffa a year ago. Mr. Zeller is often annoyed and oppressed. The Rev. Sholto Douglas was here robbed.

Two persons tried to quarrel with us at Ayn Dor. At Tahun

Tabyeth they threatened to shoot us for crossing the corner of an open field without hedge or walk. At Tiberias they struck a Jewish protected subject, and another protected Jew, Yahuda Sampton; and on the way to Safed, the Bedawin were quarrelsome, because our horses ate wild grass, and a Mogháribeh wanted to shoot Mr. Finzi; and on no one occasion was provocation given. Simply there is no one to keep order. I wrote this three years ago.*

This is what is to be seen in Nazareth, and what, in spite of our enthusiastic reception by the Nazarenes, we continued to visit.

First, the Latin Church, which is its largest building, and has an ugly outside. It contains twenty-six Franciscan monks, who own a comfortable hospice, and are hospitable, well-educated men of the world. This church covers the home of the Holy Family, the scene of the hidden and private life of Jesus during eighteen years, the only part of his life of which we may be said to know nothing.† The house itself is said to be at Loreto, where I have visited it. This is the site, and here the rooms are scooped out of the rock. The entrance has a ground floor with marble altars, and "stations" all around, and a double flight of stairs leading up to a chapel built over it. At the top

* It is a thousand pities, as the state of the East is so important to England, that we do not establish a Committee who shall be called together to sit upon all questions of difficulty that take place in the East; or, being absent, their opinion should be sent for. That the High Powers at Home, instead of always deciding in favour of the opinion of the officer of highest grade employed in the locality in question (whose interest, probably, it is to please the local authorities, and keep his place), might refer to that Committee for judgment as to whether the conduct pursued by A. B. was right according to Oriental customs and needs or not. I would compose it of men who really know the East, not of men who have read about it—such men as Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Lord Strathnairn, the late Lord Strangford, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Captain Burton, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Dufferin, Colonel Rathbone, Consul-General Richard Wood, &c., &c. Then we should cease to be ridiculous in the East, as we are now.

† "And coming he dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets: That he shall be called a Nazarite.

"And he went down with them and came to Nazareth: and was subject to them. And his mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men.

"And after they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their city Nazareth. And the child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom: and the grace of God was in him."

of these stairs is a High Altar, and inside, behind it, are the Latin cloisters, and a large painting of the Annunciation. But we must return to the ground-floor, and descend fifteen marble stairs to a low black and white marble arch supported by two granite pillars. Pass under this and you are in the house scooped out of the rock. There are two Side Altars, one is dedicated to St. Ann and St. Joachim, the parents of our Lady, and one to the Angel Gabriel, on the left. A deeper recess contains the Chief Altar, the real shrine, under which there is a black marble cross in the floor, and this is the Altar of the Annunciation. Behind the marble cross is written "Hic Verbum Caro factum est." In a back room in a little chapel, without a light, is St. Joseph's Altar, and this and the Altar of the Annunciation are back to back against the stone wall which divides them. Phocos, the Greek, says, that "this little chamber, without light, was the room of Christ from the time of His return from Egypt till the death of John the Baptist, and that on the right hand is the Sepulchre of St. Joseph, and moreover that Christ buried him there with His own hands." It seems more natural, as he died there, that they would bury him in their own *loculi*, instead of carrying him to a spot which, humanly speaking, had not yet been thought of, though afterwards consecrated by the Garden of Gethsemane and the Tomb of our Lady. Yet on the other hand this might have been Christ's intention, or Joseph might have had the natural Jewish yearning to be buried within sight of the Temple.

Now there is another very puzzling question, not that I wish to throw a doubt upon or disbelieve what I ought to believe. This is a cave or grotto, and there never seems to have been in Nazareth any question of a built house. On the 10th of May, 1291, "the house disappeared from Nazareth, and was recognized at Tersate in Dalmatia. On 10th December, 1294, it was taken to Reconati; thence to a neighbouring mountain, and finally to Loreto, where it is now venerated." But the natural grotto or cave being still in Nazareth, it appears to me that it must have been the chapel built over it by Constantine the Great that was transplanted to Loreto. Still it must be considered as a possibility, because though many ancient and early writers speak

of a church, and more than one, for they have been so often knocked down, only one later writer mentions that the Franciscans, in clearing the ground to build their church (1620), discovered the actual foundations of the house at present at Loreto. We have thus one proof that there *was* a house. At Nazareth no one knows when it disappeared. Still I should always honour the house at Loreto in case it might be *the* house, and should be afraid to disbelieve the legend.

Here is a winding passage to the right, hewn in the rock. There are twelve steps roughly cut in the stone leading to a room above, also scooped out and said to be Mary's kitchen. There exists what must have been a fire-place, and another for a washing or cooking place, for everyday life in Nazareth would have been then just what it is now. Four steps branch off from the twelve to a little low door, now made to communicate with the Convent.

Let us now return to the principal shrine. This was formerly a little cell in the rock. On the 25th of March, 1875 years ago, in the year of the world 4000, a young girl of fifteen knelt, her arms crossed upon her breast, her eyes lifted up to heaven. The Jewish virgin prayed to God for the deliverance of the world, and sighed for the coming of the Messiah. In those days, in Jerusalem, every girl bewailed her virginity, for each one hoped to be the mother of the Messiah; but she, though of the Royal House of David, though born free from original sin, destined for this particular purpose by God from all eternity, though served and guarded by angels in the Temple, she alone never dreamt of such an honour, but in her lowliness of heart, only thought of consecrating herself as a virgin in the Temple, and betrothed herself to Joseph, the humble and venerable carpenter, and this only by obedience for the protection necessary in those days to avoid scandal, and meaning still to keep her vow. This was readily agreed to by Joseph, who was ashamed of being married, on account of his age, until the designs of God were made known to him.* There is a broken granite column to the left, and a little

* In explanation of the assertion that Mary lived in the Temple in her infancy, I may remark that tradition, and the Apocryphal eight chapters on Mary, and Protevangelion, say that "the High Priest Issachar made a decree that all virgins

recess near it: here Gabriel, one of the seven archangels who always kneel before the throne of God to execute his orders—the most beautiful and the most powerful—"Gabriel" means "strength of God"—appeared and knelt, not before the great, the rich, the powerful, the Kings, but before Mary, before the purity and humility of an unknown Jewish girl—the virgin announced by the Prophets, awaited by the Patriarchs, and promised to the first Man—and said, "Hail! Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." At these words the young girl was frightened and trembled; not at the presence of the Angel, for she must have seen many, but that her purity and humility were startled. "Whence is this to me?" she exclaimed; and he replied, "Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found grace with God. Behold! thou shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus." And then Gabriel awaited for her answer, kneeling respectfully during her silence and reflection. At length it came, full of wisdom, courage, prudence, humility, simplicity, and confidence in God. The few words which settled for ever the question of our Redemption, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to his word."*

This is what took place in that little recess. The workshop of Joseph is covered by two plain, square, whitewashed rooms. In one of them are visible the foundations of an ancient chapel built by St. Helena to cover the spot, but it was destroyed by the Saracens. There is now an altar of beautiful marbles and mosaics from Naples, and a cross in marbles on the floor. Tradition says that Joseph was a very bad carpenter, and that his work never fitted, but was always too short or too long, and that Jesus used to pull them and make them all right for him. A small, white, domed chapel with a Sacristi covers the Table of Christ (*Mensa Christi*), an oval stone, twelve feet long, nine broad, and four high, which stands in the centre. It is said that our Lord used to sit at the highest part of it—it gradually slopes

who had a 'public settlement' in the Temple should leave it at fourteen, lest the holy place be defiled. Mary was unwilling to leave it. 'Seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David' were appointed to wait upon her, and she was in the Temple from the age of three to fourteen."

* Luke i. 26–38.

to about three feet,—and His disciples all around. The altar of this chapel is also of marbles and mosaics from Naples. The fountain of Our Lady is of stone, and consists of an arch with six taps; the water is good, but on the ground and in the tank it is muddy—by "the tank" I mean a birket close by, for catching rain water. Crosses of henna are patched on its walls by the devout peasantry, who come to draw water, and carry heavy jars on their heads, as Mary must have done every day. The Greek Church is built close to it in the form of a Cross, enclosed in square walls with a tower in one corner.

The chief ornamentation is its ancient and beautiful carved wood and quaint holy pictures painted before perspective was understood. The Greeks show also a holy spot. They pull up a little trap door, and let down a silver goblet by a chain to pull up a draught of delicious water, and this spring is the source of the Virgin's Fountain. It is the only time I was ever in the Greek Church of Nazareth, and I received and returned both respect and civility.

The Protestant Church is not pretty, for it looks like a blanc-mange fresh from its mould, but it is most praiseworthy that there should be one at all under such difficulties; and it is only justice to say that the Mission, Schools, and Church, and the good works and example which emanate from them, are all due to two of the best and most Christian of people—the Rev. John Zeller, a Russian, clergyman of the Church of England, and his wife, a daughter of Bishop Gobat. They are doing all they know to benefit the people, and they deserve every possible support and assistance from those of their own faith.

The solitary Mosque is the only picturesque spot here—a few palms in a green enclosure, a little minaret and a dome peeping out from the foliage.

The Greek Catholic Church is a poor tawdry chapel, but it covers one of the most precious, and by far the saddest, reminiscences of Nazareth's history—the ancient Synagogue where Jesus last opened his mouth to speak to the people of his own village, and where they spurned their God, and cast him out for ever and for ever.* And Nazareth, which was his home, never saw him again.

* Mark vi. 1-6; John i. 45, 46; Luke iv. 16-30.

It is now an arched chapel with two pointed niches, one containing a small window, and the other an altar. The sanctuary contains a tattered, tawdry Greek Catholic rood-screen and two altars. The part of the church near the door has a portion railed off by a sort of wooden lattice; and this is what remains on the site of the last scene between Jesus and the Nazarenes, where it is well to kneel and offer up a fervent ejaculation that you and I may not do as they did.

The Dâmes de Nazareth own a convent of ten sisters, who have a school for 126 children, and a small chapel attached.

The best view, far better than Tabor, is from the top of the hill which backs Nazareth, and from the little Wely at the top, called Neby Ismail. You can see Jebel esh Shaykh (Hermon), blue and white, the Mediterranean, Haiffa and Akka on the coast to the south; Tabor, like a mound, on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon, the "Kishon" watering the battle-field of Deborah and Barak and the Madianites; Jebel ed Duhy (Little Hermon), Endor, Naim, Mount Gilboa (Jebel Fukúa), Zer'in, or Jezreel, Jennin, Ta'annuk, El Lejjun (Magíddo), Tell Kaímún (Camon), Sefurîyeh (Sepphoris), El Buttauf, the Plain of Zabulon, and Cana.

We rode to Cana of Galilee, where our Lord changed the water into wine.* It is one hour from Nazareth, so that it was natural that Jesus, Mary, and Joseph should have been asked as neighbours, in the same way that whole villages now flock to a neighbouring wedding, and that He should have performed His first public miracle for the edification of his own people, yet sadly knowing that "no man is a prophet in His own country."

Amongst the ruins of Kefr Kana (Cana in Galilee), the scene of the marriage feast, there are those of an ancient Christian church, and a broken marble column shows the site of the house of Simon the Canaanite, where the water was changed into wine. The Greek Orthodox show one of the vessels which our Saviour used in performing this miracle. It was cut in the stone of the country, and rudely carved. There is a ruined Mosque on the supposed site of the house of Nathanael and of St. Bartholomew. Here the centurion asked Jesus to cure his son.†

* Read John ii. 1-11. † Read John i. 18, iv. 44-54.

The only other visit that remained to us was to devote a morning's work to ascending Mount Tabor, a rounded mountain with patches of shrubs, and with a second-rate view, but still endeared to us for the sake of the Transfiguration. Tabor is on the borders of Zabulon and Issachar.* There is a cave said to have been inhabited by Melchisedeck, King of Salem. Every race has in turn fortified itself on this mountain—Jews, Romans, and Crusaders. Now it is quite deserted, unless a priest comes up to celebrate a Mass on the holy site, or a traveller to visit it, or a few birds (partridges chiefly) perch there awhile.

We returned again by Iksal (Chesulloth), a poor village, from which we begin our goat-like scramble for nearly an hour up the nearly perpendicular Mount of Precipitation. From the top the Jews tried to throw down our Saviour. Arrived at that spot, we had the best view of Esdraelon and the torrent of Kishon, and also we can see Safed suspended on a mountain, Tiberias, and the Sea of Galilee.

Nazareth appears a large town for Syria, and exceedingly pretty, nestling in a basin, and climbing up part of the surrounding hills; but it has never been mentioned in Scripture till in connection with our Saviour, as the residence of the "Holy Family."

Nazareth contains Latins, Greeks (both Catholic and non-Catholic, called Orthodox), Maronites, Protestants, Moslems, and one Jew.

The houses of instruction are—the Latins, a boys' school, the Dâmes de Nazareth (French sisters), a girls' school and orphanage; and the Reverend John Zeller, a school for Protestants.

At Nazareth, as at Jerusalem, they dance a solemn sword-dance for funereal as well as for joyful feasts. When the Greek Orthodox women of Nazareth visited me in a body after the outrage, I was very much struck with the headdress worn by the married women. It consisted of two horns of silver on a cushion of blue, beginning very large at the bottom and becoming small and tapered at the top. It was covered with coins, worth from

* Read Mark ix. 1-12; Joshua xix. 22. 23. Also Jeremias xlvii. 17, 18; I. Paralipomenon, or Chronicles, vi. 77; Psalms, or Psalter, xlviii. 13, 14.

4 piastres (8d.) to 26 piastres (52 pence). It had a little green and red striped cap behind, shaped like our modern nets, and a green silk lappet. First there were sixteen pieces of 26 piastres each, like a fringe on each side. There were two half-pound pieces of gold, and one very large old French coin in front, of gold, and exceedingly heavy. The lappets had six pieces of gold in two and two, and there were sixty-five pieces of gold in all. I asked her if I might look at it, and she took it off. I was not prepared for its weight, and almost dropped it: it was 14lbs. weight—a stone. She begged me not to keep it long, as her head was so used to it that whenever she took it off she suffered from lightness of head. It gave me the idea of having some connection with ancient customs, such as the worship of the moon-goddess, as it seemed exactly like two half-moons beginning near the ears, and meeting at the top of the head.

I need not say that on the day of our brutal attack we had to do all the work of our own tents, and cooking, and horses; and even if we had wished it, we could not have moved on with four men disabled and helpless. Dr. Varden and myself were entirely occupied with the suffering men. Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake took charge of the tents and horses, and the doctor sent me a woman to help to cook, as it was also necessary to prepare soup and invalid food for the wounded, who, in consequence of their injuries, suffered from fever. The Sais, or groom, was the first to recover. My husband's sword arm had also been injured by stones, which put him out, as without a right arm a man is rather helpless, and the sprained muscles were not thoroughly cured for two years. Besides this we were obliged to be prepared for a night attack for revenge; and what with the whispering of the soldiers who had come from St. Jean d'Acre, the evident excitement prevailing in the town, and the barking of dogs, the nights were not peaceful enough to rest well.

On the 6th took place the deputation of Greeks and women. The men to my husband, the harims to me. All day and every day we had crowds of visitors.

On the 7th I was able to receive Holy Communion in the Grotto of the Annunciation.

Mr. Cunningham Graham was here, and so ill that we were

afraid of his not recovering. We induced him to take up his quarters at the Latin convent, where he was carefully nursed till he was able to move towards home, and I saw him in excellent health at Trieste in 1874. He had the Dragoman who so interested a Reverend Gentleman I spoke of at Bludán by pretending to take notes of his sermons, which proved to be three letters of the alphabet written hundreds of times over.

When my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake were occupied with the trial at the Majlis, I used to spend much of my time with Mrs. Zeller and the French sisters, who had a nice bath-room with taps of hot and cold water—a great luxury in these latitudes.

The last trial lasted four and a half hours. I sent a petition by the Latin Fathers, whilst it was going on, that the sentence might be as light as possible, only to show them that these outrages must be punished. Nevertheless the Káim-makám sentenced them to walk tied together two and two through the town, and so make their exit to St. Jean d'Acre. It was a wise and firm step on his part, as subsequent events showed that this was the only part of their punishment which made any impression upon them, and afterwards deterred them from those outrages which they had always until then practised upon travellers. The whole town turned out to see them go. A guard was ordered for our tents. That was our last evening, and we dined and spent it with Mr. and Mrs. Zeller.

At 7.25 a.m., 10*th May*, we left Nazareth, and every one came out to see us depart. Our exit was over a steep country, composed of slabs of slippery rock. The man in front of us was riding a nice mare. She fell on her side down the rocks, but fortunately the rider was not hurt; she was picked up without much more than a good shake and a scraped flank. In half an hour we arrived at Er Raineh, another village on a hill where the Protestants have a little chapel. And in another half-hour at Neby Yumáz (El Meshed), the ancient Gath-hepher of the tribe of Zabulon, the country of Jonas, who was buried here.* Another quarter of an hour took us to Cana (Kefr Kana), already seen. We then turned off our way to visit Sefuríyyeh (Sephoris, an-

* IV. Kings or II. Kings xiv. 25; Joshua xix. 12-13.

cient Diocœsarea, Diocletianopolis, Autocratorida, Zippor, now Sefuríyyeh), a fanatical village upon a steep hill, containing about 3000 inhabitants, the road to which is a pleasant ride through a cultivated plain (El Buttauf) and olive groves, but with a steep ascent at the end. The Sanhedrin took refuge here in A.D. 70, when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. It is the country of Joachim, father of our Lady, who married Anne the Bethlehemite, daughter of Mathan, an Israelitish priest of Bethlehem, by Mary his wife. It is covered by a castle. Here are the ruins of a Gothic church, which covered the site of Joachim's house, and a square tower on the hill top, of Jewish workmanship. In Roman days this was the strongest tower of Galilee. We passed the Sahl Turrán on the edge of a basaltic plain, where we saw the field of wheat supposed to be that where our Saviour, being hungry, ate the grains.* We reached in three hours the tomb of Neby Sh'aíb, where we breakfasted.

The greater part of our journey had been made pleasant by cultivated undulating flowery plains, but every here and there were stony and difficult passes and tracks. We fell in again with our former fellow-travellers, and had a gallop over the plain together. Neby Sh'áib was a charming rocky glen, with green and water. Stairs led up to the old tomb, which owned shady arches, under which we slept. We passed the ruins of Khan Lubíyyeh. We then all left together, and rode through the little village of Hattín, where we lost our dog, an interesting camp follower with a mysterious history. About three weeks before, a fine large Kurdish mastiff appeared on a hillock, wistfully watching our camp. He was a monument of those fine feelings of humanity which Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with a child-like earnestness, lauds so much in the Arab. The poor beast was almost a skeleton, a broken cord tied round his neck was eating into his flesh; a large raw hole was evidently burnt into his side. Full of compassion I enticed the miserable brute with a plate of bones, which he greedily, but timidly and suspiciously, devoured. I retired a few paces, not to frighten him, and at last he got familiar enough to take from my hand, but if I attempted to touch his cord he flew from me in terror. It was evident that he

* Read Matthew xii. 1-9.

had been tied up and brutally burnt with a torch or hot iron, either for amusement, or for some misdemeanour. The whole camp could not hold him to take it off, so we let him be. He attached himself to me, and slept at my tent door, and allowed no man nor beast to come into camp without orders. We tried him with all kinds of names, and he answered to "Barude" (gunpowder). Still, as long as he wore that cord he was at every man's mercy, like a bull with a nose ring. When we got familiar enough to share breakfast and dinner, and even morning tea, together, I held a plate of meat to his nose, and whilst he was engaged with it, I slipped a sharp penknife under his cord; he struggled and bounded, which helped the penknife, and the cord remained in my hands. He flew away into the desert, as if I had at least cut off his tail, but in an hour returned, astonished at his good fortune, crawled on to my knees, and licked my hands, evidently saying, "I know now what you have done for me." He never left me any more till, in riding through Hattín, he deliberately turned up another street; it might have been his home, or he saw some one he knew. I called and whistled, and sent men back after him for ten shillings reward, but I never saw him again.

An hour later we passed between Hattin and Tiberias, the site of the first miracle of the loaves and fishes.* We had a gentle ascent and came to a few rocks, or a scoop on a mountain top, on the southern extremity of Kurmul Hattín. There are some large blocks of basalt, which were put here by St. Helena, and were called the twelve thrones of the twelve apostles. The Jews say that Jethro, father-in-law of Moses, was buried at the foot of this hill; and it was on this hill that Jesus Christ taught the Gospel of the eight Beatitudes.† The Crusaders camped and fought here; and the Holy Cross, carried by the Bishop of Lydda, was taken by the Saracens.‡

We have a most beautiful view descending this mountain into Tiberias. The little town lies on the edge of the lake, whose blue waters had charmed us for a long time. There were one or two fine cliffs visible on our descent—the work of an earthquake. The lake is a pretty miniature, but not nearly so grand as the Dead Sea.

* Read Matthew iv. 22-25. † Read Matthew v. 1-16.

‡ Tobias, 8.

We had a lazy and comfortable evening.

May 11th. A lazy morning. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake had fever. Bahr Tubaríyyeh (Lake of Tiberias, Sea of Chinnereth, Lake Gennezareth, Sea of Galilee, as it has variously been called),* is a most interesting locality to Christians. It is pear-shaped, about 13 miles long, and 8 miles where broadest. It is very blue, 745 feet below sea level, and about 30 fathoms deep. It is the middle of the three great basins of the Jordan. The waters are sweet, and full of fish. Around it lie the eight towns so much frequented and distinguished by our Saviour. There is much dispute as to the proper site of one and all, save Tiberias. The others are Capharnaum, Bethsaida in Galilee, Bethsaida Julius, Dalmanutha, Chorazin, Magdala, and Gennezareth. We came here to go round the lake, which is all surrounded by a hilly country, and to hunt for these sites, making Tiberias our head-quarters. There was only one boat on the lake, and we managed to hire it with sailors for our stay.

Tiberias is a Holy Jewish City, in the tribe of Zabulon, in Galilee, and was founded sixteen years before Christ, by Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of this province, who called it Tiberias, in honour of the Emperor, his protector. He built a palace, and made it his capital. Caius, successor of Tiberias, gave it to Agrippa in 41 A.D.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, Tiberias became a refuge for the Jewish nation, and in the second century the seat of the Sanhedrin, governed by the celebrated Khakham (Rabbi) Juda Hakodesh, who compiled, or assisted in compiling, the Mishna.† From the school of Tiberias came the Gemara‡ whose principal author was the Khakham Jochonan, and the Masorah§ meant to conserve the purity of style and pronunciation. In speaking of the Jews to those who have not thought much about

* Read Matthew vi. 8-15; ix. 1-34; xv. 29-39.

† *Mishna* is in Arabic, El Muthanna (the repetition), the second law. The text of both the Jerusalem and the Babylonish Talmud, as distinguished from the Gemara, or commentary on the text.

‡ *Gemara* means perfect and complete. The second part of the Talmud, or commentary on the Jewish laws: in fact, its completion.

§ *Masorah* is a critical work, containing remarks on the verses, words, letters, and vowel points of the Hebrew text of the Bible.

them, I perhaps might be allowed to explain that the Sanhedrin was the highest Judicial Tribunal, or Chief Council, among the Jews, consisting of seventy-two members, including the High Priest, who presided.

For three centuries Tiberias was a step mother to the Jews in place of Jerusalem. The Khakham Bar-Anina, who taught St. Jerome Hebrew, was a native of this place. Another person of note, named Yusuf, discovered amongst the Jewish treasures the Gospel of St. John and the Acts, translated from Greek to Hebrew, and the Gospel of St. Matthew in Syriac as he wrote it, and became a Catholic. Tiberias has a castle and a few palm trees, and is situated on the borders of the lake. It is a large town, and contains at least 2000 inhabitants, almost all Jews.

The people wear curls at each side of their faces. It was very hot, but nevertheless they came to visit us all day long, and the women came in a body to see me. They were very cordial and hospitable. They took us to see the Synagogue—a square building or room, a pulpit in the middle; wooden seats run all around the wall. There was a cupboard, hidden by a curtain, which all devout Jews kissed. It contains scrolls of their law in magnificent cases. A separate room looks down upon their Synagogue, and contains their library, where some of their learned men were studying and praying. We then visited the house of our friend Zelmina, a Jew, who was much attached to us during all our time in Syria, and whom we much liked and respected. We went to see the Chief Rabbi, and had a very pleasant visit. His daughter was a very pretty girl, who had just arrived at the age to have her hair cut off—such beautiful hair that I felt it was a barbarous sacrifice. I rather thought that she agreed with me, though she was too orthodox to say so. There was a Damascus Jewess present, on a visit to her Tiberias friends; and one could not help contrasting the difference of the coreligionists. The Damascus lady was very much dressed and painted, with a great assurance in her manner; the Tiberias simply dressed, no paint except Nature's, and humble and courteous in her greeting—quite the town and country mouse.

To go round the lake leisurely, and to hunt for the eight cities wherein our Saviour preached and wrought miracles, occu-

pies two days. We started at 7 a.m. We were by chance thirteen souls. The sailors took their nets to fish for "musht," whilst we explored on land. All was just as it should be. First we came to Magdala (Mejdel), the hamlet which gave birth to our sinful Saint Mary Magdalen, the example of hope to the unhappy of our sex. It must have been a very different place then. Now it owns twenty wretched huts, with little straw coops for sleeping on the roof in hot weather; one palm tree; a green fringe of low bushes to the water's-edge; it smells horribly, and looks most wretched. There is a tomb here of a Shaykh (El Ajami), the name implies a Persian Santon; there is a tomb seen on a mountain, said to be that of Dinah, Jacob's daughter. Small boys were running in Nature's garb on the beach, which is white, sandy, pebbly, and full of small shells. We had heard that there were ants at the top of a high bare rock in the lake near here; we found them, and spiders also, and we wondered how they got their living. Further on was a Bedawi encampment amongst the oleanders on the beach. Súd Abu Sitti their tribe was called, and their chief, Tellawiyeh. Their black tents were perched above the water, as if on purpose to catch fever.

There was no wind, and it seemed very slow work rowing round the broad end of the lake. There was no sign of any town of Gennezareth, whose land—west side of the lake—is, the birthplace of Andrew, Peter, and Philip; nor yet of Bethsaida of Galilee. We only know or guess where they must have been. Chorazin is a two miles' difficult walk up a wady to the north, and very rocky, through a thorny jungle. The Arabs called it—that is, the road—Kathir 'Maloun, which means "thoroughly accursed," for it was very hot, and the ruins and the well were not much to see when we got there; still, it was a satisfaction to have lost nothing by staying away and thinking we ought to have gone. Tell Hum is supposed to be Capharnaum.* Here the Semakíyeh Arabs had burrowed holes for the winter. It was inhabited by our Lord, and is where He went into the Synagogue and cast out from a man an impure devil; here also the Paralytic was let down through the roof. Here He cured Peter's mother-in-law, and the servant

* Read John xxi. 1-25, vi. 1-72; Mark ii. 1-12; Luke v. 31-40; Matthew xvii. 21-26, iv. 12-21, viii. 1-24.

of the Centurion, and preached the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, and foretold the fall of Capharnaum. Peter here found the silver piece in the fish's mouth. Capharnaum was a town bordering on the tribes of Naphtali and Zabulon. It was great under the Romans—it had a garrison, a synagogue, and a douane, or custom-house. Here Christ preached His doctrine and performed His miracles. There is an old tower built of big stones, some sculpture, and a few huts, palms, and oleanders. What ruins are left extend along the beach. It is thought that Jesus and Mary lived with Peter and his stepmother, as it is certain that our Lord had no house of His own.*

We saw an oblong building standing from north to south, with several bases of columns *in sitû*, a partition running across it. At the north end there were carvings of a little temple in the doorway, with columns on a stone, and two small pillars in *alto relievo*. The worst was, that when we landed and went inland to see anything, we generally had to push our way through the thorn jungle, and came out like pincushions. The weather was perfect, but only too close and still; we should have liked more wind for our boat, but the lake was set like an opal in emeralds. I never saw such perfect colouring.

Poor Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake was sick, but all the rest of us were in high spirits. Towards night there was a glare behind the mountains, as if some great town in the neighbourhood was on fire—a sign of heat, they said. The night was sleepless, through the stifling air—fleas and mosquitoes were numerous; but we slept a little towards morning. Bethsaida Julius is on the Jaulán side of the lake, which Philip, son of Herod, Tetrarch of Bethania of Trachonitis and Auranitis, founded, and called Julius after the daughter (Julia) of Augustus. Philip Herod was buried here in a superb monument. Here our Lord opened the eyes of the blind man; and between Bethsaida and a stream called the Little Jordan and the lake, He multiplied the loaves and fishes for the second time. It is now called Et Tell, and the country is awful, the site is an hour away, and there is no road to it; so few go on account of its difficulties. Dalmanutha is said to be quite at the south of

* Matthew viii. 20.—"And Jesus saith unto him: The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

the lake; but whether it is or no, there is only the usual débris and a few stones left of it.

As soon as we returned I went off to the hot baths of Hamath, or Emmaus, about three-quarters of an hour along the shore of the lake south of Tiberias. On the way I passed columns and the remains of the fortifications of old Tiberias, and tombs cut in the rocks. The first bath is at the foot of the mountain on the borders of the lake. It has a large fine white marble basin, through which the water passes. It is surrounded by columns of marble, supporting a cupola to let the vapour out. Pliny mentions these waters, and they are still considered good for rheumatism. They are salt and sulphuric, and make one look yellow and muddy until re-washed in clean water. In the middle is the large marble basin with little rooms around it; here people bathe for bone aches, so it was full of harims, some of whom I knew. They were all in the big basin. I did not understand why they told me to go in cautiously, and not to be afraid. I laughed, and by way of showing them that English women were accustomed to water, and were not afraid, I plunged in for a swim; but I soon repented of my bravado. It gave me a considerable shock, for the heat is estimated at 142° (Fahrenheit) by Wilson. I felt as if I had jumped into boiling water. My skin was all burnt red, and I soon began to be faint. However, I remained in about twenty minutes. My Syrian girl, who went in with me, but cautiously, as advised, did faint, and had to be taken out. After leaving the bath I felt much invigorated, and lost all the fever and illness resulting from the bath in the Dead Sea. She experienced the reverse, and I left her to rest in the divan, and went to the new Synagogue, where is the tomb of the Rabbi Mahiyeh Akiba, standard-bearer of Bar Kaukeba, and from thence to the old Baths of Solomon, hotter and more sulphuric than the others. I found an acquaintance from Beyrout, who had been brought all the way in a tahktarawán (palanquin). We drank some sherbet together. I then went to see the Latin Church, which was being renewed. The original was built by Tancred, Governor of Tiberias during the Crusades, on the site where our Lord gave to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven.*

* Matthew xvi. 15-20.

There is one monk, with a few lay brothers, here. I then went into camp to receive the Jewesses in my tent.

A Bedawi Shaykh brought me a beautiful white mare for a present. I had to look hard the other way to refuse the temptation — harder still, because who is tempted by few things is tempted stronger, and because I knew that there must be something not altogether right in the background, to be done for it. Speaking of bartil (bribes), I may remark, that whenever a man wants you to do anything wrong, the civilized and high caste Damascus way is first to flatter your genius, talents, and *esprit*, then to insinuate that your enemies have been abusing you most fearfully, and that the speaker has been fighting for you and taking your part. He is the only person capable of seeing and appreciating your extraordinary qualities. Then they offer their bait. It may be money, or horses, or, if a woman, jewellery. A man once went so high with my husband as £20,000—£10,000 on the table and £10,000 when the thing was done; and it would have paid him well. When you refuse a good thing they are utterly amazed; they never calculated upon it. Then they threaten you with the Embassy and Foreign Office, and the ruin of your patronage, whatever it may be. Generally they know some member of some royal family, who will see you crushed in their behalf—that is, they have perhaps seen the hem of his garment upon a public occasion. This was the fifth horse I had refused; and as to diamonds, I have been untrue enough to my sex, when very much importuned, as to lay them on the door-step, in order that the donors might be forced to take them away. Everybody has some weakness, before which they are apt to go down like a reed before the wind; but I confess that diamonds do not tempt me, unless they come to me honestly. When an official in the East, especially in the Levant, tells you "Nobody has ever offered me a bribe," do not believe him; he says that only to gull Englishmen at home. Believe rather, that the very men who say that the loudest, have their houses stocked with provisions all the year round, so that they can lay by their salaries; that the horses they ride are "lent" to them, and that the money they receive is either paid over to a Dragoman and shared, or is "an anonymous donation for the poor-box."

People do not openly take presents to be reported home. I do not blame anybody, except an English gentleman, for taking gifts, since the day my husband was recalled; for who knows, after resisting every temptation, and working harder than any slave for his country, at what moment he may be turned adrift and penniless, to begin life over again in his old age. A gentleman or a lady cannot take them, for *noblesse oblige*, and there is always something not quite truthful or not quite fair to be done for it. Towards evening we had a pleasant little breeze.

Next morning we agreed to ride round the northern end of the lake. We galloped over the plain Wady Hammám, as close as we could to the lake, which was sandy, and full of little forests of oleander, and streams sometimes up to the girths. It is exceedingly pretty and picturesque, and infested by Bedawin. An hour's ride brought us to the land of Peter, Philip, and Andrew, but there is no town of Gennezareth nor of Bethsaida of Galilee. The site of Bethsaida is supposed to have been on the direct line between Damascus and Egypt, on the borders of the lake, sheltered by mountains, well watered, fertile, and rich with corn and game. It must have been of some importance, and Khan Miniyeh, close by it, must have been its port. Here are the remains of a Church built by St. Helena, over Peter's house. But Khan Miniyeh is a disputed locality. Some say it is Capharnaum, and others that it is Bethsaida of Galilee. There is the Khan close to the white beach, shells, oleanders, and little bay, a pretty, green, shady place, whose streamlets produce a crop of rank luxuriance here rare. Then comes Ain Tabigah and its water-mill, which some say is Bethsaida of Galilee. It has brackish streams, a few walls and arches, a shelly beach, remains of a Roman aqueduct, a wall, and a ruined heap of rubbish.

Some even say that Dalmanutha is near Magdala; others place it near Ain el Barídeh; others again close to the Jordan, at the southern extremity of the lake, and this seems the most likely. Mejdel, Maggedan of Matthew xv., and Dalmanutha of Mark viii., and Magdala, the birthplace of Mary Magdalen, according to many are all one and the same.* Everybody differs in their con-

* Read for general use concerning the towns around the Lake, John i. 4-44; Matthew xi. 1-20; Mark iii. 1-20, v. 21-43, vii. 32-37, ix. 29-40; Luke vi. 12-19, ix. 37-44, xiii. 10-17.

jectures. What appears to me to be the least known is Gergesa, in the country of the Gergesenes, on the east side of the lake, where Jesus Christ cast out an impure devil from a man.*

May 14th.—At 3 a.m. we rode quickly towards Khan Miniyeh along the borders of the lake. After a scramble of one hour and thirty-five minutes over rocky hills, we came to Khan Jubb Yusuf, which is said to be the well into which Joseph was let down.† Here we found water, shade, and grass for our horses. Thence we went to see some curiously carved stones, that we had heard of at Keraseh; they did not repay our trouble. We then had a somewhat difficult ride, steep ascents and descents over sharp ridges of stones. Some Bedawin disputed with us about wild grass that belonged to nobody, because our horses had nibbled at it; and so proud are the Mogháribehs, that a ragged fellow considered himself insulted by Mr. Finzi gently asking him to hold his horse for a few minutes, a thing that in our part of the world he would have run to do as a matter of courtesy. He levelled his gun at Mr. Finzi, who, being active, knocked it out of his hand and took it from him. Thereupon the proud beggar followed us almost upon his knees for half an hour, when it was restored to him, with a caution not to threaten Englishmen in future. About half an hour before coming to the town of Safed, the country of Tobias,‡ there is a very pretty fountain at the foot of the mountain. The entrance to the town is through a gorge, all green with olive gardens, pomegranates, and cultivation. The town appears at first to hang upon a mountain declivity. Being perched several thousand feet above sea-level, it is very cold—a treat in Syria—and the view is magnificent. Till you reach the top you have no idea how large it is. The ascent begins at the fountain, and winds round and round the mountain like a serpent; as you ascend you fancy that you are passing several villages, but all are part of the town, and it is only on reaching the summit that you understand the extent and form of this Jewish Holy City, renowned for its learning and its piety.

We were smoking our narghílehs in our tents by 4.30 p.m. and receiving our Jewish visitors.

* Read Mark viii. 22-26; Matthew viii. 21-31, xii. 22-24, xiv. 13-26.

† Read Genesis xxxvii. 19-28. ‡ Tobias i. 1.

The next morning we climbed to the summit of the mountain, which is covered by the ruins of a castle. It extends over the whole top of the mountain, and there still remains some solid masonry, but not very ancient; some attribute it to the Crusaders. It is surrounded by a dry moat. The view is glorious. From this position we see the form and extent of Safed like a map beneath us. The town extends all around the castle and the mountain, overhanging all its declivities. It is divided into three different quarters, occupied by Moslems and Jews; the Moslem quarter is sub-divided into four: Hárat el Watar, Hárat el Akrád (of the Kurds), Hárat es Suwaween, and Hárat el Jurn. The Jews occupy two quarters, divided into Hárat el Mogháribeh, Esh Hasardim, El Hasura, and Esh Shekamiyeh, 5,400 souls; Sephardim, 3,600; Purishím, 160. Total, 9,160. There are no Ashkenazim Jews. The sixteenth century was Safed's golden age of learning and funds. They had synagogues, schools, and printing-press; but these poor people suffered sad reverses. On 1st January, 1837, a fearful earthquake occurred, the castle toppled down, and all the houses on the steepest declivity, which are Jewish, shared the same fate, and 5000 Jews were buried in the ruins of their houses; many were instantly killed, some died a miserable death entombed alive, and others were dug out after five or six days, but so mangled and prostrate from hunger and thirst, as only to gasp and die. Printing-press, schools, and synagogues were all involved in the common ruin.

Beyond and around the town, extending over mountain and valley, an extensive range, is cultivation—olive-groves, pomegranates, grass, gardens, grazing cattle, and flocks of goats, giving it a peaceful and pastoral appearance. There is at this season seen a greenness about the so-called barren mountains immediately outlying these—that is from a distance; they seem very different when you ride over them. As we stood on the summit we began to look from north to east in a circle, and we could see with the naked eye Jebel Kan'an, and Burj (a tower), Ali ed Dahar, the peak Jebel Kulayb, Kaukab el Hawa (a Crusader's castle) near Scythopolis, a cone or pointed mountain near Wady Farra, Kurm Hattín (horned mountain), where we were the other day (said to be Ecbatana, where the Cross was lost); the top of

Tabor, the tomb of Rabbi Shamoon, on Jebel Meirún; the villages of Sa'asa, Feshkala, Ain Zaytoun, and several others; Jebel Rihán to the north. Carmel on the Mediterranean; the Plain of Esdraelon, the Mountains of Gilead; the pear-shaped Sea of Tiberias, with its hamlets; and the Jordan flowing in and out at our feet to the south. Whilst Samaria and the Valley of the Jordan seemed quite close, the eye commands an enormous range; the Jaulán and the Haurán stretching right away into the Arabian Desert, the ancient kingdom of Bashan. Having seen the general features of the town and its position, we descended.

I need not say that from the hour of our coming the Jews were all hospitality, and flocked to our tents to await us. We were never more gratified with our reception anywhere than at Tiberias and Safed. The old Khakham, or Rabbi, was charming. There was also another person who interested me very much. Many years ago an English Jew, named Cohen, left Liverpool, taking with him his wife and two little daughters, and settled in Syria amongst his co-religionists. He and his wife died, and the two girls were brought up by the Jews at Safed. One married Mr. Finzi, son of the English Vice-Consul at Acre, the other (Esther) a Safed Jew named Obo. They know no other life than this. Although they are in every way completely like Safed Jewesses, they have preserved sufficient remnants of their English to converse and be understood. I was much interested and pleased with Esther. She was delighted to see an Englishwoman; and though all these years had passed without her hearing anything but Arabic and Hebrew, she began to speak at first a few words of broken English with me, but after twenty-four hours her words began to come back to her; and when she translated her ideas literally from Arabic to English, it was the prettiest thing in the world. I kept her with me all the time I was there, in spite of an extremely jealous husband, and felt quite an affectionate interest in her. Since I left she has written me two very nice letters in English, which I answered. She told me that she would like to have some books to improve her English and teach her children, and perhaps to open a school; and I sent her a large parcel of children's first English books, maps, copies, and primers for spelling and reading. I learnt

from her all their domestic customs, history, "charms," mode of life—in fact, their *vie intime.*

It was very hot at Safed in the day time, and very cold at night. We went to visit the various synagogues. One had an abundance of old painted carved wood; the cupboard or Tabernacle for the scrolls of the Law was surmounted by an imperial crown and a ducal coronet, under which was an inscription, and a mirror with an inscription, and hands joining with fingers parted two and two; also flowers, dolphins, and grapes. All the rest of our time was taken up in visiting and receiving the principal Jews.

Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake left early. They wanted to go on an expedition by themselves, and left me alone. I did not start till 7 a.m., and the Khakham and Esther came to see me off. I had a tiresome ride of two hours and forty minutes after I left the fertility surrounding Safed, wandering and losing my way over stony mountains, here and there owning some long rank grass, till I came to a small village called Almah. Here I found Bedawin, and as I felt sure that my husband must pass this way, I waited for him in their black tents under the trees. It was burning hot, with blasts of scorching wind. The others came up to me at 3 p.m., and we went on together. We had a scramble for two hours and twenty minutes up and down mountains, and through small wadys or valleys, and at last came to Neby Joshua, here called, but contrary to Scripture, the Tomb of the Prophet, a white dome on a height overhanging the plain of El Huleh, which can be seen from afar, and might have been built to commemorate his victory.*

From this height you see my old bugbear from a new aspect. The plain of the Huleh is old ground, both to my reader and to me—an extensive swamp situated very low. All the dry patches are richly cultivated and fertile, black tents occupy all the best spots, and the swamps are a fever-stricken copy of Indian jungle. We remember the sources of the Jordan, the main drain of Syria, rise above this plain at Hasbeyyah, and that yonder small blue, triangular lake is Bahr el Huleh (Semachonitis), the waters of Merom of Scripture. I never see this plain without fever. To-

* Joshua vii. 3-8.

day it is black from a recent prairie fire; this happens sometimes when the grass is very dry from the intense heat of the sun. The descent is hard, down the rocks into the plain, so we spared our horses and made it on foot. We encountered a solitary jackal, which ran away like a fox.

We galloped for half an hour over the plain, and reached our tents after sunset, at a spot known to the natives as Ain Balláteh. We were very tired from the heat, and tried to sleep, but the stifling atmosphere, mosquitoes, spiders, scorpions, and other pests, made us envelop ourselves completely in sheets, and walk up and down all night, keeping up watch-fires. The jackals were very musical that night. When the morning light came, we were able to laugh at one another's miserable faces, all swollen with bites and stings. Mine was not recognizable—it was more like the face one sees in a spoon; and even Captain Burton, who always laughs at our misfortunes in this line, had a forehead all over bumps, from the sand flies.

17*th May.*—We were glad to be off early, for all were hot and feverish. We had four hours and twenty minutes zigzagging through water, long grass, and rocks, on account of the large tracts of swamp. We passed several Arab camps. Their summer tents are made of matting, buffalo spears stand against the doorway or entrance, and their bear-like dogs keep guard.

At last, after a long way round, we came to Jisr (Bridge) Rejjál, which is very ancient and composed of large stones. Here we found water and shade under arches, soft sand, a bubbling river, and a thicket of pink oleanders, against a taller one of green holm oak.

We then came to Tell el Kadi, where the noble old trees and upper and lower fountains with ice-like water were truly refreshing. We begin to feel now that we are close at home, by the greenness of the Tell, by the fertility, olives, corn, and pomegranates; by the bubbling streams bursting through the forest of holm oak and oleander—such a contrast to the desolation we have passed through, in the southern part of the Holy Land.

We came to Banias (Dan, or Cæsarea-Philippi), and went up to the castle on the peak, and then descended to a fine clump of trees, which shade a few wild picturesque Moslem graves. We

threw ourselves on the grassy carpet under the boughs, breakfasted, and siesta'd. However, people from the town recognized us, and visited us. We left again at 2.30. Had a two hours and a half scramble up mountain foot-paths, and arrived at 5 p.m. at Mashadeh, a Druze village overhanging Birket er Ram (Phiala, or the Bowl Lake, of Josephus).

All of us except Captain Burton were more or less on the sick list—some headache or sickness, dysentery or fever, weakness, and aching bones, from the cold, or heat, or swamps, or insects. These last even got into our boots; I felt something hard in mine, and quickly pulling my foot out, it proved to be a large stinging insect.

We were up early, however, for we took a great interest in Birket er Ram (Tank of the High Place), a lakelet in the mountains below Hermon, at a considerable elevation. It is about 600 yards broad, and 800 or 900 wide, so that it is not quite round. It is a solitary looking water, which seems to have no inlet or outlet, and it is popularly supposed to have no bottom. Our taking soundings greatly attracted the villagers. There was no boat, so we emptied the water out of all our goat-skins, blew them up with air, and tied them at each end. On to the top of these we fastened our camp table, and used the tent poles for oars. We made two, one for Captain Burton and the other for Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. They sounded with the lead, and the deepest part proved to be seventeen feet and a half, the temperature 67° 30′ (Fahr.). The air began to whistle out of the skins before they got clear of the long reeds, but they kept on. It has a weedy bottom, and leeches under the stones. After eight and a half feet it deepened rapidly, and there were no shells. They ascertained all this, and got back just in time to save their rafts too, as the air was exhausted.

We then breakfasted, received Druze visits, and remounted.

We rode for four hours over a stony and uninteresting country alongside, but at a little distance from, our neighbour, Mount Hermon. It was a volcanic, dreary waste, making the ride seem longer. At 4.30 we came to a mill, with trees and water, near Bayt Jenn, where the hospitable and gracious-mannered Druze miller ran out and begged us to camp. We had a charming cool night, and all were quite well again.

19*th May.*—It was a delicious morning, in the cool dawn light, by the foaming river. We rode for four hours over dreary hills and up and down stony mountains, till we came to the Katana, a village of Moslems, only three hours and a half from our own house, and where I often ride over the plain of Damascus.

We halted under a favourite fig tree, where is shade, water, and grass; refreshed our horses, breakfasted, slept, and wrote up journals. Then we made our remaining three hours and a half in a quiet amble. The plain was burning, the sun rained fire upon us, and blasts of hot wind scorched us, till at last we arrived at Mizzeh, the village on the borders of the green. We entered our own oasis. Oh! how grateful were the shade, the cool water, the aromatic smells. One hour from Mizzeh took us to our own little paradise, where we met a cordial greeting from all.

20*th May.*—We turned all our tired steeds out to grass, paid and dispersed the men and animals that did not belong to us, and cleaned the weapons and saddlery.

I did not know it then, but it was my last happy day. We found all manner of official troubles waiting for us; these lasted four months, and at the end of that time I left Syria, and have never since beheld it. The second instalment of my dream!

On the 24th of May we had a reception for Her Majesty's birthday, when it is the custom to make a *festa*, and all the other Consuls and local authorities pay official and friendly visits of congratulation.

CHAPTER XXX.

MORE DISAGREEABLES AWAITING US AT DAMASCUS—JEBEL DURUZ HAURÁN—SYRIAN CAMP—JEWS AGAIN.

HAVING made all the necessary explanations concerning the Nazareth affair to the Wali, to our Consul-General, to the Russian Consul-General, the two Greek Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Tripoli, and Greek Bishop of Damascus, and having answered all the despatches from London and Constantinople, Captain Burton thought everybody was satisfied and contented, and that the "village row" was ended. He still had left to him a fortnight's more "leave," and he thought he would use it to discharge a duty that had long been upon his mind.

The Druzes having paid him several friendly visits, and frequently begged him to call upon them in the Haurán, he was anxious to keep up neighbourly relations. He also wished to copy Greek inscriptions and to explore volcanos which the road would show. He was not aware that the Wali had a political move in the Haurán which he did not wish him to see, or that, seeing, it was to be the signal for him to try and obtain his recall. On the contrary, he thought it was both the wish of himself and Mr. Consul-General Eldridge that he should go. Some time previously, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had kindly telegraphed sick leave to him, but he was unable to use it till the end of March, 1871, his presence being required in Damascus till then. He took advantage of that leave by passing the Holy Week at Jerusalem, and he ended by visiting the Haurán, which is within the jurisdiction of

Damascus, simply as an act of courtesy to the Druzes. Anxious not to offend anybody by omitting them, nor to lose time, he tried to make a general rendezvous at the house of the principal religious Shaykh, which should be considered common ground, and he addressed them a note, which was afterwards strangely altered to suit circumstances.

He called upon Rashíd Pasha before his departure, and spoke freely of his projected visit. The Wali expressed his gladness, saying, "Go soon, or there will be no water." He then wrote to Mr. Eldridge, who had often proposed to make the excursion with him, but he received no answer from him. On the 25th of May, 1871, accompanied by Mr. Charles F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who was fortunately a witness of all his words and actions, he set out, little suspecting what was prepared for him upon the strength of his few days' trip.

A few days after they had started, the Wali, with whom I had always been on most friendly terms, wrote me a letter which surprised me considerably. It accused my husband of having made a political meeting with the Druze chiefs in the Haurán, and having done great harm to the Turkish Government. Knowing that my husband had done nothing of the kind, I saw at once then that there was some powerful influence at work to destroy the *entente cordiale* that existed between us. I still maintain that Rashíd Pasha, left to himself, would not have acted as he eventually did, but that he was too weak to refuse to listen to every little jealous word. It was no use to do anything or to say anything; nothing would prevent him from dragging my name into unpleasant notice, wherever he thought it might strengthen a case; simply because, whatever happened to Captain Burton, I was found, where I have been for fourteen years, and hope to be till one of us die, at my husband's side.

However, I wrote and told him that he would find out he had been deceived, as he had been about Nazareth, and requested him to wait till my husband came home. By this time he had learnt from those who had goaded him on, how to set to work at home, and his plans were laid. A disturbance had been created between the Bedawin and the Druzes, which enabled the Govern-

ment to attack our allies, who were in difficulties all over the Haurán. The Wali let my husband go, in order to be able to accuse him of meddling, but not foreseeing what would occur. An old Druze from the Haurán about this time came to my house, said he had seen my husband, and began to praise him. I asked, "Why, what is he doing?" He replied "Máshálláh! we never saw a Consul like him. He can do in one day what the Wali Pasha could not do in five years. We had a quarrel with the Bedawin, and we carried off all their goats and sheep, and the Government was going to attack us. Our chiefs, when they saw the Consul (Allah be praised), told him their difficulty, and asked him what we ought to do. He told them they ought to give back the goats and the sheep to the Bedawin, and to make up our quarrel, and submit to the Government, for that the war will do us great harm. The Shaykhs have consented, and now we shall be at peace. Máshálláh, there is nobody like him!" I now began to wonder if the Wali had intended a little campaign against the Druzes, and if my husband had spoilt it by counselling submission. If he had intended to reduce the Druzes of the Eastern mountains, and if a campaign took place in Jebel Duruz Haurán, the inhabitants would have been joined by the fighting men of the Lebanon, Anti-Lebanon, and Hermon. The country is eminently fitted for defence, and the Druzes, though badly armed, are brave, and animated by the memory of past victories. In short, the same disgraceful defeat of the Turkish Government would have taken place as that which occurred in 1874, and which caused the Wali, Mustafa Beg, and nine high officials, to be dismissed.

One day a European who had accepted favours and rich presents from the Wali, asked me what day my husband was to return, and by what route. I inquired why he wanted to know. "Because," he said, "my child is to be baptized, and I want Captain Burton to be present." I told him. To my surprise, I found out next day, that the christening was fixed for the day *before* my husband's return, and I was invited; so that *this* could not be the reason for wanting to know. I believe he was employed to find out, but I exonerate him from any blame of

knowing the why and wherefore. I prefer to deal with rogues—the other category does the mischief of ten wicked men.

By a trusty messenger I instantly despatched a warning, in such a way that it could not be intercepted, to my husband, to "look out for tricks," and by God's blessing it was in time. He noticed, with his keen desert instincts, the fresh spoor of one solitary dromedary, which still bore the sign of last night's heat-drops. The rider was bound, like them, from Shakkal to the north-east, where the Bedawin camped, not for exploration but with a message. He divined the ill-omened foot-prints, and with a quiet laugh altered his course, and from a concealed shelter was able to watch the progress of 100 horsemen and 200 radifs (dromedary riders), two in each saddle, beating the country, looking for some one. I do not pretend to know who sent them, or what for.

I went to the christening, and preserved a calm exterior, though my heart was beating like a locomotive, and I felt a little faint when a certain well-known "Greek" said to me, with a meaning, unpleasant smile, "There is a telegram or something important arrived for you." "Oh, is there," I said coolly; "well, I suppose I shall get it when I go home." Presently a Kawwass came in and saluted, and said, "The Consul is returned, Sitti, and wants you."

Making my excuses, and shaking hands all around, I retired from the festivities, and jumping on my horse with a heartfelt thanksgiving to God, I galloped home. The telegram, which was unimportant, did not arrive for several hours, showing it had been detained somewhere.

Had the Ghazu fallen in with Captain Burton, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and Habíb, the verdict would have been "Fallen a prey to his wild and wandering habits in the Desert." But as it was not God's will that it should happen then, the Wali was able to report that "he was so unpopular with the Moslems, that he would not be answerable for his life."

For proof of his political movement in the Haurán, the following translation was made of his original letter to the Druzes, and forwarded to the Foreign-office. I give the original and the *free* translation side by side:—

Real Copy Translated.
To the Shaykhs of the renowned Druze Mountain.

After the usual compliments, we want to inform you that this time the wish to visit you has moved us, and to take the direction of your country.

For which reason we will leave Damascus on the Wednesday, and sleep at Hejaneh ; the second day at Lahtah, and the third at Kanawát.

We therefore hope that you will meet us in the above-mentioned place that we may see you.

This is a simple general *return visit* to the visits of the Druzes, not to waste time in going to each man's house, nor to make jealousies by singling out some and neglecting others.

False Copy translated and sent to England.

Traduction d'une lettre addressée par le Consul Britannique, en date du 22 Mai, 1871 (3 Juin), aux Cheikhs Druzes du Haurán.

Après les compliments d'usage, je *m'empresse* de vous informer que, animé *du désir de m'entretenir* avec vous, je quitterai Damas mercredi *pour vous rejoindre*, et que j'arriverai *ce jour même* à Hedjan, et le lendemain à *Lahita*, et le troisième à Finvate. Je nourris l'espoir que vous ne manquerez pas *tous* de venir me rencontrer au dit village de *Finvate*, *afin de prendre part à cette entrevue.*

This *adds* all the words that are dashed, to give it a semblance of a secret political meaning.

The description of Captain Burton's Haurán journey is given in "Unexplored Syria," a joint book, partly mine and mostly his, with maps, illustrations, and appendices by Charles F. Tyrwhitt-Drake. It also treats of Homs, Hamah, Tullúl es Safa, and the 'Aláh.

Mohammed Agha was still upon the sick list, and a doctor attended him twice a day, who performed operations upon him. Habíb still continued to spit blood. The cook and the groom recovered quickly. Captain Burton still suffered from the right arm, but not sufficiently to lay up for it, and continued his usual work.

We had a pleasant habit of passing the evenings on the terrace, or house-top, which, being overhung with trees, was almost like a garden. I was very friendly with the Shaykh of the Mosque attached to my home. The building consisted of a

little picturesque mosque and minaret, and a small private house clinging around a huge vine, which runs through the roof like the mast of a ship, and spreads up and down and all over the walls, both inside and outside. The vine is so large that the building seems to cling to it for support. From this roof-terrace our village is charming. Its domes and minarets peep out of the trees. The water-wheel sighs, the water bubbles; the huge yellow mountain-wall towers above us. The company consists of the quiet, homely wife, and four soft, pretty girls, aged five, eight, twelve, and sixteen. The one aged five wants to be Leila Khánum, which means, at least, a Pasha's head wife. She tells me stories which, in a child's mouth, are astounding, showing the precocity of the Eastern babe. The cunning puss wanted me to give her a pair of earrings, but it is not the custom to ask point blank for a thing, so she spoke to me in parables, and related "how the cat lifted her eyes to Allah, that he might paint them black with kohl, and her paws, that he might adorn them with henna, and her ears, that he might put earrings in them." I took the hint. The curious child used to pet a beetle, and carry the horrid thing in her bosom. She tied a thread round its legs, and used to feed it and almost live for it. Here I used to pass many of my evenings, drinking coffee, and learning what I could. I tried to master the "call to prayer," with the Muezzin, but never could manage it. Sometimes they came to pass the evening on our terrace instead.

Time rolled on without any very grave events, and many Druze Shaykhs came to stay with us. We rode to the camp at El Hameh, an hour out of Damascus, to visit our old friend, Omar Beg, who was in command there. It was the first time this had been attempted in Syria, and it became a Turkish local Aldershot.

On the 12th of June arrived Miss Amy Fullerton, since the author of a charming little book, called "A Lady's Ride through Syria." Miss Fullerton is a lady who, though of a kindly and cheerful disposition, takes life seriously and earnestly, and had all sorts of benevolent projects, as well as pleasure, during her travels, which has, I believe, resulted in the diffusion of much useful information on her return to England.

On June 25th we rode over, by the Wali's invitation, to a

grand review at El Hameh—the first ever seen in Syria. The soldiers had been in camp and at manœuvres all the summer. There was, unfortunately, a driving wind, which had worried them the whole time upon a bleak and stony undulating plain, and to-day there was occasional rain with it. We rode with the Wali, Abd el Kadir, and the Mushir, or Commander-in-Chief. The whole force then defiled past, firstly 10,000 infantry, one gun to each battalion, and 500 cavalry. The horses were very good. Kurshid Beg, an Italian Brigadier-General in the Turkish service, was conspicuous for his dashing cavalry bearing, for his good seat—where all were good, and for his gentlemanly manners. Omar Beg, however, and his wonderful mare drew all eyes; as long as she was in the field she was a loadstone. This was followed by some refreshments in a mud hut, an impromptu affair. Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of the Wali to us; indeed, everybody was kind, especially to me, the only woman present. We then had fireworks, and dinner and toasts, wild native dances, and conjuring tricks, and a pleasant drive home in Abd el Kadir's carriage.

The next evening I was invited to a large harím *soirée*, at a neighbouring Moslem Shaykh. We had the usual evening. Two hundred women in their best costumes, a very nice supper, while the girls sang, played, and danced for us. Married women recited poetry, and told us stories till far into the night. One charming girl, Nejla, was very clever at impromptu.

The Jews, who had taken no part in the disagreeable official business relative to usury, but whose names had been freely used by the Triumvirate against us, having found out by this time the true position of affairs, begged of us to renew friendly relations with them. They proposed to draw up a declaration, which they would all sign, and to which six Rabbis would affix their names and seals, that the letters addressed by Chief Rabbis Aaron Jacob and Jacob Perez, to their Chief Rabbi in London, and likewise to Sir Moses Montefiore, and that of Mr. Weiskopp to Sir Francis Goldsmid, to forward to our Government, were written in anger. No. 1 called on the English clergyman, and begged him to "tell the Consul that he would drink water out of his boots"—a very undesirable form of humiliation, to people who only asked

not to be spoken of untruthfully in the quarter where it would most damage them. The Chief Rabbi, who wrote the above letters, also sent to say that he had made a great mistake, and was very sorry for it. This new outburst of feeling was caused by the sudden discovery of what had really been done to us, and the use that had been made of their names to effect it. The son of No. 1, who had stolen some papers from the Consulate, had been let off, and was shortly after turned out of the Mejlis, or Chambers, and condemned to thirty days' imprisonment for purloining Government documents, but my husband, in his large-minded way, begged him off. Secondly, that one of No. 1's cases, for which he had persecuted my husband, had been tried at Beyrout by his own election, thinking wrongfully that my husband would be mortified or jealous of his immediate superior; he was adjudged to pay 400 napoleons, instead of receiving the 35,000 which he claimed.

The difficulty of our becoming friends was that they had made such serious accusations against my husband, that we did not want to hush it up, but to fight it out, that our Chiefs might investigate it, and see on which side was the right, and on which the wrong. However, my husband sent me to visit them at the house, or rather the newly-built palace of a friendly Jew, a British protected subject, in virtue of his being an Indian merchant. Instead of meeting half-a-dozen old friends, as I expected, I found two or three hundred of them, who were very glad to see me, and were very cordial and friendly. I explained to them what had taken place, and why. They told me that they had been made to believe that the Consul was so much against the Jews, that he wanted to exterminate the whole of those in his district. I explained to them that, on the contrary, he had a great regard for the Jews, but that he thought it sinful, dishonourable, and unmanly to assist three usurers to squeeze the poor; and that it was never the intention of the British Government that their *employés* should be used for that purpose; and that his having refused to do certain "dirty work" had earned for him the enmity of these three, who then in turn excited, by false representations, the evil passions of the rest of the community. We parted on the best of terms.

And here I must be allowed a by-word. People in small official life are always subject to these trials, and, knowing this, how careful a Minister at home should be in listening to complaints. The lower an officer's grade, the lower the people he has to contend with. The Consul deals with all classes; when he rises to be Minister or Ambassador he is above the mob, which cannot touch him. The enemies of the Consul will crawl in the dust to the Minister. Meantime, the junior official has to run the gauntlet of the mud pelted at him, and if his Chief at home listens to it, a weak man dare not do his duty for fear of losing his post: the strong man does his duty, but he knows he has no chance of rising. Only the bad man succeeds. He arrives at a new place, and all the bad people make a dead set at him to take up and protect their evil doings, and to join them against their local enemies. If he does it he is upheld by them, but loses caste with the decent classes; if he does not, they form a cabal against him, and even pay people to write home complaint after complaint against him, till the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who knows nothing of these matters, says, "There must be something wrong about this man, or I should not get bad reports of him right and left. It is evident he won't do for the place." He recalls his good, honest, brave servant, who was doing his master credit, and he puts him on a shelf to pine in useless inactivity, and breaks his spirit, and sends out another, who naturally says, "I am duly warned what to do. I will take care not to do what my unfortunate predecessor did, but the reverse." He has learnt that the "decent people" only looked on, or if one or two did take his part, they were not believed, or not listened to. He does as the others bid him—"wins golden opinions"—and the Minister at home thinks it is all as it should be. Who shall blame the man? He has, perhaps, a wife and children to support, and he yearns for promotion. If he sees but one road to his Chief's favour, that of "hearing no complaints of him," what shall he do? What will high authorities and good men know of him and his self-sacrifices when he is driven out of the world by penury, and has to earn his pittance in some out-of-the-way settlement? How easy are the sacrifices of an independent man, who can afford to bide his time.

I have seen many cases of this kind during fourteen years of Consular life, and personally I am always acting the part of Job's wife, but unsuccessfully. Captain Burton has no chance of rising to his proper position: he is much too good. The "light of God" is upon him. The Home Authorities may hear all the complaints; *he* will not report to them what good he does—but *I* am a woman, and I will cry it from the house-tops until they hear it. He has gained respect and influence here over all classes. All the good and the poor love and trust him—the bad fear him. He has some talisman for attracting the people; and when they get a written order from him, they kiss it and put it on their heads, as if it were a Sultan's Firman. He is more than equal to his position if he is only commonly backed up at home. With so many races, creeds, and tongues, all at variance, in an Oriental intriguing focus, it is impossible to please everybody. You cannot well walk down the street without treading upon somebody's toes. It is difficult for a man who does his duty in a hot-bed of corruption to be universally popular, and there are some whose disapproval is a proof of integrity. One must have a straight line of duty. If a person wants you to do something wrong, and you act uprightly and refuse, they are sure to write to some great personage at home, to ask them to complain at head-quarters. They never mention what they asked you to do—what bribe they offered—but invent something against you. If they are listened to, they can always keep you in hot water, as *cela encourage les autres.*

At Ambar's house I met a little friend of mine, a young married woman, more like a merry school-girl, whose name was Rafka, but we always used to call her "El Shaytaneh." I do not think the usurers had effected much ill-will between us. The Jewesses are very affectionate when they really like you. She one day tumbled off her donkey when she had been up to visit me, and she hurt herself, but when she was lying on the ground she called out heartily, "Well, I don't care, I have seen her," as if she were willing to tumble off again in the same cause. After I had stayed with Ambar for some time, I went to Bayt Lisbona, where I met as many more Jews; for one house could not contain them all, and besides this, like other races, they had cliques.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BLUDÁN LIFE AGAIN.

THE heat for some time had been very painful; in Damascus 105° (Fahrenheit) in the shade and cool draught of the rooms, and 170° (Fahrenheit) in the sun. There was not a breath of air night or day.

We felt like the curled-up leaves of a book. One's head swam, the eye-balls seemed on fire, the tongue, throat, and chest were parched, the skin dried up, the inside fainting away. The horses sweated in the stables; the dogs were too lazy to eat. Food or sleep was to us impossible; everything except the lightest muslins seemed irksome. Every one who could, fled. I fell sick and could hardly rise from the divan, but refused to go to summer quarters because my husband could not go too, and I disliked shirking anything that he had to bear. It is usual for all European Consuls to go to summer quarters during this great heat, near enough to come into Damascus every few days, leaving the Consulate in charge of the chief Dragoman, who is a native, and having a mounted messenger plying between. At last, however, fever set in, and it became a necessity, and my husband sent me away to Bludán. The villagers turned out to receive me two hours before I reached our house. Next day I resumed my old life of last summer. Subsequently Captain Burton joined me, holding himself always ready to go into Damascus at a moment's notice, if required.

The late drought and three flights of locusts, the scarcity of corn and other provisions, the backward state of the fruit and vegetables, portended a very bad summer. Already, in May, it

had been 90° in the shade. In European towns we should have begun to prepare for the cholera scourge, but here we must stand to our post, look on passively, and silently hope to be spared. The Syrians still continue to gorge themselves with sour milk, green fruit, cucumbers, and unripe olives. The open streets, as usual, are the sewers, and the heaps of offal remain in them, crowded with gorged and poisoned pariahs, alive and dead, and the fetid water is allowed still to stagnate. How easy it would be to utilize their criminals, make them work coupled in chains, and guarded by an overseer, to clean their streets, cart away all this offal and dead dogs to the Desert, bury them with quick-lime, and clean out all the stagnant fountains and pools. There is running water everywhere in Damascus. How easy to turn on the hose down every street, to fine the sellers of cucumbers, of green olives, and unripe fruits; but it is less trouble to die, and let the City be decimated. Seeing the apathy, I ventured to publish two recipes given to me by two army surgeons in India, who assured me that they never lost a case in whole battalions even when the cholera was most malignant; and I did so with more confidence, because I had had much experience amongst the poor in London and in South America, and never lost a single case with these two remedies.

These were the recipes published:—

"As soon as the attack commences administer a quarter of an ounce of the sesqui-carbonate of soda in half a teacup full of boiling water; if rejected, repeat it. In a severe attack give sixty-six grains of the soda, with three of opium as a pill, to be washed down with the remaining soda-water. A few drops of laudanum may be added according to the patient's constitution, or the severity of the attack. In a case of life and death, mix one ounce of laudanum, one ounce of finely powdered charcoal, and one ounce of good brandy. Shake it up, and give one small teaspoonful every fifty minutes, up to three doses."

This drew down upon me great indignation from some unknown quarter; and an attack was made upon me in the *Levant Herald* by somebody, evidently not a professional, signing himself "Opium," which was smartly and generously replied to by some friendly physician.

Two years' hard work amongst the poor of Syria had taught me that, except at Beyrout, they will not send for a doctor until

they are at their last gasp. If they did, supposing it were cholera, and he had the courage to visit them, it would be a native who would bleed and kill his patient, and not forget to take his fee. I was therefore always willing to go to them, and always preached the gospel of "prevention being better than cure." "Opium," my *Levant Herald* scourger, talked of "wholesale poisoning," by which I judged him not to be a professional, or he would have known far better than I did, that in cholera the power of absorption by the stomach is at its minimum, and that only a small portion of a potent drug gets into the system—for instance, that thirty or forty grains of calomel may be given in cholera without producing any results; and in the case of a Syrian, that you may multiply a European dose by four and not shrink from heroic quantities.

I found a good many changes in Bludán. The Chief of the Bayt et 'Tell had lost his wife, and had married a very pretty young girl from the 'Buká'a, and we had all kinds of feasting for the event.

Usurer No. 1 gave my husband some work at Ma'arabún and Mádáya, two villages which he had tried to ruin, and which were begging for mercy. Captain Burton and the Jew agent went there together, and we all accompanied them, as it gave us a ride. We rode first to Zebedani, and thence to the sources of the Barada. Our party consisted of Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, my husband and myself, the principal people and Shaykhs of the villages. We fished in the Barada, and breakfasted in the black tents, after which the Arabs danced and sang for us. We then galloped to Mádáya, where the affair was duly investigated, and the usurer's injustices disapproved of.

During our ride Shaykh Hasan whilst brandishing his lance caught it in the sand, where it stuck point upwards. I was close behind, and at the pace we were going it must have transfixed me. I saw it glitter between my eyes, when my clever horse, Selím, with wonderful instinct, swerved on one side and saved me. How he could know I cannot imagine—he could only see the bamboo cane which he would have galloped by, and the spear would have picked me out of the saddle—but he did know, and saved my life by the breadth of a wafer. Then all were very

fussy about the carelessness and the danger. I remarked, "Never mind this time, Shaykh; only when I do want a dentist I will tell you," which made them all laugh as if it were a new thing.

This year I had more patients than last. There was a poor Greek Orthodox gentleman dying of consumption, but I could do nothing for him, except make him comfortable in my garden during the sunny hours. I had also an addition in an old paralytic man, and an Arab boy, about twelve years old, crippled by rheumatism. His father and mother accompanied him, but as he could not walk, his grandmother was used as a beast of burden, to carry him on her back. In this way he arrived. I wanted to keep him for a fortnight, but he was the most troublesome patient I ever had! he used to spit medicine out, and bite, and use his arms and legs most viciously. If cursing takes effect I may never hope to see any good luck again, for what he prayed God to send me and mine can scarcely be explained. I managed to keep him for two days, and he would have got quite well, but the women were weak enough to yield to his earnest entreaties to be carried back to the Desert. It is, however, generally worth while to try and help these people, who are so grateful. In some cases they had suffered for years from a mere nothing; and when some simple remedy cured them, they would come back hysterical with joy, fancying that my hands were blessed, and that no doctor could have done so well. Certainly there is a great deal in faith.

My life, whenever I was not on an expedition, was passed with the sick, or settling village grievances. I never saw such quarrelsome people. I will give you a last example of what was constantly occurring.

Two harims had a quarrel, and called each other ugly names. They had been great friends, and had, I suppose, done in their way, what many higher class women do in a more educated fashion. They had been in the habit of dining together, and doubtless sat opposite one another saying, "What an angel of goodness you are, my gazelle! You really are the only creature of Allah in whose society I take delight." The other replied, "You are so clever, O light of my eyes! and so superior to all other women, that the days I do not see you do not count as life. How fortunate that we are such friends, and stay in the same

place, and nothing—nothing ever can divide us." One day A had on a better gown, or some man had praised B; and one suggested "that A had had a friend she ought not to have had," and the other "that B spent all her husband's money on dress and pleasure"—and in this particular line of life it ends by a volley of stones. However, on this present occasion the man of one harím was called in, and shamefully beat a woman of the other. They all came to me in a furious and excited state. The beaten held up the bone of a finger from which the flesh was stripped; I bound it up in healing herbs, gave her a cooling draught, and made her lie down. The servants had by force to keep off the other harím whilst I did so, to prevent their attacking her the while. As soon as my back was turned, instead of remaining quiet as I bid her, the woman rose and flew into Damascus, in a broiling sun, thirty miles off across country, to lay her case before the Divan. A soldier was sent over, who took twenty piastres from her enemies, and went back saying the affair had been settled amicably. She then lurked about hiding, and a fortnight later a miserable object came to me in the garden with an arm the size of a leg, and a hand like a boxing glove, all covered with hideous sores. She plaintively asked me for a little ointment. "Are you," I asked, "the woman who escaped from me after I had bound up her finger a fortnight ago?" "Yes," she said, "I am; I was full of anxiety and rage: I ran over to Damascus, with my bad hand, in the glaring sun; I heated myself. Then I lost my case, and after putting it into your hands I was ashamed to come back to be cured." "Well," I rejoined, "your arm now is far beyond my knowledge, and I am going to put you upon a mule and send you down to Beyrout to my Hakím, Dr. Brigstocke." "Oh no!" she replied, "I would not go for anything." "I must make you then by force," I said, "because in three days you will be dead, and it will be upon my head." So I sent for the Shaykh, and requested him to find me the man who had beat her, and to hire two trusty men and a strong mule. The woman was placed on the mule, and a man at each side, who were told the importance of the case; they started at once with all speed to Beyrout, which they reached in fifteen hours. They met the doctor as they were going into town, and gave him my note.

"All right," he said, handing them a few written directions for the hospital people. She was unloaded at the door, undressed, and put to bed. The doctor came back and operated upon her immediately; and he wrote me back word, "Just in time to save amputation; mortification was about to commence, and had she remained in Bludán she must have died."

I went down to see her a few weeks later, and found her with her arm full of slits, but quite healthy, overflowing with gratitude, but very much bored by the restraint of hospital rules, never having been before in a civilized place. The doctor told me she would soon be able to work again. Meanwhile, after I had packed her off upon the mule, my husband ordered the man who beat her, and whom the Shaykh brought to me, to pay for her transport to Beyrout; it was only ten francs, but we wanted to punish him. That money I employed in putting her child out to nurse whilst the mother was in the hospital—there was luckily only one. I gave the man work to do, and let him earn it back easily. This serves as an excellent example of a village quarrel. You may perhaps ask why I interfered. Because they asked me to do so. Because I did them good, they grew to rely upon me; and I never can feel that one is put in a place simply to look on at life as if it were a play performed for our amusement. It is certainly safer to do so, for then one is not hurt by bad people. But I am not afraid of bad people. They may hurt one for a little while with weak minds, but it never lasts long, and it recoils on themselves.

One night, when I was sitting alone, I heard a great noise against a door that was always kept locked, and which opened, not on the house-top, but on a second elevated terrace, from which a flight of stairs led to the garden. I seized the only thing handy, a big stick, and ran out, feeling sure that none but an enemy or a thief could be at that particular door. I found myself face to face with one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen. A large serpent had been attracted by a bowl of milk put out on the terrace for my large white Persian cat, and "Tuss," as she was called, was valiantly defending her milk against the snake. The moment it saw me it raised up its long neck and hissed, but I hit it with my stick a foot away from its tail, which is the proper place to paralyze a snake. It tried to make for the stairs, showing me how

it had come up so high, but was unable, and then I killed it. It was two yards and a half long, as thick as a child's arm; it had a flat head, and was of a bluish silver colour. The moment I disabled the snake, the cat began to play with its tail for joy.

Another night a plate of meat was put for the cat, and when I went to the house-top a large wolf sprang over my head, and made for the lower stairs. I ran in for my gun, but though I was not an instant, the wolf was out of reach. I then used to hang up legs of mutton in the trees to try and entice them, and remain hidden behind the bushes on moonlight nights, sometimes half the night, to get a shot; but it was no use. I have seen them prowling, two together, round and round, out of gunshot, but they seemed to have lost all confidence as to coming inside the garden. I suppose that, although they smelt the legs of mutton, the same keenness told them of my whereabouts, and that of the bull-terriers.

During this summer we had frequently to make excursions of two or three hours in certain directions, sending the cook with the breakfast to different spots, and inviting the Shaykhs and principal people round us. We would choose a spot near water, near Bedawin tents, or near a melon plantation. We always had a large attendance of our neighbours—the Bayt el Beg, my last year's enemies and this year's friends, the Bayt et Tell, the principal Moslem Shaykhs, the Catholic priest, and the chief Christians, mounted on all sorts of beasts. Arrived at the appointed place we would eat and drink, make a fire, roast and prepare our coffee, and have a siesta. Some of them would sing and dance to tom-tom music beaten on a dish; recite verses, tell stories, and act impromptu charades. There was one grey-bearded wag called 'Brahim, who never failed to procure us great amusement. On these rural occasions one had an opportunity of observing the difference between the different races. The Moslem always behaved with the high-bred courteousness of a gentleman: his were all the little accomplishments which contributed to the amusement. The Christian was like the country cousin, heavy in hand: he spoke rarely, and lacked all little talents; he neither sang, nor danced, nor played, nor recited, nor acted. Both live in the mountains with equal advantages. Mosque and Church

cannot affect that, so that it must be the innate nature of the different breeds that make the contrast. They are quite distinct; they do not intermarry.

On the 7th of August arrived several visitors from different quarters, Zahleh, Beyrout, Damascus, and the Haurán. I was alone and expecting nobody, and, in housekeepers' parlance, the "cupboard was bare." I went out on the terrace, and with the glasses descried four parties of horsemen coming from all sides. One I recognized as my husband and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. In an hour the house was more than full. However, hospitality in the East is not of that rigid and difficult order that it is in England, and we are always glad to see our friends, even without notice. Divans are soon shaken down for beds, and a boy on a pony rides off to the next flock and buys a sheep, which is shortly served up whole, stuffed with rice and pistachios. Your friends' horses are stabled, or tethered in a circle if there is no room; and as to the kitchen, I often wonder what Mrs. Notable would say about "followers"; for whereas in England a servant's friend has to come *en cachette* to get a supper, here I frequently find forty strangers whom I never saw, feeding mostly on rice and kid, with my own servants. I know it would not do in England, but in these places I do not believe it makes much difference at the end of the year. They have a rule of hospitality that, when feeding time comes, they must ask all present to sit down, and the servants' friends generally know the hour and flock in.

On this occasion we had the honour of a visit from one of the most charming of Church dignitaries—the Greek Orthodox Bishop of Zahleh, a handsome, clever, civilized, very diplomatic, and exceedingly pleasant Bishop; also the Lady Superintendent of the Zahleh schools, which gave us sincere pleasure. There were, however, some of the party whose collision was a disagreeable surprise to themselves. It must be confessed that for two people who are not upon speaking terms, to meet suddenly, face to face, to stay in an isolated house on the heights of the Anti-Lebanon, is discouraging. There is no telegram to call you off, no next train to run to town by—nothing but to hobnob gracefully, or to fight, which would be uncalled for.

Soldiers came again to worry our poor neighbours, the Bayt

et Tell, but, like last year, a friendly note to the proper authority left them at large. They must have had unseen enemies to stack their fuel on, for they were good, harmless, and peaceable folk.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"TOUT EST PERDU FORS L'HONNEUR."

On the 16th of August, 1871, a bombshell fell in the midst of our happy life. We were surrounded by hundreds, who seemed to be dependent upon us; by villages which, under our care, consular or maternal, seemed to be thriving, prosperous, peaceful, and secure; by friends we had made everywhere. Our lives, plans, and interests were arranged for years; we were settled down and established as securely, we thought, as any of you in your houses at home. Our *entourage* was a large one. Dragomans, Kawwasses, servants; our stud, various pets, and flowers; our home, and our "household gods;" my poor for thirty miles around me. And so surrounded, my only wish was to stay, perhaps for life, and do my duty both to God and my neighbour, and we were succeeding, as I mean to prove. You, through whose evil working the blow struck us on this day, examine your hearts and ask yourselves why you did this thing, because God, who protects those who serve him, will allow this cruel deed to follow you, and recoil upon you some day, when you least expect it. Don't try to mislead the authorities and the public at home, by laying the blame upon the Turks. Captain Burton is, and always has been, a very good friend to the Turks, and the Turks have always liked Captain Burton; but in this instance, local and individual weaknesses, spite and jealousy, overthrew him.

The horses were saddled at the door, and we were going for a ride, when a ragged messenger on foot stopped to drink at the spring, and advanced towards me with a note. I saw it was for

Captain Burton, and took it into the house for him. It was from the Vice-Consul of Beyrout, informing Captain Burton that, by the orders of his Consul-General, he had arrived the previous day (15th August), and had taken charge of the Damascus Consulate.

Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake were in the saddle in five minutes, and galloped into town without drawing rein. He would not let me accompany him. A mounted messenger returned with these few written words, "Don't be frightened—I am recalled. Pay, pack, and follow at convenience." I was not frightened, but I do not like to remember what I thought or what I felt.

I went about as usual, and tried to be philosophical. When I went to bed I had one of my dreams. I thought some one pulled me, and I awoke, sat up in bed, and I could still see it and feel it; and it said in a loud whisper, "Why do you lie there? your husband wants you—get up and go to him!" I tried to lie down again, but it happened three successive times, and big drops were on my forehead with a sort of fear. My maid, who slept in the room, said, "Are you walking about and talking, madam?" "No!" I said, "but somebody is. Are you?" "No," she replied, "I have not stirred; but you are talking with somebody."

After the third time I grew to believe that the presence was real. I jumped up, saddled my horse, and, though everybody said I was mad, and wanted to put me to bed, I rode a journey of five hours across country, as if I were riding for a doctor, over rocks and through swamps, making for the diligence half-way house. Three or four of my people were frightened, and followed me. At last I came in sight of Shtora, the diligence station. The half hour was expired, the travellers had eaten and taken their places, and it was just about to start; but God was good to me. Just as the coachman was about to raise his whip, he turned his head to the part of the country from whence I was coming, hot, torn, and covered with dust and mud from head to foot; but he knew me. I held up both my arms, as they do to stop a train. He saw the signal, waited, and took me in, and told the ostler to lead my dead-beat horse to the stables.

I reached Beyrout twenty-four hours before the steamer

sailed. When Captain Burton had once received his recall, he never looked behind him, nor packed up anything, but went straight away. It is his rule to be ready in ten minutes to go anywhere. He was now a private individual in misfortune. I met him walking alone into the town, and looking so sad and serious. Not even a Kawwass was sent to attend on him, to see him out with a show of honour and respect. It was a real emblem of the sick lion. But *I* was there (thank God!) in my place, and he was so surprised and glad when he saw me! We had twenty-four hours to take counsel and comfort together.

Everybody called upon us, and everybody regretted. The French Consul-General made us almost take up our abode with him for those twenty-four hours. At four o'clock I went on board with my husband and saw the steamer off for England. On re-landing I found his faithful servant Habíb, who had also followed him, and arrived just ten minutes too late, only in time to see them steam out; he had flung himself down on the quay in a passionate flood of tears.

I took the night diligence back, and had, in spite of the August weather, a cold, hard seven hours over the Lebanon, for I had brought nothing with me; my clothes were dry and stiff, and I was very tired. On the road I passed our honorary Dragoman, Hanna Misk. I called out to him, but I had no official position now, so he turned his head the other way, and passed me by. I sent a peasant after him, but he shook his head and rode on. "There," I said, "goes the man who has lived with us, travelled with us, and shared everything we had, and for whose rights concerning a village my husband has always contended, because his claims were just." The law of "*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!*" extends, I suppose, everywhere; but probably the king's widow always feels it. I wonder how old one has to grow before learning the common rules of life, instead of allowing every shock the world gives one to disturb one, as if one were newly born! It is innate in cool natures, and never learnt by the others, who take useless "headers" against the dead wall of circumstances, until they grow old and cold and selfish. Disraeli tells us that no affections and a great brain form the men that command the world; that no affections and a little brain make petty villains;

but a great brain and a great heart he has no description for—— Here he stops short, but I can tell him, those are the men for whom there is no place. The nineteenth century will have none of them.

How beautiful and how sad a mentor is friendship. A noble character must contain three qualities to contend with this one great element of our lives—a sincere, staunch, loyal heart, philosophy, and discernment. The world is a kind, good pleasant place to live in, whatever cynics may say. Be in trouble, and you must wonder at the innumerable kind hearts who will call and write, and offer every assistance and consolation in their power. This will not prevent your nearest and dearest relative from snubbing you if you want anything; nor that friend to whom you clung with all your soul, as to a rock, failing you just at the crisis of your life when you most counted upon his support. Then you must call in your philosophy. Again, if a cloud comes over you, how many will disappear, and reappear again as soon as the world has decided in your favour, to join in the applause. Do not blame the weaklings, but your own discernment; they have not hurt you, but they wish to hold themselves ready to go on the popular side, whichever way it turns. And why should they not? It is not because they dislike you, but because they fear others more than they love you. In sensitive youth these facts make our misery; but we should learn to rejoice in our riper years, when a weak, uncertain friend falls away. Carry the true gold about your own strong heart, and shake off the dross, which is but the superfluous ballast which clogs and impedes the ship's free sailing.

However, to draw Captain Burton's history to a close. He went home, presented himself, and rendered an account of his stewardship at head-quarters. They attached no blame to him in any one instance, and found that he could not have acted otherwise.

The report of the Consular Committee showed later that Mr. K——, on his return from the East, had supported the views of his friend, our Consul-General, to reduce Damascus, the Capital and heart of Syria, to a Vice-Consulate, dependent upon himself at the seaport of Beyrout. Upon that measure and its subsequent success I cannot afford to make a comment.

I now began to think what a clever diplomatist Rashíd Pasha was, and that he knew our Government far better than ourselves. We said, "Never mind! let all those false accusations go, they will be thoroughly investigated. Our Government is always true to its *employés*. We shall tell the whole truth, and Rashíd Pasha will have put himself in a bad position." He said, "Those single-hearted and gentlemanly English will never believe that I, in my position of Viceroy, would state anything I was not prepared to substantiate; and I am told by those who know, that they will recall Captain Burton, especially if I frighten them about his life being in danger." And there is no mistake about what *he* said; and he was right.

In the East it is safer to treat every one as if he might some day be your enemy. Nevertheless, it must be said, that when they want to be enemies, they do not become so on anything that has happened, or has been said. Out of the very stones they will fabricate such a tower of falsehoods, that you can only stand and gape in wonder and admiration at their fruitful invention and audacious unscrupulousness. But these things do not stick to you in the East: all see your conduct and recognize the lie. These reports, until explained, are apt to injure you in England, where, if there is smoke, there is often a little fire. Here the smoke is made with the puff of an envious breath, but the world sees the sunlight under it, and that there are no embers. The Wali was himself recalled that day month, and left in twenty-four hours, and for some time was out of favour. He was heard to regret what he had done before he left. I pass over all the circumstances of his leaving. Turkey easily takes into favour, and dismisses, and rewards again.

He was rich, and could afford to wait for the wheel to turn. The Wali's successor carried out all Captain Burton's suggestions, and our Government officially complimented the Porte upon those very changes and improvements. Captain Burton's successor, Mr. Vice-Consul Green, of whom we hear nothing but good, has neither complained of anything, nor (as we hear) found anything to alter, as Captain Burton left it.

I must now return, and finish my own Eastern career, more for the sake of showing the goodness of the Syrian heart, than for

any other interest. I am bound, though late, to bear testimony to them.

I arrived at the Khan, found my horse in excellent condition, and slept for a few hours. Early in the morning I rode to see Miss Wilson, who kindly insisted on my remaining a day with her. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, a Kawwass, and servants and horses, met me here, and escorted me back to Bludán; but we lost our way in the mountains, and had a nine hours' hard scramble. I was ill, tired, and harassed, and was thankful to find my friend Mrs. Rattray, who came over to keep me company. She was as much troubled as I was myself. I do not care who says to the contrary, but the world in general is a good place; for, although a few bad people make everything and everybody as miserable as they can—permitted, I infer, by an all-wise Providence, like mosquitoes, snakes, and scorpions, to prevent our becoming too attached to this life, and ceasing to work for the other, where they cannot enter—the general rule is good, and whoever is in trouble, as I have said, will always meet with kindness, comfort, and sympathy, from some quarter or other. I had every right to expect, in a land where official position is everything, where love and respect accompanies power and government influence, where women are but of small account, that I should be, morally speaking, trampled under foot. I do not know how to describe with sufficient gratitude, affection, and pleasure, the treatment I met with throughout Syria. The news spread like wild-fire. All the surrounding villages poured in. The house and the garden were always full of people—my poor, of course, but others too. Moslems flung themselves on the ground, shedding bitter tears, and tearing their beards, with a passionate grief for the man "whose life" they were reported to wish to take. The incessant demonstrations of sorrow were most harassing, the poor crying out, "Who will take care of us now?" The Moslems: "What have we done that your Diwán (Government) has done this thing to us? They sent us a man who made us so happy and prosperous, and protected us, and we were so thankful; and why now have they taken him from us? What have we done? Were we not good and thankful, and quiet? What can we do? Send some of us to go over to your land, and kneel at the feet of your Queen." This

went on for days and days, and I received, from nearly all the country round, little deputations of Shaykhs, bearing letters of affection, or condolence, or grief, or praise. These sad days filled me with one gnawing thought—"How shall I tear the East out of my heart by the roots, and adapt myself to the bustling, struggling, everyday life of Europe."

I broke up my establishment, packed my husband's books and sent them to England, settled all our affairs, had all that was to accompany me transferred to Damascus, and parted with the mountain servants. Two pets—the donkey that had lost a foot, and a dog that was too ill to recover—had to be shot and buried in the garden. The dog was a large Kurdish, faithful beast, who guarded the house. Some bad person had thrown him poisoned meat, and he must have died in another fortnight had we remained; but it could not be thought of leaving him amongst natives, who would have given him no food, and whose boys would have tortured him. To kill and bury him upset us all dreadfully.

Two nights before I left Bludán I had another dream. Some one pulled me and awoke me, and said, "Go and look after that Bedawi boy, whose grandmother took him away when you were treating him for rheumatic fever." I was tired and miserable, and tried to sleep. I was pulled again. "He went away at his own earnest request," I answered, "and he must be dead or well by this time." A third time I was pulled by my wrist, "Go! go! go!" said the voice. "I will go," I answered. At dawn I ordered the horses, and rode out in the direction that I knew his tribe was encamped. After three hours I saw some black tents in the horizon, but before I got near them I met the old crone with her burden on her back, covered over with sacking. "Where are you going to, my mother?" I asked. "Is that the boy?" "Yes," she said; "he is very bad, and wants to be taken back to you, and I had just set out and thought I should reach you by to-morrow." I got down from my horse and tied him to a rock, and assisted her to lay the boy on the sand. I saw death was fast approaching. I sat down by him. "Are you very angry with me?" I said to him. "Oh no, lady! I was a very foolish, naughty boy; I thought I could get well without the medicine. If I had not left you I should have been well now." He looked so wistfully at me

with his big black eyes. "Is it too late?" he whispered. "Yes! my boy, it is," I said, taking hold of his cold hand. "Would you like to see Allah?" "Yes," he said, "I should. Can I?" "Are you very sorry for all the times you have been naughty and said bad words?" "Yes," he said. "If I get well, I will do better, and be kinder to grandmother." I thought that was enough. I parted his thick matted hair, and, kneeling, I baptized him from the flask of water I always carried at my side. "What is that?" asked the old woman, after we had been silent for some moments. "It is a blessing," I answered, "and may do him good." I walked back to camp with them, leading my horse; and as he could not bear to lose sight of me, and followed me with his eyes, I remained until he seemed insensible. I did not see him die, for night was coming on; but I rode back, feeling sure that he would not see the sun rise.*

After my husband's departure, it struck me that the only duty he had left undone was that, having surveyed all the possible routes to ascertain the best line for the Euphrates Valley Railway with a view to the benefit of Syria, that he had not made the results of his labours known. There are many different routes proposed, and as many different cliques or parties, all full of heart-burnings one against another, as to whose line will be chosen; and I do not wonder, as enormous fortunes will thereby be lost or made.

The Euphrates Valley Railway will be, because England can never be independent of Russia until it is made; but when, how, and where the Tortoise of Creation will accomplish it, is only known to a Higher Power. There is nothing I should look upon with more horror than a railway defiling that pure and sacred ground with its accompaniments of European vice and drink; but as it will be for the aggrandizement of my Motherland, and for the prosperity and civilization of the Land of my adoption, it is my duty to throw in my mite.

* The Turks and Moslems had one great comfort and security in us: although my husband protects life and liberty in all circumstances and at all risks, and though I baptize every irresponsible dying thing I see, upon my own responsibility, it is quite against our sense of right to convert or proselytize; and so no Moslem or Jew ever has, or ever will become a Christian through my, and I need hardly say through Captain Burton's, seeking or intervention.

I addressed the following note to the Editor of the *Times*, who was good enough to insert it. As my husband and I can derive no possible benefit from any route, the statement will be recognized as the truth. I do not believe that Tyre will be the chosen site, for Ezekiel, speaking of that once famed city said, "The merchants of people have hissed at thee; thou art brought to nothing, and thou shalt never be any more." However, this last sentiment of mine is directly opposed and contradicted by my husband, who asserts that Tyre is flourishing, and will be the chosen site.

Now that the desire of millions, the Euphrates Valley Railway, seems at last likely to become a reality, will you allow me to say a few words about a line which I believe has not been publicly discussed, and which appears to be more advantageous than any other? During our two years' residence in Syria, Captain Burton and I have given much time and attention to this subject, and travelled over various districts through which a railroad might be carried. He embárked for England on the 20th of August, and all those who are interested in this subject will have the opportunity of discussing it with him.

The termini hitherto proposed, viz., Iskanderun (Alexandretta), Suwaydiyeh, near Seleucia, and Trabulus (Tripoli), are quite in the north of Syria. The railroad would consequently run through a comparatively unfertile country, and could never pay its own expenses, unless a series of branch lines were constructed as feeders. This would be very expensive, and unless one were carried to Beyrout, which is the only large town on the Syrian coast, all the interest of that port would be against the line. A subsidy, too, from either the English or Turkish Government would doubtless be necessary.

All these objections might be got over by choosing a southern port and making the line run through the richest lands in the country. Sayda (Sidon) and Sur (Tyre) both possess harbours, which Beyrout has not; that of the former might easily be repaired, and would then form a better port than now exists on the coast. The climate is good, while that of Iskanderun is exceedingly unhealthy. The line would run southward for some four miles, to the mouth of the Zaharani river, turn up the valley as far as the ruins of Madineh, thence it would cross the Litani Valley (commonly misnamed the Leontes), and pass by Jermah and Meidhun to the bridge El Kurun. From this point it would run through the marvellously fertile plain of the Buká'a (Cœle-Syria) to Baalbak and Hums, whence branches could easily be carried to Damascus and Aleppo, thence to Palmyra, and crossing the Desert at its narrowest, would strike the

Euphrates at Hît, up to which point the river is navigable all the year round—not the case further north. This line would restore Baalbak and Palmyra to their old importance; the rich uplands of Hums and Hamah, of which now not one-twentieth is tilled, would again be cultivated. Sidon would be very easily connected with Beyrout, and, indeed, with any part of the coast. Though now we must content ourselves with horses and mules, the Romans, who knew that roadmaking was the first step towards conquering a country and rendering it secure, had a chariot road on the line bordering the Mediterranean from Asia Minor to Egypt.

Tyre would form even a better terminus. It is now a busy, thriving, neat little town, much frequented by the picturesque coasting craft which at times throng its harbour, and by simply throwing a short breakwater from the lighthouse north-eastward to the outlying rocks it would be made a safe and sheltered port. The population of this place is composed of some 2000 Christians and 1500 Metawali; the latter, a sect of Mohammedans, are hardworking and not fanatical; during the massacres of 1860, they behaved remarkably well. The line for Tyre would run on the right side of the Litani river, and follow the mule track to Nabatiyeh. Thence it would take the same course as that proposed for the one starting from Sidon. This line would doubtless be a monetary success; it would galvanize into life the torpid but fertile land of Syria, and, by connecting the Mediterranean with India, the line of traffic which existed from earliest times would be reopened, and Syria might be awakened from her sleep of many centuries, and again become a land abounding in corn and wine and oil.

A duty which devolved upon me also, was that of making known to Catholic England the state of the poor chapels and churches of Syria, for which purpose I invoked and obtained the powerful aid of the *Tablet*:—

To the Editor of the Tablet.

Sir,—You would do a very kind action if you could interest Catholic England about poor Catholic Syria. All pious Catholics would feel very much pained if they knew the poverty of our altars, and how our Lord is unavoidably served in the Land where He said the first Mass. At Beyrout, at Damascus, and at Jerusalem, the furniture of the churches is of course decent and respectable, and that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem even rich; but out of these cities, the sight of the poor altars and priests, and the means for saying Mass, would bring tears to the eyes of any good-hearted practical Catholic not having the power to alter the state of things.

My home was in a large Kurdish village (Salahîyyeh), which over-

hangs Damascus a little, and is fifteen or twenty minutes' distance from the city, and whose population is said to be 15,000. We were only fifty poor Christians, and the native doctor and I were the rich people of the congregation, *i.e.* we could give a franc or two where the others gave five paras (a farthing). Our chapel is a whitewashed raftered room, in the dirtiest part of the village, with a little bit of matting, a very fair altar of mud, with an inlaid front, a tabernacle, a few coloured framed prints from some French stall, worth a few sous. Our richest vestment is chintz, not half good enough for a bedroom window-curtain; but we had a silver chalice, and a gaudy French monstrance. I could not pass this poor chapel over. It was a trouble to me until I travelled in the interior and saw real distress. The Kurds protected it for my sake whilst I was there, and gave up insulting our priest, and stoning our people as they came out from church.

When I first saw it, I longed to open a subscription in England for it, and could think of nothing else. But presently, I travelled in the interior, and what I saw there drove my parish chapel completely out of my head. The only Mass we can get in our summer quarter for the Consulate (Bludán) is by an hour's ride down a steep and difficult mountain path, to the large Moslem village of Zebedani. Here is another poor room as a chapel, and about fifty poor Catholics, who have no church furniture at all. Mass is said in a peasant's room, occupied during the week, but vacated and swept on Sundays, on an old box covered with a bit of ragged print, and the priest brings with him a silver chalice and an incense fumer, without a single necessary; the rest is rags and dirt.

El Hameh is kept by a pious Frenchman in a sort of outhouse. The altar and everything is made of mud, and plastered with bits of gold paper. It looks so poor and destitute, but so clean and devout. No. 4, at the Cedars of Lebanon, which is the poorest of all, is like an old wood-room, containing nothing.

All the village chapels are in this state, and one in the mountains particularly distressed me; but I have been so reprimanded by my religious superiors for telling what I have seen, that I keep back half the truth, though I am not disposed to think that hiding a sore heals it. I have positively seen an altar where an old lantern with one side out composed the tabernacle, and a cast-off sardine box was one of the vessels used. Now I would beg of Catholic England all the cast-off rubbish of their chapels and churches. We can make altars of stone or wood, of which we have plenty, but altar linen, vestments, tabernacles, candlesticks, crucifixes, ornaments, images, pictures, or vessels for the altar use, we cannot procure. What England would reject in six months would make Syria resplendent. I am the only English Catholic in Syria, and that is

the reason why I have come forward to state this grievance, and to offer my services for the distribution and decoration, if judged fit.

I have not yet seen a dying person in the East receive the last Sacraments, and I have had plenty of opportunity. It might be for want of the necessary means; it might be that they did not send for a priest. I do not know; but let us provide the means. I am not speaking of large towns, but of the wretched little places in the wild parts of the country.

May I beg your insertion of this note in the *Tablet*. Every Christian owes a heavy obligation to Syria, and I do not know how we can do enough for her, especially just now that she is at her lowest ebb of poverty, degradation, and distress.

My letter was responded to when I went to London by ten convents, thirty-four individuals, the poor children of Listowel, Ireland, and several anonymous charitable persons, who sent me £83, and boxes of church plate, vestments, linen, and ornaments enough to furnish four churches. I immediately sent everything out safely; all was duly received, and the churches were properly adorned by my friends. I rendered an account of my stewardship in the *Tablet*, with thanks to my generous coadjutors, concluding thus:—

There was a touching instance of piety in our present undertaking. When my first letter in the *Tablet* was read in Ireland, many of the poor children, who had only dry bread and milk for the day, gave up their milk and ate dry bread until the sum of three pounds had been raised. This happened at Listowel. What a tie it will make between Syria and England. The poor there will never forget it. I invested those three pounds in a chalice, wherewith to celebrate Mass at the Cedars of Lebanon, which needs the most. I think these things will leave England at the end of this month, and arrive during February.

A few days ago we received a letter from Syria, saying that some Christians had been murdered in the most public part of Damascus, and that the bodies were still lying there. In their ignorance they implored us to go back to them, as these things were not done in our time. I do indeed regret leaving a land where we were of some use, and between whose people and ourselves there existed a great attachment and confidence; nor did they attribute the benefits they enjoyed to be derived from *us*, but from the great and good Government who they fancied sent us there to make them happy, to let the poor raise their unfortunate heads, and their villages to flourish. I do not mean to say that we should

have interfered with anything that did not concern us, but that the Syrians are the most intellectual, warm-hearted people imaginable, and the best formed by nature for civilization; and that we were on such friendly terms with all the chief Moslems, that for our sakes, and to please our Government, as they then thought it, they would not have allowed a Christian to be touched.

I have lately read a pamphlet entitled "Revival of Christianity in Syria," which is the most interesting half-hour's reading I have had for some time. It gives a truer idea of the state of Syria at present than the thirty or forty volumes on the same subject by various authors. It depicts Christianity, not Sectarianism. The author would have done better to put the Protestant half first. It would have had more weight than miracles, but still I feel compelled to say that I was in Syria all the time, knew all the people named therein, and have conversed with them freely; and, except that I never have seen a vision myself, I can vouch for the truth of every word in it, and I honestly believe that those people did see what they state they did. I could, moreover, relate several other circumstances, which your author probably had no means of knowing. He has very much reduced the number of would-be converts—a fault on the right side. I knew of between 10,000 or 15,000 before I left. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, I see, has lately made them 25,000. The priests knew of 7000, and told me of it. We must not expect any to declare themselves, for fear of treachery, unless they are heavily backed, any more than we can expect to see sheep run and gambol into the slaughter-house. It is of no use to send any one to ascertain the truth, nor to ask to know it, but I think my words will fulfil themselves.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

ISABEL BURTON.

Garswood, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire,
January 8th, 1872.

With each box I sent a list, and a letter to be read out by the priest to the people, of which I gave a specimen in the *Tablet*.

SYRIAN MISSIONS.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

SIR,—I supplement my letter of last week by forwarding a list of the objects furnished to the Syrian churches, and the following translation of the letter which accompanies the gifts.

"My dear friends and neighbours of Salahíyyeh,—By the permission of our Bishop, the Padre Elias will read you these few words from me in the church. It is now six months since the sad day I was obliged to leave you, but wishing that you should know how much my heart has been with

you, I send you a few things for our poor chapel, that seeing them, you may remember me and pray for me until, as I hope to do some day, I come back to end my days amongst you. But I am very glad to know that you have got a nice Consul in our place, who is our friend, and will be kind to you; and you must not be disheartened and think because he is there that you will never see us any more. Who knows when we shall come? and on that happy day let us find that you have all been good and keeping your promises to us. Now it is my duty to explain to you how you have got all these nice things. I made it known to my friends and relatives in England how poor are the churches in Syria, and fifty of them joined together, and each one gave me something, so that I am able to furnish you, and El Hameh, and Zebedani, and the poor chapel of Urz Libnan (Cedars); but we all wish that these things should be considered *Haram* (*ex votos*), so that they cannot be sold or transferred to other chapels, and whoever breaks this covenant between you and us will be answerable to Allah. I wish that our dear Padre Elias should give from the altar to every person in the church, but especially the children, either a small statuette, blessed medal, or holy picture, for a remembrance of England. You must pray for all those who have been so kind to you. You cannot read a list of English names, but ask God to grant all their needs and wants for the sake of their kind interest in you. I, for one, want many things, and you must not be sorry that I was sent home, as God knew that I was wanted, and my poor mother was lying dangerously ill. Pray to God to spare her to us. Pray also earnestly to Him who directs all the Sultans, and Governments of the earth, concerning Captain Burton's future Mission, that we may not be too far from you. We congratulate you on your good new Wali, Soubhi Pasha, now governing Syria with so much honour, as we have heard. I send you a picture of our beloved Queen, and her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, who will one day be our King. He has been very ill, but God heard our prayer and did not take him. Put them near the door of your chapel, that when you enter you may remember to pray for her and all her family, and that her kingdom may be preserved in greatness and honour and serving God.

"In conclusion, we beg to be most affectionately remembered to all our kind friends and neighbours in Salahíyyeh and Damascus, both Moslem and Christian. To mention names would cover too many sheets of paper. I hope all my Moslem friends will be kind to Padre Elias, and protect our little chapel and congregation for my sake, and be kind to my poor and sick. Our hearts and thoughts are with you all, and we live in the hope of soon seeing you again. Think of us always as faithful friends."

According to custom I ended my letter to Salahíyyeh with a lament, which is beautiful in Arabic, but does not translate well :—

"O zephyr of the morning, you are my messenger to them,
God knows I am jealous of you;
Make use of the breeze to carry my message to them.
For verily I am like Solomon pining in my captivity."

Besides the above I added in, to the poor Frenchman who keeps the chapel of El Hameh :—

"Wishing you to know how much we appreciated your simple and earnest devotion, and your endeavour to keep a little chapel clean and respectable through every difficulty, I made it known in England," etc. To Zebedani I added : "Begging to be affectionately remembered to all our dear friends and neighbours, whether in Bludán or Zebedani, Moslems and Christians alike, and especially to the Bayt et Tell and Bayt el Beg, and beg of them to protect my priest and chapel and the Christians for me, and to be kind to my poor and sick."

I made some slight alterations in my letter to his Beatitude the Patriarch Peter Paul of the Maronites, who lives in the Lebanon, three hours from the Cedars.

"Sayyidna (Our Lord), I beg the blessing of your Beatitude, and permission to make on the part of my people (English Catholics), a small offering to the chapel under the trees of Urz Libnan (the Cedars), where I was encamped under tents some time ago and enjoyed your holy hospitality; at that time I was pained to see the poverty of the chapel, and I made it known to my country, etc., etc., etc.

"It will strengthen the ties of affection between England and Syria to know, that when this news reached them, the children of the poor in one village called Listowel, who had only dry bread and milk to support themselves, denied themselves, of their own wish, the milk, and ate the bread alone, until they had saved up piastres sufficient to buy the silver Chalice, Paten, and Ciborium, sent for the Chapel of the Cedars, as an offering to our Lord Jesus. May their innocence make a bond of love between your country and mine, and bring down a blessing of holiness and power to your race (Maronite). Let the priest distribute to all the little children, from the altar, a medal or holy picture, as a remembrance of the poor little children of Listowel."

The rest of the letter is the same as the other, and it ends thus : "We beg of your Beatitude to accept from us as a personal tribute of love and respect, the few gifts in the parcel marked in your name, although the trifles are quite unworthy of your Magnificence. Remember us affectionately to Father Dahdah (his secretary), and allow us to assure you of our loving and respectful regard for your beatific person, and beg you to command us as faithful friends."

ISABEL BURTON.

The most beautiful thing was their gratitude, which was meant for each donor as well as myself, and therefore I made it public, and it shows how well bestowed is our kindness on that unhappy land.

THE POOR CATHOLICS IN SYRIA.

SIR,—I received some time ago most grateful letters from the poor Catholic chapels in the interior of Syria, which were raised up by the bounty of so many English Catholics and your powerful help in the *Tablet*. I felt ashamed to publish, them because they overflow with that poetry of affection and graceful adulation of myself which is the Eastern form. It is, however, the opinion of all my friends that I ought to publish at least one specimen of their gratitude and joy, inasmuch as the kind things addressed to *me* are intended for each donor as well as myself, and meant to be transmitted to them. Each one will feel how well bestowed was their kindness and generosity. The idiom is Arabic throughout, in fact *un*-Anglicized, a literal translation.

"O lady excellent and surpassing in rank, honour, complete in devotion and piety.

"This (is the thing) represented to thy ladyship—the esteemed. Since we Christian Catholics are for ever celebrating what thou hast displayed towards us of kind intercourse and neighbourly condescension during thy bringing honour (*i.e.* sojourn) to the Syrian habitations, and more still what we are immersed in of thy successive kindnesses towards us all together, and of the inclining of thy good heart with affection and companionship towards our welfare public and private. Astonished at the purity of thy intention, wonderstruck at the greatness of thy kindness and condescension, and thy striving to adopt the virtue of love of one's neighbour. Enduring grief for the absence from us of thy kind person, sighing at thy leaving us like orphans vacant of thy presence, expecting the extension of Divine grace, humiliating ourselves before it in hopes that it may graciously be pleased to be good towards a flock that is in despair and has lost heart in consequence of thy heavy fixed absence. And since in the happiest of time, He whose name be exalted was good to us, and His Holy Will which moves all hearts whither He pleases, went forth and turn thy light-filled heart, and thou didst honour us with thy gracious lines, which are to us as a beloved store, and from perusing its lofty purport our hearts attained complete comfort and perfect consolation, and since thou hast condescended, O excellent Lady, to address thy orphaned dependants in the state of thy absence from them, therefore we offer bold effrontery to thy high person, begging that thou wilt bend

to receive this our petition as a pledge of our strong dependence upon thy high worth, and thence we say :—

"Firstly. We offer increased thanks to Almighty God for the existence of thy excellent person, clad as thou art in the skirt of health and good condition, humiliating ourselves before Him. May He be exalted that He may graciously protect thee from all sorts of harm. May His high arm guard thy life from all dangers and hurts, and shade thee with the veil of His holy grace, watching over thee—and his happiness the Consul Bey, thy husband, from every attack or enemy.

"Secondly. What eloquent tongue will be able to pour forth the recital of thy universal bounty towards our community, since thou dost never stop a gracious thought for our welfare even in thy absence from us ; and therefore thou hast manifested to some of thy Christian friends the condition of our Syrian churches, and their nakedness of all things necessary for their ornament in any fitting way whatever, and therefore fifty of them have agreed with due accord to collect the things which thou didst honour us by sending to our churches and our priests, with the manifestation of thy will that they should not be sold or moved, in conformity with the wishes of those benefactors. Thy consignment all reached us, and we collected it together in the square, perfectly in accordance with thy description, and we were careful of it, as well as of the carrying out of thy orders in this matter, literally without any deficiency at all ; and likewise with respect to the distribution of the gifts to the congregation by the hands of the priest in the church, according to thy order, and therefore we present to thy ladyship the increase of our thanks, because thy efforts and helps are the two things which have moved the hearts of our benefactors to give us these excellently respectable presents. The Lord God will so reward those who so love His house. His goodness, and He it is who of His grace will favour thy honourable person, and all the benefactors, who by thy means have agreed with one accord to give this beneficence, with the fulness of His heavenly reward, and with the continually pouring down of His earthly gracious bounties, protecting your honourable tribe (or order) with increase of virtue, devotion, and good piety, and make you fitting for the glory prepared for those who love the beauty of His House, and fill you with His universal divine goodness, that it may pour into you the growth of striving for the welfare of your neighbour, and protect you with His holy strong right hand, with all the individuals of your generous family (class), from all the evils of the darts of the wicked one, and lead you in this life with the eye of His (*i.e.*, His very own) divine favour, to walk on the path of eternal salvation, and prosper all your righteous undertakings, to His glory (be He exalted the Holy One), and make your days happy in the

attainment of sound health, perfect comfort, and good condition. Begging thy favour to present from us what is fitting of this our thanks, and the display of obligation, to all the individual benefactors—the most honourable.

"Thirdly. Our hearts have been filled with grief surpassing at hearing of thy Country's anxiety, according to thy order, and in fulfilment of the objects of thy trust, we have not stopped interceding with the Power on High, that it may incline in its clemency to cure the person of the Heir-apparent (complete in rank), who as thou hast manifested to us has been disturbed in his gracious health, and also to protect the person of thy mighty Queen. God preserve her from harm, God protect her with His high arm, God make perpetual and firm the throne of her kingdom in perfect might and respect, and acceptability of all the ages.

"Fourthly. Alas! alas! O honourable Lady! Let us see when thou wilt return to our abodes, let us see when our people shall attain that glory and consolation, let us see when our eyes will be made glad with that spectacle. O God! verily we ask Thee to bring that thing near. Oh graciously move to the granting of our one wish in life. Then Lady, thou wilt promise to bring honour to us. Disappoint not thy dependants of their hope. This is the petition of all, both Christians and Mohammedans. We salute thee, presenting to thee the duty of reverence, and we manifest our reverence to thy rank (class), our benefactors; do not forget us from thy sight, thy dependants, Christian Catholics of Dismaskh esh Shâm Zebedani, etc., etc., etc."

This, Sir, is a good specimen of the grateful receivers of your and the other donors' bounty. I think parts of it will please you; and that you will courteously crown your good work by allowing it to come to light, I feel sure. I regret to say that a few of the vestments were not the orthodox shape for some of the Oriental forms of rite, which I overlooked, but they will not be lost.

When all these sad preparations were finished, I bade adieu to the Anti-Lebanon with a heavy heart, and for the last time, choking with emotion, I rode down the mountain and through the plain of Zebedani, with a very large train of followers. I found it hard to leave the spot where I had hoped to leave my mortal coil.

I had a sorrowful ride into Damascus, and I met the Wali driving in State, with all his suite. He looked radiant, and saluted me. He looked less radiant a few days later, when the news of his own recall reached him. He fought hard to stay, and

I do not wonder, for he had a splendid position, and had bought lands and built a palace, which he never lived in.

At Damascus I had to go through the same sad scenes, upon a much larger scale than I had gone through at Bludán. Many kind friends, native and European, came to stay about me to the last.

I saw that Captain Burton's few enemies were very anxious for me to go, and that all the rest were equally anxious to detain me as a kind of pledge for his return. I reflected that it would be right that I should coolly and quietly perform every single work I had to undertake—to sell everything, to pay all debts, and arrange every liability of any kind incurred by my husband, to pack and despatch to England our personal effects, to make innumerable friendly adieux, to make a provision or find a happy home for every single being—man or beast—that had been dependant upon us.

I had no anxiety, for though I had magnificent offers—two from Moslems to shoot certain official enemies, as they passed in their carriages, from behind a rock, and another from a Jew to put some poison in their coffee—I slept in perfect security, with the windows and doors open. Before I left I went and dressed our little chapel with all the pious things in my possession.

On the day of the sale I could not bear to stay near the house, so I went up to Arbá'ín, or the Forty Martyrs, above my house, on Jebel Kaysún, and I gazed on my dear Salahíyyeh below, in its sea of green, and my pearl-like Damascus, and the desert sand, and watched the sunset on the mountains for the last time. I also met Mogháribehs, who came to pray, and prognosticated all sorts of good fortune to me. I took them down to the house, where I found Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake. He played them a trick, after they had done *their* magic, which thoroughly astonished them. He wound a bit of magnesium wire round a large silver coin, and handed them another. "You see that it is solid silver?" "Yes," they said. Then by slight of hand he substituted the one with the magnesium, and began to peel it off with a penknife, as if he were cutting the silver, and then he set fire to it. When they saw the wonderful light, which they had never before seen, they looked very serious, dropped their things and left the house

at once, saying that they were not allowed to deal with the devil in their magic.

All this work took me some time, but I resolved, whatever the wrench might cost me, that I would set out the moment it was finished. My husband being gone, I had no place, no business, in Damascus, and I felt it would be better taste to leave. I began to perceive that the demonstrations were beginning to be of an excitable nature, the Moslems assembling in cliques at night, 100 here and 100 there to discuss the strange matter.

They were having prayers in the Mosques for Captain Burton, and making promises of each giving so much to the poor if they obtained their wish. They continually poured up to Salahíyyeh with tears and letters, begging him to return, and I felt that my presence and distress only excited them more.

Unfortunately my work was finished on the night of the 12th of September, which obliged me, to be true to my sense of right, to brave the unlucky 13th, and as half the town wanted to accompany me part of the road, I was afraid that a demonstration might result. I determined to slip away quietly, so taking an affectionate leave of two friends, Abd el Kadir and Mrs. ——, accompanied by Mr. Drake and our two most faithful Dragomans, who had never deserted me, and put themselves and all they possessed at my disposal, Hanna Asar and Mr. Awadys, I left Damascus an hour before dawn, at 3 a.m. on 13th of September, almost secretly, sending word to all my friends that parting was too painful to me.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world:
Sad as the last which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

AND now the excitement was over.

I felt life's interest die out of me as I jogged along for weary miles, wishing mental good-byes to every stick and stone. I had been sickening for some days with fever. I had determined not to be ill at Damascus, and so detained. Pluck had kept me up, but having braved the fatal 13th, and set out upon it, I was not destined to reach Beyrout.

It is gone and past, but three years have rolled away, and I have not yet seen Damascus. When I reached that part of the Lebanon looking down upon the sea, near Khan el Karayyeh, my fever had increased to such an extent that I became delirious, and had to be set down on the road side, where I moaned with pain, and could not proceed. Half an hour from the road was the village of my little Syrian girl. I was carried to her father's house, and lay there for ten days very ill, and was nursed by her and by my English maid; and the father, mother, brother, and sisters of the former paid me every kindness and attention, and I had every comfort that the place could afford. Many kind friends, English and native, came to see me from Beyrout and from the villages round about.

There is a sad story connected with a neighbouring village here, and I often make my girl tell it to me. It is the most extensive illustration of an unlucky family that I ever heard of. It happened not many years ago. Nejmé's father died, her mother was old; she had no brother, and only one sister, who was well married. Nejmé, for a village girl, was rich, and better

still, clever, young, pretty, and good; so everybody wanted her. She is described as having golden hair—a rare thing here, blue eyes, and pink and white face, as is often the case with such a gem. She picked up the "crooked stick" at last. They were Maronites, and the family-in-law appear to have been very unpleasant people. His wicked mother, seeing they had no children, tried to set him against his wife; and one day a serpent having entered the cupboard, and by their idea having poisoned the food therein, his wicked sister took the opportunity of accusing Nejmé of having put it there, insinuating that she preferred somebody to her husband. The fool, listening to his own blood relations in preference to his good wife, shut her under the ground in a cold, dark, damp place; the only little loophole for air was a chink in the stones—her only food bread and water. The chink looked upon a dirty poultry yard, and she used to envy the chickens freely picking about in the mud. The people at last let the Government know the story, and he was ordered to let her out; but he gave bakshísh, saying, "I have taken her out," and her relations were not powerful enough to interfere and to obtain redress. After she had been there a year, the Government got to know that he had not really let her out, and they sent and had her delivered, but not before he beat her sorely. She ran to her sister's home, he followed her there and beat her again. She ran out of the house, and he followed and beat her whilst she ran; and, catching her on the road about sunset, he stabbed her with his knife in a fatal place. She cried, "I am lost," and still he struck her all over with his knife. He ran away, and the neighbours came and bound her together with a lekhaf (a large, soft, wadded quilt), laid her upon a stretcher, and carried her to her old mother's. She was still alive, and begged for a priest, and confessed, and received the last rites of the Church. When the priest was gone, she said, "Call him back, I have forgotten something." "Oh," said the neighbours, "she forgot the poison; now she will confess it." They stood near to catch something, and heard her whisper, "Oh, Father, I forgot one thing. I was jealous of the chickens walking freely in the yard to pick, whilst I, thy servant, was shut up; but God will forgive me, will He not? I was so wretched." So saying, she died,

and the bystanders were moved to tears. They only fined the husband, who married again in two years. She must have been a brave woman that No. 2. She lived very unhappily, and had no children; so he began to hate and beat her too. At last she took advice, and eventually had a son, which died, and again another, but it died, and herself likewise. He had an only brother, upon whom he doated. The brother went out shooting, but carrying his gun with the muzzle pointing upwards, he fell, and pulling the trigger the whole charge entered just where his brother had stabbed his wife. The poor man called for a priest, in the agonies of death, but there was none to be had. The wicked husband then began to recognize the justice of God, and flinging himself upon his brother's corpse cried, "Oh, my God, this should have been for me, not for my brother." The wicked sister also died. What became of the old mother and the husband I do not know; but they are sure to meet their punishment somewhere. It is a story told by the villagers. I need not say that the event did not happen in our time.

I sent the bulk of our baggage from here by sea. Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake took our house, part of the furniture, the faithful Habíb, and the Sais, my two horses, which I could not bear to sell into stranger hands, the dogs, and the Persian cat, "Tuss," who however ran away the day after I left, and has never been seen or heard of since. All the other servants and animals were well provided for in other ways. I was offered £15 for my donkey, but I could not bear to sell him, so I left him also with Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and he eventually found a good home with our successor, Mr. Green, and died in comfort. The bull-terriers also died natural deaths with Mr. Drake. It is a great relief to know that the former will never become a market donkey, nor the latter, Pariahs, nor be beaten, stoned, and ill-used. I was obliged to sell Captain Burton's Rahwan, and I sent it to the purchaser from the village where I was ill. He came to pay me a visit. Although the poor horse had only been there one night, this gentleman told me he had no trouble in finding the house, for as soon as the Rahwan got near the turn leading off the diligence road, he started off at full gallop, and never stopped till he reached the door, nor would he go anywhere else.

I went down to Beyrout as soon as I was well enough to move, and assisted by Mr. Watkins of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Zal Zal, embarked in the Russian ship *Ceres*, the same that had brought me formerly from Alexandria to Beyrout. As we were about to steam out, an English Vice-Consul in the Levant gaily waved his hand to me, and said laughingly, "Good-bye, Mrs. Burton; I have been sixteen years in the service, and I know twenty scoundrels in it who are never molested, and I never saw a Consul 'recalled' except for something disgraceful, and certainly never for an Eastern Pasha. You'll find it's all right; they would hardly do such a thing to such a man as Burton." We had a rolling passage of three days and nights, passing Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Khaiffa, Carmel, Jaffa, and Port Sa'íd, where the French Chancellier, Comte Gilbert de Voisins, who was a member of our little society at Jerusalem, came off to see me. We had the whole way fair weather, a pleasant Russian captain, good table, and I had the whole of the ladies' saloon to myself. We arrived at Alexandria, and I went to Abbot's Hotel.

Alexandria on my return appeared to me to be below sea level, if possible, and very unwholesome. The buildings which two years ago seemed to me like a dirty pack of cards flung together, looked now handsome and massive. Here the vulgarity of Europe began. I found it infinitely worse than Beyrout, in being half civilized, half and half Christian and Moslem, half and half Oriental and European—a nauseous mixture, which offends any one really bitten with Orientalism, because you get all the vices of both uppermost, and the virtues of neither.

Demi-semi Europeanized, Christianized, civilized natives are not pleasant. The Europeans put them on an equality, and are too lazy to put them in their places. The Kawwass of the Consulate answered me familiarly and sitting. Ours were obliged to stand and salute if any English person passed in the street; and if a Consul or his wife visited Damascus, one was on duty as long as they stayed, and one was on guard at the hotel or at our house for every English person of distinction. That is the difference between Nature and Civilization, between Moslem and Christian, and also of a Military or a Civilian master.

At Ramleh I also saw another sign of degeneracy—public wife-beating. There were a handful of tents belonging to, not what *we* should call Bedawin, but Fellahín—what tinkering tramps are to real gipsies. They hang about the European houses, and are paid for protecting them. They received a Kawwass' wages—about £2 a month, I think, from each house, but from one I know. Their Chief used to amuse himself by quarrelling with and severely beating his unhappy wife (who was about to make him a father), and this two or three times a day. All the European houses saw it; true, the masters were away all day on business. The servants used to cluster around outside and look on, but it was nobody's business to interfere with "the Bedawi" who protected the houses. Having come from amongst real Bedawin, this swaggering tramp disgusted me; so when he began to beat his wife, I planted a very large stick in front of his tent in the sand, and said a few words of contempt to him in Arabic. He left off, and did not beat her again whilst I was there, but of course recommenced when I left. I begged somebody to interfere, but they said they had frequently "spoken to him, and begged him to desist." In our latitudes, firstly, he would not have been employed; we defended our own houses in a far more dangerous position; but if he were, his pay would have been stopped every time, and after the first assault he would have been ready to kiss her feet.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and Mr. Grace, the banker, made my stay very pleasant. One evening, when we were leaving for the train, a young gentleman who had dined with us mounted a spirited horse for a moonlight gallop on the sand. The horse shied near the train, and fell with him over the side, a depth which appeared to me to be about fifteen feet. He bravely picked himself and his horse up, and mounted and rode on, saying he was unhurt; but I saw him fall under his horse. The train came up at the next instant; it was a narrow escape.

The first thing that I did on arriving at Alexandria, was to find out the best and quickest way of getting to England. Perhaps my labours may be useful to some one in similar circumstances.

The Peninsular and Oriental to Brindisi for self, two attendants,

bull pup, and personal baggage would cost £85, all through to London. "But after landing at Brindisi there were four custom-houses to be passed, changing carriage twelve times between Brindisi and Cologne, the hotels bad and dear, very little baggage allowed, and the bull pup in the dirty, cold dog-box all the way—only to be travelled, *en garçon*, with Albert Smith's "shirt and toothbrush."

Besides this there was the Italian service to Brindisi; Marseilles by the Messageries; English lines to Liverpool; Austrian Lloyd's, *viâ* Constantinople and *viâ* Trieste.

Out of the seven ways of getting from Alexandria to London, after calculating the expense, the time, the trouble, and discomfort on the road of travelling with *impedimenta*, I found that the Peninsular and Oriental to Southampton was far the cheapest, the best, the most comfortable, and the least trouble. When once I embarked I might consider myself at home. The only drawback was being obliged to accept, with these conveniences, a run through the equinoctial gales; but as it was by no means the first time I had had to sail in bad weather, I did not let that deter me, and I took our passages on the P. and O. *Candia*, Captain Brown, and embarked at noon on the 30th of September. It was a fine ship, luxuriantly fitted out. The captain, purser, doctor, and all on board were most kind; the table was first-rate; and we had a large cabin to ourselves.

October 4th.—We landed on a cool morning, at 6 o'clock, at Malta, and were glad of a walk to the highest part of the battlements, built by the Knight Templars, which command a view of everything. We visited the Cathedral of St. John, where five Masses were being celebrated, and examined the old sculptured tombs on the walls, and the mosaic on the floors. The sun came out hot, and we sat under a "punkah" in a shop, and then returned to the ship.

Shortly after we met the P. and O. *Mongolia*, coming from England. She had encountered fearful weather, which we were going into. About sixty knots from Malta we saw millions of large sponges floating about, perhaps for forty miles; the sea was yellow with them as far as we could see. We tried to catch them in tubs, and by baskets, and by long fish-hooks, but at the

pace we were going we could only pull up fragments. There must have been several ship-loads. Nobody could account for them, nobody had ever seen it before, and all surmised that there had been a fearful gale. We had a very rough night, and some of the ladies slept on the saloon table.

On the morning of the 5th we saw the coast of Africa, about Tunis.

On the 6th it became hot like a vapour bath, with a heavy swell. We raffled for an oil painting of the ship by a sailor; and our evenings were generally cheered by a "tea-fight" in the cabin of the captain, or purser, or doctor.

On the 7th we came into that cloudy, inky sky and earthquaky depression which denotes approach to England. The sea became oily; birds came on board, amongst them a robin.

At sunset on the 7th a dreadful fog enveloped us. We could hardly see across the saloon. At 7.30 came a dreadful crash, a jolt, screams, and a falling of spars all about us—we had run into a large barque. "All hands on deck!" was shouted down the companion ladder. "Ladies to remain below!" It was an anxious time, for we could not see; we could only hear screams, and boats pushing off, and tremendous noise. Every one was frightened, but all behaved well. We remained still for three hours, expecting the iron *Malabar*, a ship twice our size, due that way and that time, to come down upon us and crush us in the dark; but God was good, and she did not.

It is very wonderful to watch character at such moments, for these are the trials that bring out the true nature; and I knew my fellow-passengers better after that night than I should have done in a month otherwise, and saw who were made of true metal. Yet all behaved admirably. One little woman, whom we had none of us noticed very much, and perhaps had thought very little of, was a bright specimen of a true woman. She just fetched her baby out of her berth, and sat rocking it, and singing and smiling to it, to prevent its being frightened, and simply never thought of herself.

We had an uncomfortable night. Some of the ports had been stove in, and were carpentered up. Men were at work all night; sounds of chains and hawsers, fog-whistles, blue lights, boat-

swain's pipes, put every soul on the *qui vive.* The Captain, after his cruise in a boat to pick up the pieces, came down at 11 p.m. and said cheerily, though we could all see by his face he was anything but happy, "Now, ladies, go to bed! Don't be frightened! We have had our accident for the night." We were then steaming on slower, with the disabled barque in tow. We consulted together as to what we should do. Most of the ladies wished to sleep on the tables, and not to undress, so as to be ready to appear in case of need. I thought it better to go to bed in good swimming attire, covered by a pretty dressing-gown, if it was a case of escaping in boats, and have a sound sleep, which I did for four hours.

Sunday, October 8th.—At 3 a.m. I was violently jerked out of my berth on to the ground. Another crash, another jolt, and falling spars, more shrieks, and lowering of boats—the same scene over again. We had run into a large brig. We all rushed on deck this time, and I never saw men run up the rigging so quick as did those of the brig. We took the crew on board, and the ship in tow. Every one behaved admirably. Some of the ladies were in delicate health; there were invalids on board, and these were much to be pitied.

It was Sunday morning: breakfast and Church-service went on just as if nothing had happened. Eventually the fog lifted, and we got fairly under weigh.

We were in Gibraltar at six next morning, and we found great heat and heavy mist. An earthquake was anticipated, because the compasses would not work in the harbour, and similar peculiar weather had once before been experienced preceding an earthquake. It was a heavenly day; the coast of Africa and Gibraltar looked charming. But our disappointments were not over: the last vessel we had damaged and towed came from the Black Sea with cholera compromise, and we could get no *pratique;* so we had to examine "Gib's" beauties from the deck. The *Simla,* outward bound, had also run into a large ship in the Bay. We cast away at Gibraltar our disabled ships and crews, and received the crew of the *Simla's* victim; we also took on board twenty-one passengers, and steamed out at 2 p.m. It was blowing hard, the sea was rough, and the weather was cold.

We had managed to get some newspapers on board, and one contained the sad news of several deaths by an epidemic in one family, whose sisters formed part of our little society. They were carrying pretty Indian presents back for the very sisters and cousins who were now dead. We hid the paper, to spare them three dreadful days in their cabins from Gibraltar to Southampton. We had a very heavy swell after leaving Gibraltar, with inky sky and sea, and blowing very hard; and we from warm climates felt very miserable as we passed Lisbon.

The night of the 10th was very bad. It was difficult to get to bed, as the gale was so heavy. There were perpetual sounds of crockery smashing, and of trunks shifting places, rendering sleep impossible.

On the 11th we got up under difficulties, and crawled about. It was a splendid day, but with one of those tremendous swells that Byron loved. The sea looked like a great undulating plain, and the long, heavy rollers, like ridges of low mountains in the distance, gathering up and charging down upon a nutshell. I sat and read all these days in an arm-chair lashed to the deck. The poor captain was very ill, and the purser and third officer down with fever. It was calm after we passed Cape Finisterre. We had seen nothing but a whale or two for some time. The much maligned Bay of Biscay was most beautiful—fine weather and a slight swell. I have crossed it eight times, and only seen it angry twice.

On the 13th we were in Channel and off Ushant before eight. I was afraid that I should have to land in England on the 13th, but that ill-luck was spared. It was a fine day, with the usual Channel breeze and chopping sea, and we passed many ships.

This being our last evening, we combined in getting up a testimonial for Captain Brown, signed by all the passengers, relative to the accident. I believe the poor man took it too much to heart: they say that he was never the same, and died shortly afterwards.

Whenever an English ship sights the lights of Portland Bill, which at night look like two eyes, there is always great excitement. This was the eighth time I had seen it. All the English rush on deck, some almost choking; they have not seen "*home*"

for two years, for ten, for twenty, thirty, or for forty years. I have been away too often now. One poor fellow on landing, and getting to the hotel, jumped on the sofa, and wildly waved his hat, cheering and hurrahing, until the frightened waiter was hesitating about calling a doctor. The man suddenly, seeing his face, burst out laughing, jumped down, and shook him by the hand, saying, "Excuse me, old fellow, but I have not been home these thirty years!" It is odd how we exiles love our country, our home, our friends;—and how curiously little they think about us.

The "Needles" looked beautiful in the moonlight.

On 14th October, 1871, steaming slowly into harbour about 7 a.m., we landed in Old England.

By the 1.30 express I hastened to London, to rejoin my husband, and temporarily forget my sorrow in a happy meeting with him and my beloved mother and family.

Reader! I have written this book without consulting my husband, for if I did so his modesty would probably induce him to forbid me to publish it; so if I have been too personal, or too egotistical, too frank or too confiding, too vain or too religious, too prosy, or anything objectionable, forgive my inexperience. I am but a beginner, and I am willing to learn. The kind critics are sure to "tell me of my faults," and I will correct them in my next attempt. If I have given you a good idea of the life one can make for oneself in the East, I have attained my object. Where I have seen good I have felt a pleasure in speaking of it. Where I have seen bad I have tried to be silent and to avoid giving pain in black and white: but if I have seemed bitter towards one or two unnamed persons, believe me it has been under the severest provocation—I mean from the injustices done on their account to my husband. I hope you will say to me for my reward, not "good-bye," but "*au revoir.*"

* * * * * * * *

APPENDIX

To R. F. B.

Ever remember, 'tis Pretension rules
Half men, three-thirds of women—to wit, the fools :
In yonder coterie see, my friend, yon pair
Of vapid witlings waging wordy war,
While female senates hear, in trembling awe,
This thing and that thing laying down the law.
Murmured applause shall fill each greedy ear,
Of "Charming man!" "Delightful, clever dear!"
And Lady Betty lends her sweetest smile
T' inflame their ardour and their toils beguile.
Yet those same lips no word of worth afford
To thy true heart, strong brain, quick pen, sharp sword ;
Pine not, brave soul! he whom such trifles vex,
Unfit to serve, much less can rule the sex.
Ask not the remedy—go, win a name,
Famous or infamous, 'tis much the same ;
For silly girls and shallow youths make game
Of God-like nature, all unknown to fame ;
But souls select, instinctive, recognize
Congenial spirits unmarked to vulgar eyes.
You ask what caused this egotistic strain—
The fit is on me, let me here explain.
Fools, seeing in youth a hero's value spurned,
Ignored a heart and soul that fondly yearned
And burned for honours honourably earned ;
His teens long passed, exiled in distant land,

A noble heart held out the long-sought hand,
Taught him to labour, strengthened him to wait
The turn of fortune's tide that makes us great.
Nor years long lapse, nor change, nor fate can raze
From Mem'ry's page those words of kindly praise;
If one man's name on our heart's page be penned,
'Tis his—no need to name our true best friend.

ISABEL BURTON.

SOME of us are left in the world to fight our battle. There are strong souls who can resist all attacks—nothing overthrows them, nothing can even hurt them. The devil makes war upon the world, but especially upon them. Nevertheless, it is as hard for a brave spirit to hold its own, and see its fancied treasures falling away from it in the hour of need, as for a gallant and successful general, on the eve of victory, in the turn of the battle, to be deserted by his troops, and left, in spite of his own qualities, to disgrace and death.

Captain Burton's character presented a singularity in the Levant wondered at by all, condemned by many, approved of by those who would suffer or rejoice under his rule. He was a perfectly honest man;—I do not allude only to money. His enemies rejoiced at it, his friends trembled for him, whilst indifferents were only astounded at his folly. An attempt has been made to console him with the hazy promise of a future, which seems, however, rather to consist in the good opinion of good men than in anything tangible or useful. For him, truth to a principle means self-annihilation. He has always done the noble thing; and now, because he did those noble things, he is virtually regarded as unfit for the very employment for which God and Nature and his own life have peculiarly fitted him.

My old friend Charles Reade has lately told us that in less than 200 years the first stone of honesty in biography will have to be laid, and then he proceeds to relate how his "hero and martyr" has been treated by the world; how he has earned the gold medal of the Humane Society twice, and the silver twelve times; how he has never received either, but is a blind and destitute old man, living in a chimney corner, deserted and forgotten by the world, and shunned by those he has saved; how his only public honour is being permitted to cross a certain bridge without paying the common toll, from whose waters beneath he has saved so many lives at the risk of his own. He describes his hero as one of Nature's gentlemen, fit company for an Emperor, a man without his fellow, who adorns our country. He was earning 30s. a week when charity towards his fellow-creatures induced him to throw away his sight for the public good,

and the parish allows him 3s. 6d. a week. He tells us that he better deserves every order and decoration the State can bestow than does any gentleman or nobleman whose bosom is a constellation; "yet," he says proudly, "not a cross or ribbon has ever ascended from the vulgar levels, where they grow like buttercups, to the breast of this immortal hero; and why? because (he adds) this world, in the distribution of glory, is a heathen in spite of Christ, a fool in spite of Voltaire." I quote Charles Reade's story to show that now-a-days England does not confer honour on merit in any class of life. The higher and lower orders share the same fate. Honours follow a certain red tape routine, not noble deeds, and often mock their wearer; whilst many a noble brow looks up to heaven with patient, uncomplaining dignity, adorned only by God and Nature and by a life of chivalrous actions. The English public are, however, seldom wrong when once they know the truth, and perhaps the best and truest honour is their good verdict.

Under the circumstances, I hope my wifely vanity may be excused if I consider these letters interesting enough for publication. I have suppressed the names of all who are not in an independent position, lest the writers might be exposed to any inconvenience. The papers consist of letters and addresses, each showing the sentiments of a tribe or community or a village, from His Highness the Amir Abd el Kadir, of Algerine fame, from their Eminences the Archbishop of the Syrian Catholics, the Bishop of the Greek Catholics, the Acting Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians (Damascus), and from the Superior of the Latin Convent at Nazareth; from the Presbyterian Missionaries at Damascus (the Rev. Messrs. Wright and Scott), from the Rev. Mr. Zeller, of Nazareth; from Mr. Rattray, an English colonist of long standing in Syria; from three Druze chiefs—Salím Beg Shams, Ali Beg el Hammádeh, and others; from the Bedawi Shaykhs Mujwel el Mezrab and Abdo el Hámed; from Shaykh Ahmad, Chief Inspector of the Great Amawi Mosque; from various other personages, and from no less than fourteen villages.

These letters from Syria on the occasion of Captain Burton's departure show the feeling of every Creed, Race, and Tongue in the country; and, like proverbs, this homely correspondence springing from the heart, illustrates the native character better than books, and are a fair specimen of local Oriental scholarship.

Allah favour the days of your far-famed learning, and prosper the excellence of your writing. O Wader of the Seas of Knowledge, O Cistern of Learning of our Globe, Exalted above his Age, whose Exaltation

is above the Mountains of Increase and our rising place, Opener (by his books) of Night and Day, traveller by Ship and Foot and Horse, one whom none can equal in travel.

To His Excellency Captain Burton.

But afterwards, verily we wondered at the suddenness of your departure, and we deeply regretted our not being present in the city when you honoured us with your farewell visit, and truly this greatly affected us. But as the thing was (to be), so we did imagine, from our personal friendship, that we had seen you. This has been written and intrusted to the hands of your excellent lady, manifesting our sorrow at your departure. We hope that you will keep a friendly remembrance of us, as merit the excellencies of your qualities, of which the best is your zeal and devotion to the service of your country. We only hope that everything will turn out to you as happily as can be. It is our personal friendship to you which dictates this letter.

Your Friend,

(Signed) ABD EL KADIR.

Damascus, Jemad el Tani 22.
A. H. 1288.

À Monsieur le Capt. Richard Burton, Consul de S.M. Britannique à Damas, actuellement à Londres.

Monsieur le Consul,

C'est avec surprise et regret que nous avons appris votre départ inattendu pour l'Angleterre ; et cette surprise a été d'autant plus sensible qu'on avait répandu le bruit que vous alliez nous quitter pour toujours.

Probablement ces bruits proviennent de vos ennemis ; mais quoi ! à Damas vous n'aviez pas d'ennemis ; tout le monde vous était ami. Vous étiez aimé, cheri, estimé, et presque adoré par toutes les classes de la société, même par les Musulmans ; parce que vous étiez devenu le protecteur des opprimés et le défenseur de la justice. Vous aviez su, par votre complaisance et votre extrême délicatesse, capturer le cœur des honnêtes gens et reconcilier tous les intérêts. Il n'y avait que les gens pervers et corrompus, qui se gênaient de votre présence et cherchaient votre éloignement. Les insensés ! Ils ne veulent pas comprendre qu'en agissant de la sorte, ils ne font que suivre l'exemple des fils de Jacob, qui, voulant empêcher Joseph de devenir roi, l'ont vendu à l'esclavage ; et c'est précisément pour l'avoir vendu qu'il est devenu roi, et ainsi ils ont été, sans le vouloir, l'instrument de la volonté divine.

Quoiqu'il en soit, nous regrettons vivement votre départ et celui de Madame Burton, qui était devenu la mère des pauvres, et nous aimons à esperer que le sage et prevoyant Gouvernement de Sa Majesté Britannique ne privera pas Damas d'un si digne représentant, qui a mérité dans le pays le titre glorieux *El Moustakim* (homme impartial).

Ainsi nos yeux sont tournés vers vous, Monsieur le Consul, nos veux vous accompagnent et nos sympathies vous suivent par tout où vous sérez.

Nous prions le bon Dieu de vous combler de ses bénédictions, et de vous donner toutes sortes de prospérité et de bonheur.

Agréez, Monsieur le Consul, cette expression collective de notre sincère amour et notre extrême attachement à votre estimable personne.

Fr. DOMINIQUE AISLA, (L.S.)
Président élu de la Terre Sainte.
JACOB GEOHARGI, (L.S.)
Vice-Général du Patriarche des Arméniens Catholiques.
JEAN, (L.S.)
Vice-Général du Patriarche Arménien Orthodoxe.

Damas, le 15 *Septembre*, 1871.

Monsieur le Consul,

Grand a été notre étonnement, et profonds ont été nos regrets, lorsque nous avons appris votre départ subit pour l'Angleterre. Et ce départ nous a été d'autant plus sensible, qu'on a de suite répandu le bruit que vous ne reviendriez plus à Damas.

Ce sont probablement vos ennemis qui ont à dessein répandu cette fausse nouvelle. Mais quels ennemis ! Vous ne deviez pas en avoir, puisque vous étiez aimé, chéri et estimé de toutes les classes de la société.

Quoiqu'il en soit, si vous deviez, ce qu'à Dieu ne plaise, ne pas revenir au milieu de nous, nous regretterions toujours vivement votre absence et celle de Madame votre épouse, qui était, pour les pauvres de cette ville, une véritable providence. Nous aimons donc à espérer encore que le Gouvernement de Sa Majesté Britannique ne privera point Damas d'un homme qui le représentait si bien, et qui a su, en si peu de temps, s'attirer l'estime de tout le monde.

En attendant, soyez persuadé, Monsieur le Consul, que nos vœux et nos prières vous accompagneront partout où il plaira à Dieu de vous appeler. Je le prierai aussi de vous combler de ses plus abondantes bénédictions, et de vous faire prospérer dans toutes vos entreprises.

Agréez l'assurance de la plus haute considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur le Consul,

Votre tout dévoué en N.S.,
(L.S.) GREGOIRE JACOBE HELIANI,
Archevêque Syrien Cath. de Damas.

Damas, le 8 *Septembre*, 1871.

From Damascus.

To his Excellency the Consul, abounding in honour and in respect, whose praiseworthy qualities and remarkable gifts and superior graces and purity of heart, with all other peculiar manifestations of excellency with which he is adorned and with which he has been gifted by Allah, and

which draw our hearts to him in love, and cause us so deeply to regret his departure after we have been upon such friendly terms.

I was indeed desirous of expressing my affection to you before we separated, in order to bid adieu to you in due form; but unfortunately we had no opportunity so to do. Very great was our sorrow when we heard from your excellent lady that she intended to leave us this week. May her journey be prosperous to you both, and may you both increase in every worldly gift; and may you rise by her good aid and excellent qualities to the height of fame and to spiritual and material greatness. And the Arab saying has proved true (a wise man), "Shamm has met (the wise woman) Tabakah." We have begged her to offer to you our respects, and explain to you the excess of our love to you, praying the Lord to prosper her journey, and that you may both return to us at once whenever the Holy Spirit shall please. Let us rejoice in seeing you both once more, and enjoy the benefits which you have both conferred upon us. Our desire is that we may again meet and renew our friendship, and thus obtain fruition of all our desires, and ensure a continuance of our heartfelt affection. For that reason I offer myself as your servant, even in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Yours prayerfully,

(Signed) MACARIUS,
Acting Patriarch in Damascus and the Haurán.

Aylul 1, 1871.

Dear Captain Burton,

We were painfully surprised a few days ago by the intelligence that a despatch had been received from the Foreign-office calling upon you to resign your position as British Consul in Damascus. We are quite at a loss to understand the motives of such a procedure. We can scarcely suppose that any one was bold enough to charge you with corruption in your official capacity. We have never known of a solitary reflection being made on your integrity, but have heard repeated testimony to the purity of your Consulate; and we can ourselves witness that your first official act was to replace dishonest by honest Dragomans.

On the other hand, it seems to us highly probable that the very integrity which should have been your highest claim to the confidence of your superiors has proved the cause of your removal, by raising against you the bitter enmity of all, whether Turkish official or English *protégé*, whom your honesty disgusted or disappointed. . . .

We conjecture that * * * caught hold of the affair of Nazareth, and sought so to colour it as to injure you with the Government. It was easy for * * * to represent you as having become unpopular with the people of Syria in consequence—just as easy as for him now to make it believed at Constantinople that he is himself most popular, though the contrary is notoriously the case. Still, we feel greatly surprised that an English Minister should be deceived by such representations, and remove from a position he worthily filled, a faithful servant of his country.

We think our testimony as English missionaries and subjects should go for something; it is that of men who were strongly prejudiced against you on your first coming to Damascus, who were bound to you by no tie of sect or of party, but who have admired the manly, vigorous, and upright course you have pursued while here, and who deeply regret that qualities such as yours should be lost to the land for whose moral and spiritual improvement they labour.

We are, Sir, most sincerely yours,

(Signed) WILLIAM WRIGHT, A.B.
JAMES ORR SCOTT, M.A.

Damascus, August 23rd, 1871.

My dear Captain,

I received both your letters, and also one from Mr. Drake. You can easily imagine how astonished we were when we heard what course the Foreign-office had taken in your affairs. When the Greek Bishop first spread the news here I flatly contradicted him, till I heard from Mr. Drake. It seems your return to England is necessary in order fully to expose the doings of the Wali of Damascus, who evidently has powerful friends.

An investigation about the attack made upon some of the workmen at the church was ordered by the Wali, but led scarcely to any result, and gave me so much trouble, that I would in future much rather abstain from complaining. These kind of investigations are only calculated to make a foreigner odious and ridiculous.

I shall be very glad to hear from you, if it is only by a line, and hope you may be able to obtain justice in England.

Believe me, dear Captain Burton,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) JOHN ZELLER.

In great haste.—It is scarcely necessary to say how much I regret your sudden departure.

Nazareth, September 7th, 1871.

Dear Captain Burton,

I have just heard of your departure for England, but can hardly realize the fact.

My wife and myself are deeply grieved at the news; and, indeed, we have cause for regret, not only on account of losing friends, but for our personal safety. Having settled down permanently here amongst somewhat dangerous neighbours, we felt our chief security lay in your presence at Damascus, knowing the esteem and respect with which all the Moslems regard you. Of course, I except those who are employed by the Wali. In the fourteen years of my residence in Syria, I never knew the English name so much respected as during the last twelve months. It is, however,

selfish on our part to regret your departure, since both Mrs. Burton and yourself were probably glad to leave pestiferous Damascus.

With our united kind regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) JOHN SCOTT RATTRAY.

El Khorabeh, Anti-Lebanon, 18th August, 1871.

To His Excellency the Superior in Energy, the Elevated in Nature, Consul of the Great Government of England. May Allah increase his Prosperity with all good Gifts!

After inquiring about your honourable self, and committing you for ever to the charge of the Almighty King, I have the honour to state that, to my deepest regret, you are recalled from the city of Damascus, and are about to proceed to England, leaving us a prey to sorrow and trouble. We therefore supplicate Allah that your Excellency will return without loss of time. All our people are grieving sadly, because your presence at Damascus was a safeguard and a protection to us. We entreat the Lord, who has ordained this separation, that we may again have the joy of meeting, and that your enlightened heart will not forget us. And may Allah prolong your days, Effendi.

(Signed) SELIM (BEG SHAMS).

25 *Jemádi el Akhir,* A.H. 1288.

Translation of Letter from Ali Beg el Hammádeh, Governor of the Druzes in Lebanon.

To the high in mind and generous in manner, the Excellent Bey. May Allah prolong his days! After presenting the usual compliments, and all due respect and prayers for your life and prosperity, it is our duty to inquire after your well-being and your present state. Secondly, since you left us going on the way of peace, you have filled our hearts with sorrow and regret; you have grieved our souls after the joy and pleasure we enjoyed. Such is the effect of your leaving this place, and of taking from us the light of your exalted countenance, we ever pray the Almighty once more to favour us with your return to this place, and gladden our souls and joy our hearts, for He is Almighty. We are ever awaiting your Excellency, and we hope from the All-powerful that this may soon take place. Praise be to Allah, your fame and reputation, your good gifts and qualities, are witnessed by all, great and small. May the Lord ever increase your prosperity and guide your ways and direct you to the highest dignity, and preserve you in joy and happiness. This is the object of writing to you, in hopes of your speedy return, and we shall be honoured by any orders that you may have to give us. All our brotherhood and tribes send to your Excellency their best wishes and inquiries, and know that we are ever awaiting to see you. May the Almighty prolong your days!

(Signed) ALI BEG EL HAMMADEH.

15 *Jemádi,* A.H. 1288. *Ab,* 31, A.D. 1871.

From * * * * Chief Druze of the Village of ———

To the exalted in rank and dignity, His Excellency the Consul Bey. May Allah prolong his days! After many prayers to the Almighty Creator that your life will be long in the land, and your honour and prosperity ever increase and be exalted, we have to inform your Excellency, that having heard of your intended departure, we waited upon the lady, and we felt in despair when we heard the truth. We pray to the Almighty that the news may not be true, considering the kindness and goodness which you have bestowed upon us, and which has made us eternally grateful. Therefore we supplicate the Creator that things will not long endure in the present state. The reason of our writing is to know the truth of things, and to express the grief with which we have heard of your departure, and may Allah ever preserve you!

Aylul 12, 1871.

Letter from Shaykh Mujwel el Mezrab.

After sending most affectionate greetings, and the great affection we offer your Excellency, it was our great misfortune that we did not see you when you came to our house, and we are very sorry for it; and after that we heard of your going to England, grief and sorrow came heavily upon us, because we have never seen any one equal to your Excellency in this country, for all those related to England are deeply indebted to you —and all the denominations, Moslem and Christian, were fully satisfied with your Excellency, and they are all very sorry at your leaving; but we ask the Lord of Mercy to send you back to us in good health, and to let us meet you soon. From us and our brothers who send their greetings, and from all our Bedawin who send their best salaams, and whatever you wish us to do tell us to do it, and peace be with you.

(Signed) MUJWEL EL MEZRAB,
Chief of Mezrab Tribe.

Jemádi 7, A.H. 1288.

From the Bedawi Shaykh Abd el Hammad to His Excellency the Consul Effendi of the Great English Government, etc., etc.

After sending our best greeting, and offering up many prayers for you, the dealer in good advice and justice, and after hearing of your departure, I was sorely grieved, and may Allah ruin the house of the man who caused it! But, if it please God, you will soon return and overcome those that were jealous of you. I know that all those under your protection are very sorry for you, as you have been very good to them. All creeds and denominations pray for your return to this land, and curse the other man, hoping for his speedy ruin. Allah is merciful.

(Signed) ABD EL HAMMAD.

Jemádi 19, A.H. 1288.

To the Master of Dignity and Prosperity, of Science and Dignity, always the Object of our Hopes, sent to us by the Most High and Merciful God, Amen!

After sending our duties and compliments to your noble person, I have the honour to state that I am still standing in the same truthful love that was between us, and in the affection which was mutual, and in ever blessing and praying for you to the Most High, supplicating Him that your star may always rise brighter, and pour upon you its beneficent rays of largess and generosity. The love of this your servant is too deep to be expressed by the pen, and it dates from the days when the disembodied souls met in hosts innumerable during the beginning of time. I doubt not that your enlightened heart will feel for me as I feel for you, and that no one may expel me from your memory. The excess of my affection impels me thus to write to you, hoping from the Lord that we may presently meet and renew our affectionate intercourse. May He prosper your return to us in the happiest state, and defend you from all calamities.

(Signed) AHMAD MUSALLIM,
El Ashráf at Damascus.
(Chief of the Great Mosque El Amawi.)

Jemádi 15, A.H. 1288.

Damascus to London.

To His Excellency M. Burton, Consul of the Noble English Government in Damascus, etc.

After asking about your valuable health, we felt great sorrow at your leaving us, and we always speak well of your good name and of your justice, and we hope that you will reach London in safety, and that you will send us news of your safe arrival; and this we hope from your kindness, and that you will soon return to Damascus, for day and night we are looking out for your return in peace to this place, because in your days we experienced peace and quiet, and we met with nothing but good at your hands. It is not only we, but all the community, which is grieved at your leaving, on account of what they saw of your just conduct and steadfastness to the truth. And your lady's leaving is a great grief to us, because she is going to England, and we hope that you will let us know of her joining you in safety and happiness, and we beg God Almighty that we may soon see you both again in happiness and good fortune. These are my wishes, and may God Almighty spare you!

(Signed) ABD ER RAHMAN.

Aylul 8, 1871.

To His Excellency Consul Burton, etc., etc., etc.

Sir,

After sending our best compliment and our love, which we do not measure, we heard that your Excellency went away, and a great grief came upon us—firstly, because your Excellency is separated from us; and,

secondly, that we did not see you before your leaving, which would have been a satisfaction; and, thirdly, because you did not send the news to one who truly loves you. But in your great kindness you told no one of your going, that they might not trouble themselves.

By my life we never saw any one like you, and we never heard of any one who acted so well as you did in the way of mercy. And we pray God Almighty to let you return soon, and to renew for us the happiness that was, for He is merciful, and will compassionate us. Amen.

Katíb of the Mutaserrif of Damascus.

From the Sayyid Mohammed.

To His Excellency Captain Burton, the Consul of H.B. Majesty's Government at Damascus.

After inquiring about your precious health, I have the honour to declare that your departure has been to us the greatest of sorrows, and we ever are praising your excellent ways and qualities. We hope that you have happily reached London, and will let us know of it, in order that our hearts may take rest about your health. And we hope from your kindness that you will let us know of your return to Damascus, as we expect you night and day in health and well-being. During your time we enjoyed every happiness, and we saw from you nothing but good. Not only we, but all the people are grieving at the separation, considering how much of goodness in official matters they saw from you and your preserving the paths of right. We equally regret the departure of your excellent lady to join you, and we hope that she will travel in peace and safety. We also pray to Allah that both of you may presently return to us in health and prosperity; and may Allah prolong your days!

(Signed) SAYYID MOHAMMED.

Aylul 8, 1871.

From Hasan Ayyus Aba Shadid.

To His Excellency our Lord the Sayyid Bey of H.B. Majesty's Government at Damascus.

After kissing your hands, your servants would state that they have heard with great regret of your departure for England, and we intended to have come and kissed your honourable hand. We pray the Creator that we may soon be blessed with the sight of you; and we ever take refuge under the wing of the Lord. We hope from your kindness of heart that it will not forget its servants, and we supplicate Allah to grant to you the greatest of victories, and crown you with a crown which shall last for ever, and peace be with you according to our desire; and our services are ever at your disposal.

(Signed) HASAN AYYUS.

Jemádi el Tani 10, A.H. 1288.

From Shahadah el Halabi and Kasim el Halabi, in the Maydán quarter of Damascus.

To His Excellency the Consul Bey of the British Government. May Allah prolong his days, Amen!

We, your servants, entreat with heartfelt prayers that your Government may increase in power and grandeur, and that the Creator may shower upon it His choicest blessings and adorn it with all good gifts. Thus may it happen, Amen, O Lord of the (three) worlds! Accept our supplications for your Excellency's welfare, and take pity upon us, and prolong your kindness to us and your protection to us. And we shall ever expect and pray that we may again see you in the best of health; and we entreat the beneficent Lord that you may obtain all your desires in your official position to the fullest extent. And your servants will never cease to pray for your obtaining all your wishes.

(Signed) SHAHADAH,
KASIM.

Jemádi 22, A.H. 1288.

Translation of Letter from certain Moslem Divines, Merchants, and others at Damascus.

From the day that Captain Burton came as English Consul to Damascus till now, we saw no faults in him, and he did not listen to any false reports, but acted in truth, and what was not truth he rejected it. He never received any bribes (bartíl) from any one. Any business that was just and legal he did it, but that which was bad and worthless he left alone. And we saw no bad in him, and he loved the Mohammedans and those who were under him. And there never came from him anything but truth; and he always walked with justice, and hated none but the liars.

(Signed) MOHAMMED AWAR,
BIKRI ABDER TAHAN,
EL AKKAD,
ABDU EL HABAL,
HASAIN EL AMARI,
ABD EL WAHED ES SOURRAF.
SHEIKH MOHAMMED ALI,
MOHAMMED SALEH,
(From the Mosque el Amawi).

Translation of Letter from several Sheikhs of the ———— village.

To His Excellency, etc., the Consul of the great English Government.

After asking after your Excellency's health, we hope to God that all is well, we address your Excellency; for the moment we heard that your Excellency had gone to his country, great sorrow came upon us by reason of the great kindness your Excellency has always shown us. For you

always acted with goodness to us and our property, and in your time the truth prevailed and falsehood did not succeed. May God spare you for us, and return you to us in safety! Amen.

Signed and sealed by your Excellency's servants, all the people of ——, great and small.

Sheikh MOHAMMED ALI,
MOHAMMED HAMMED,
KASIM HAMUD,
HUSEYN HAMUD,
IBRAHIM EL GHAU,
and many others.

11*th day of Jemádi*, 1288.

Translation of Letter from ————

To His Excellency, etc., the Consul of the great English Government.

The cause of our writing is first to inquire after your health, and we ask God Almighty to protect you from all injury and harm, and to return you to us in safety, that you may protect us from all hurt, as you did before; for the moment you left our mind was distracted, and many thoughts came to us. We ask the Lord of the Universe and His Prophet not to take you away from us, but that you may protect us from all enemies and injuries, as you did before; for you are good to all who are in difficulties, and protect them. May God make your days long, in the name of every prophet who worships the Lord of the Universe! Amen.

Your Excellency's servants, the men of ————

(L.S.) Seal of the Sheikh ALI YAHYA.
(Signed) Sheikh MOHAMMED YAHYA.

To His Excellency the Consul of England, etc., at Damascus.

From the Village of ————

To His Excellency the Bey-Consul for the Government of England in Damascus. May His Honour live! Hoping to gain your merciful favour and (please) your noble disposition, we state that,

When the news reached us that your Excellency is going to your country, great sorrow and heartache came upon us, because we were slaves for your Excellency's service, asking God Almighty in His glorious Eternity, the Lord of Heaven, to return you to us in triumph, the giver of good news of help from the Lord of Universe; and wherever you go may the Apostle of God help you in the name of the Lord of Universe, and may the Lord hear our prayer for your return, and may He spare you for ever! Amen.

From your Excellency's servants the inhabitants of ————, under the government of Ba'albak.

Signed and sealed by your Excellency's faithful Servant,
MUSELLIM AYYUB.

11*th Jemádi*, 1288 (*August* 25, 1871).

(Official Seal.)

Translation of Letter from ————

To His Excellency, etc., the Consul of the exalted English Government, and may God spare him!

You, our just lord, whose hand is strong, why is it that you have acted thus and left us? This has all come from our bad fortune, for you were for us a shield to protect us from all harm and injury, and preserve us from shame, for only in your time have we always enjoyed rest; for you have guarded our property, and do not allow our religion to be mocked, and you allow no one to cheat us. But what are we now to do, O Sir? For this order did not rest with us, but the order is with Him to whom it belongs, and He is the Lord Almighty; and we ask from Him in our first prayers that you may return to us in safety, and our longing for you is like the longing of a man to be in heaven with the Lord Almighty, because of your great kindness to us; (we swear) thrice by the name of the most excellent God (that we hope you will) return to us soon, and if you do not come we will witness against you on the Judgment Day of God Almighty, for it is your duty to do good to the sons of Adam, and may you be spared for ever. Amen.

We beg of you to excuse us in taking such a liberty as this, but because our hearts are burning with fire on account of your leaving us, we hope that you will not blame us.

Signed and sealed by the servants of your Excellency, the people of ———— collectively.

Seal of the Sheikh SULEYMAN MURAD.

Translation of Letter from people of ———— and ————

To His Excellency Mr. Burton, Consul of the Honourable English Government. May God Almighty spare him!

After kissing your noble hands with all honour and dignity, we address your Excellency, we, your servants, the Moslem Sheikhs of ———— and ———— (two villages). We have heard that your Excellency has gone to the land of England. Please God that this news may turn out for good, because we, the Moslems, are your slaves, and without the help of your Excellency to us we should be utterly ruined, because your Excellency is kind and loves the truth for all people, and especially for us, the Moslems; you honour our religion, and love truth and mercy: an advocate of justice. We are hoping to God Almighty that He will send your Excellency to us again in a short time, for without your Excellency's help we shall be left destitute. We beg of your Excellency that you will have compassion on us and return in peace and soon; and may God grant that your Excellency may remain with us, and may your life be prolonged!

(Signed)
- The Mukhtar of the village of ————
  ALI HUSAYN VASIF.
- The Khatíb of ———— and of ————
  HUSAYN EZED DIN.
- The Sheikh of the village of ————
  ALI ABDER RAHMAN.

Jemádi 11, 1288 (*25th of August*, 1871).

Translation of Letter from ————

We, the Sheikhs, the Beys, and the Elders of ———— collectively, are sending this to Damascus, and state that two years ago we were honoured with becoming neighbours of Captain Burton, Consul of the English Government at Damascus, and during his residence for the summer in Bludán, which is near our village, we do not find from him anything but justice and truthfulness both to Mohammedans and Christians; and we offered our duty and services to him, and thanked him for his kindness to us, and, hoping that he will overlook all our shortcomings, we address this letter to him for his kindness to us.

(23 Seals in all.)

Jemádi 11, 1288 (*25th August*, 1871).

Translation of Letter from Sayyid (descendants of the Prophet) living at ————

To the Bey, the English Consul, etc.

After kissing the hands of your noble Excellency, we, the Sayyid of ———— heard the news that your Excellency is recalled to England, and great sorrow and grief came over us, and we, the Sayyid, were thinking of coming over and kissing your Excellency's hand; but the reason we did not is that your Excellency went away to that land. We ask God Almighty to show us the light of your countenance in health, and not to prevent us from kissing your Excellency's hand, and your servants always hide under the wings of their lord; and we hope from God that you may not stay away from us, and may God make your days happy and well-being for us, and may you ever be victorious!

Signed and sealed by your servants,

The Sayyid Ali Zain.
The Sayyid Ahmet Ali Ibrahim.
The Sayyid Hoseyn Sayid.
Ali Yusuf.

Literal Translation of Letter from Moslem Sheikhs at ————

To reach with honour His Excellency and Highness, etc., etc., etc., the Consul of the English Government, living at Damascus.

To your Highness and Excellency, the Officer of England. May your life be prolonged and preserved!

After inquiries for your Excellency, we hope from God Almighty that you may be always in happiness. We have heard the news that your Excellency is journeying in peace to your country. We were deeply grieved for the departure of your Excellency, but hope from God Almighty that He will soon show us your face again, because your Excel-

lency is an advocate of justice, and especially for the Mohammedan religion, and loves all those who are dependent upon your Excellency, because your Excellency is beloved especially by the Moslems. May your life be long!

Your Servant,
(Signed) ALI SHUMMAT,
(Sheik of the town.)
Your Servant,
(Signed) MUSTAPHA DAKDUK.
Your Servant,
(Signed) ALUSA KAMALED DIN.
Your Servant,
(Signed) HASAN KASIM AHMED.

7th day of Jemádi, 1288 (*August* 21*st*, 1871).

Literal Translation of Letter from Moslems of————

To His Excellency the Bey, Consul of the Honourable English Government.

We address this petition to your Excellency, we your Servants, the Mohammedan Sheikhs of ———— and ———— because we have heard that your Excellency is gone to England, and we are in deep sorrow, which we cannot express to your Excellency, but we hope from the mercy of God Almighty that He will have pity on us and return your Excellency to us in peace, because there is no one like your Excellency who so loves uprightness and mercy (and acts with them) to us, the poor. And without the compassion your Excellency showed to the poor in the last year, half the world would have died from hunger or in prison, and now all the world cries to God to return your Excellency to us; for we are very cast down without your Excellency. Your Excellency's commands will be commands.

Sealed and signed by six Sheikhs.

10*th day of Jemádi*, 1288.

Translation of Letter from Moslems of ————

To His Excellency our Master, the Consul of the Honourable English Government in Damascus. May his life be spared!

After kissing your Excellency's hands, and because we your servants had the news that your Excellency is gone to England, a great sorrow came upon us, and we thought that we would be honoured with kissing your noble hands, asking God Almighty that He will not prevent us from seeing your Excellency in a short time, and we your servants always hide ourselves under the wings of their lord. May God call us together to see your Excellency soon. We pray your Excellency will not forget your servant, but order him to fulfil your bequests. We ask God that your

Excellency may triumph exceedingly, and that you may receive a crown from God which will never fail you, and peace be with you as much as our longing to you is. We send your Excellency our service. May your life be preserved! Amen.

Your Excellency's Servant, who kisses your hand,

HASAN AGERS ABU SHEDID.

10*th day of Jemádi*, 1288.

From the Village of ————

To His Excellency the exalted, the beneficent, the great, the glorious, the honoured Consul Bey of the Great Government of England at Damascus. May he ever prosper!

After kissing your honourable hands, and expressing our prayers for your being blessed by Allah the Almighty King, and for your being raised to honour and dignity over us, it is our bounden duty to write inquiries about you, and to congratulate our souls by the tidings of your Excellency's return to our parts. This return to us would be the greatest of blessings. It is our duty, one and all, to kiss your hands, and now our brother, Abu Ibrahim Mohammed, wishes to kiss your Excellency's hands, and we both beg to offer you all our services, sir.

Signed by the Sheik and Notables of the Village of ————

Jemádi el Akhir 18, A.H. 1288.

Letter from the Village of————

To His Excellency the Consul Bey of the Great Government of England. May he and they ever prosper!

Your servants pray with the strongest prayers that the light of your Government may ever shine, and that its honour and majesty may increase, and that the Lord will prolong the days of your Sovereign, and adorn her with perpetuity of rule! Amen. We hope that your Government will take pity upon these your servants, and extend its protection over them for all time, whilst your servants ever expect and look forward to the honour of serving you to their utmost. And they will ever pray, Sir, for your speedy return.

Signed by two Sheikhs.

Jemádi 20, A.H. 1288.

From the Druzes of the Village of ————

To His Excellency the Dew of great Qualities, the Exalted in Mind, the generous and beneficent Consul Bey of the great Government of England. May he ever be preserved in welfare and dignity!

After sending what is due and proper to your honourable self and your exalted qualities, offering our respect which passes all bounds, and expressing our gratitude to your glorious Government—may it never cease

to be robed in honour, and dignity, and prosperity for ever and ever!—we, your faithful servants, the Druzes resident at ———— have the honour to forward this petition to your Excellency's portal, because we were always obedient and subject to your high orders, and to the orders of your great Government. May its dignity ever endure! and its protection will ever be extended to its servants, especially to those who are faithful to it. With one mouth and heart we raise our voices to the Most High, hoping from His goodness that He will strengthen the pillars of your great Government with dignity and victory, enfolded in the cloak of majesty and enjoyment. And may your Excellency ever be kept in health and happiness; and we hope from the generous kindness of your Government, that you will be able to keep your eye upon us. All this induces us to expect the support of your faithful slaves' reputation, and they will do, Sir, all that you wish from them.

Signed by six Sheikhs.

Jemádi 20, A.H. 1288.

From the Druze Village of ————, near Damascus.

To His Excellency, etc.

After sending our compliments and greeting to the honourable and merciful person, offering all our respects to your noble Government, which is covered with glory, and happiness, and good fortune for ever, and offering to your Excellency, as your slaves, this paper to your merciful hands, the Druze community, natives and strangers in and near Damascus, because we are your Excellency's obedient and trusty slaves, and the same to your noble Government, etc., the strength of the people, and because we belong to it, and we are but mortals, and grief and sorrow have come into all our hearts, and all with one voice pray to the Highest, beseeching His mercy that He will strengthen your noble Government in glory and happiness, and that you may be dressed in robes of honour and attain good fortune, and that you may be spared to us in health and happiness. And we hope that through your Excellency's kindness we may find favour with you; and we write this to show our obedience to you, and we are ready for any service that we can do for you.

(Signed and Sealed by)
- Government Seal of Sheikhs and Village of ————
- Sheikh Abbar Zayn el Din.
- Sheikh Yusuf Shaan.
- Sheikh Hosayn, A.K.L.
- Sheikh Khalil ibn Mohammed
- Sheikh Hosayn el Khotib.

Jemádi 20, 1288.

To His Honourable Excellency, Captain Burton, the Honourable Bey.
May God spare him for ever!

After the asking for your noble health, hoping from God that you are happy is the reason I wrote that letter. You have departed, leaving us

the sweet perfume of charity and noble conduct in befriending the poor and supporting the weak and oppressed, and your name is large on account of what God has put into your nature. And our nation is troubled at missing your face in the accustomed place. O be pleased not to forget us from your good mind, because we are now under your shadow.

Signed by the Sheikh and People of a Druze Village in the Mountains.

September 25*th*, 1871.

To his High Excellency.

May God spare him! Kissing your hands and feet, we your servants, the Druzes of K————and A————, belonging to W————, from the people of noble Damascus, after asking after your welfare, and may God make all your time good! We are always your servants and unceasing, and ask the Holy Highest that he will spare you to us, and we hope that your Holiness and noble Excellency may always throw your mantle over us. And we are still more than ever your faithful servants, because you came to us and looked upon us with honour, and we are full of gratitude therefore. Hoping from God that you may be sent back to us, your servants hope that you will still protect them, with our honourable and respected lady. May God spare her, and leave her for us, who are longing to kiss her hands, and God spare you both for ever and ever!

The Shaykhs, Elders, and People of the above-named Villages.

September, 1871.

To his Excellency and Highness the Consul of England.
May God spare him for ever!

After kissing your noble hand and asking after your health to rest our minds, we are always praying for your return, and we are ready for everything you want, and you have honoured us with a word and visited us in the Lebanon, and we are calm and happy, resting in you for all things. We are all kneeling to pray that you may be spared to us, and may God preserve your noble health

(Signed)
Shaykh ———— an Amir of the Druzes of the Lebanon.

September, 1871.

To His Excellency the English Consul Bey.

May God spare him for ever! After kissing your noble hand and praying you may be spared in every happiness, and from the time you departed you left our nation in great sorrow, and we ask the Holiest to send you back to us in prosperity and good health to be over us. If you deign to ask for your servants we are well, but uneasy at your departure,

and asking God always to spare you to us, and send you back to us, because we are most thankful and proud to be your servants, for you have been most kind to us; and we send our loving salaam to the noble lady, and ask her to look after us, because we are your servants, and whatever you want, Highness, speak, and your servants will obey,

(Signed) SHAHAD EL HALALI,
September 14, 1871. Druzes.

Extracts from private letters showing the sentiments of the people in Syria on most of the affairs which took place :—

Anent Nazareth.

I have delayed in order to give you good news. The Nazareth affair is decided in your favour. I congratulate you most heartily, for the *justice* of your cause won it for you, and not any intrigue or indirect influence. You owe nothing to me or any one else in the matter.

Damascus, February 8th, 1872. A CLERGYMAN.

From a Greek Orthodox Deacon.

Vous étiez le protecteur de tous les Chrétiens, étant toujours ami du Moslem, vous étiez le mien, sans vous les Chrétiens de Damas et de toute la Syrie sont étouffés, sont foulés aux pieds par les Turcs. Sans vos secours et votre courage, les Chrétiens n'osent plus paraitre au gouvernement et se plaindre, car ils craignent d'être pendus comme le pauvre C—— dans la Mosquée de Damas. Sans la presence du Capitaine Burton, tout est immobile. Comment faire pour vous voir, faut-il que je vienne jusqu'à Londres vous exprimer de vive voix tout ce que je ressens pour vous? Vous êtes pour jamais mon protecteur, mon plus grand ami, mon père, mon frère, mon esperance, mon tout; ici tous les braves gens vous désirent, vous chérissent. Tous vos protégés élèvent les mains au ciel jour et nuit, souhaitant votre retour. Quand à moi, jespère plus que tous, que le bon Dieu, qui connaît toute votre justice et toutes vos actions, vous rendra dans quelque mois comme notre Consul-Général.

Damascus, September 14, 1871.

From the Jews of Tiberias and Safed.

Captain Burton, at the request of the Jews, visited their two cities of Tiberias and Safed. They wrote letters to Her Majesty and Her Majesty's Government, petitioning to be placed under Captain Burton's jurisdiction. In reply, Mr. Consul-General Eldridge received orders to inspect and report on the above-named cities, but his health only permitted him to carry out his instructions about a year later.

To Captain Burton,

We beg to inform you, that at the report of your departure for London we prayed to our Heavenly Father that He be with you and grant success in every way. Amen.

Mr. Solomon Pekus has told us that you kindly promised to do during your stay in London all you can in our favour; that the Kenis el Jehud (synagogue) in Tiberias should be restored unto us; that you took with you the petition we sent you and the document signed by the elders of the Mohammedans in that city, which states that the above-named *Kenis el Jehud* belongs to the Israelites, and promises to investigate the matter. May the Lord reward you fully, and may He grant that you will return safely to Damascus! We hope that you will remain faithful to the promise repeatedly given us that you now, having the best opportunity, investigate the matter in order to help us to possess our right; to deliver the prey out of the hand of the robber; to restore unto us the above-mentioned inheritance of our forefathers, including the piece of land used for washing the dead. We are quite sure you will not fail to carry out our wishes. Meanwhile, Sir M. Montefiore will receive a letter from us in which we request him to assist you in the matter; and he will certainly do so. As none of us are able to write English, we have been compelled to address you in Hebrew.

Hoping a favourable answer, we are, etc., etc.

From D—— Z——, Beyrout.

Parlez moi des agréables nouvelles de votre retour ici, plutôt pour notre satisfaction et notre bonheur que pour vous; c'est à votre connaissance que l'affaire F———— a été reglée à l'aimable.

J'ai regretté tant votre départ sans vous avoir fait des adieux. Je ne puis me consoler que dans l'espoir de vous revoir bientôt. Je forme les vœux les plus sincères pour avoir ce bonheur. Donnez-moi bientôt cette bonne nouvelle. Je m'estime heureux d'avoir obtenu vos bonnes grâces; ce sont ces sentiments de justice qui m'ont fait obtenir des avantages.

From a Christian House of note in Beyrout.

Sir,

Offering you my greeting, I cannot tell you my grief because I have not seen you, and have heard of your departure suddenly, which I can never forget. I cannot comfort my thoughts or hope in God except to hope you will return here. May your flag be hoisted above all on that day, I pray God. I ask God's blessing to spare you, and He is above all strength or worldly power, and from what is in my heart I wish I was in your service, anywhere, on any conditions; but what hurts me more than all is, that though the eye can see the hand is short. Begging of you to receive my trouble from my heart, faithful until death to your noble person,

all honour should be given to it. Hoping you will not banish me from your kind thoughts, and that you will condescend to honour me with any services you may want, wherever you will. I am ready for that, and always thinking and saying, "Oh, if ever I shall succeed to obtain your friendship, and be under your noble excellency's protection!" God is just, and He can do what He will, and send you back to this country, and I am waiting for that alone with all my heart.

From a Missionary House in the Beyrout district.

The news of your departure has been to me a tremendous shock; I cannot get over it. It is too much. With you yesterday, and to-day you are gone; I am grieving sadly. I need not say you have heartfelt sympathy. Glad I should have been had you been allowed to carry out your plans and wishes. It would have been for the benefit of mankind, and the advance of Christianity. But truly we are shortsighted, and know not what a day may bring forth. I shall follow you with deep interest, and shall always want to know how and where you are. Won't you write to us? We shall so miss you. It won't be any great loss to you leaving Damascus, I dare say, but it will to those you leave behind. Nobody else could manage like you in the emergencies to which we are always subject in this country. Our warm sympathy and best wishes for a pleasant voyage to dear old England, and a speedy return to Damascus. I cannot believe that you are gone for ever, and hope for all our sakes you will be spared to come back and fill your post as Consul with all honour.

From a Missionary.

If I might give you my advice, I should say, do not injure your prospects for a sentiment. The world has far better work in store for you. There are lots of brave and plucky things to be done in the world yet, and none are so fitted as you to do them. This Government must have been astonished to find how blameless you must have been, not counting on the unscrupularity of your few opposers. Mr. Green (your successor) is said to resemble you. I hope he may in his acts.

Damascus, 12th June, 1872.

From an Engineer.

I was glad to hear of your signal victory over the great Rashíd, though he got up all sorts of petitions and forwarded them to Constantinople. The Grand-Vizier knew better, and sent orders to the military authorities to turn him out if he did not vacate peaceably. There were public prayers in your behalf in the great Mohammedan Mosque, and Turks as well as all well-disposed Christians wish you back again.

Aleppo, November 7th, 1871.

A clergyman who was in Syria writes :-

It must be highly gratifying to you that everybody is with you, and testifying from so many and such independent sources the appreciation of your efforts to uphold the dignity of the position you held in the midst of much intrigue and difficulty, and in a country where deceit and fraud hold their own. That our Government may be led to adopt a course of sturdy principle, and not allow themselves to be subject to mere diplomatic intrigue in this matter is everybody's earnest hope.

November, 1871.

From an English Colonist in Syria.

We have heard of the projected change in the Consulate arrangements, but unless you are to be Consul-General nobody gains anything by the arrangements—none that anybody can perceive.

December 19th, 1871.

From a Merchant.

A line to tell you that H.B.M.'s Consulate-General in Beyrout has lately announced that it is its Royal will and pleasure that no more letters should be directed to its care, so you must change our address here. Everything is going to the bad altogether. Every dog has his day, and I suppose ours is now over.

February 1st, 1872

From a Consul.

Comment ? Vous avez été rappelé ? Et par les intrigues de * * * C'est à ne pas y croire ; mais souvent c'est la récompense qui est échue à ceux qui, comme vous, se conduisent bien. Les Turcs se moquent des Européens bien plus qu'on ne le croit ; ils ne craignent que les Russes. Peut-être le Wali réussira avec ses projets d'indépendance. Fuad Pasha n'en fut pas si loin. Dites moi si vous pensez retourner en Syrie. Sous tous les rapports comme je serais content de vous avoir de nouveau comme collègue. On ne trouve pas toujours comme vous dans notre carrière. Adieu ! Adieu ! une bien chaude poignée de main.

Sept. 30, 1871.

Missionaries.

Last Friday the Mohammedans had a great pray for you in the Jamia el Amawi, on account of their getting rid of Rashíd Pasha, and praying for your return, and blessed you on the right and on the left of the mosque.

(The Jamia is the Great Mosque of Damascus, the very centre of fanatical Islamism, where no other Christian except Captain Burton can enter without a Moslem escort.)

A European Colleague.

The Consulate looks as if a death or a bankruptcy had taken place, and the English are hiding their heads.

English Clergymen.

If you come back, as we all hope you may, you shall have such a reception as no one ever had before; thousands of Moslems, Druzes, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics, Maronites and Protestants, are preparing to come to Beyrout to give you a welcome. The Moslems and Christians are fighting about Beyrout, and there has been a great fight in the gardens of Damascus, in which the Zabtiyehs were disarmed and killed.

The arrangement that the British Consulate of Damascus is to be only a Vice-Consulate is so contrary to British interests, and has elicited already such strong feelings on the part of English residents in Syria, that I can only regard it as a mistake, which will soon be found out and rectified.

If the English Government wishes to make the recently announced reforms in Turkey anything better than a sham, it must send you back to Syria; and, if possible, send a number of similar men with you.

From a Greek (Orthodox) of position, showing the feelings of that large and influential body of Christians towards us.

Madame,

Lorsque mon cousin m'avertit de Damas que vous êtes descendu à Beyrouth, je fis tout mon possible pour y aller vous voir. Veüillez, Madame, croire que pour moi et tous les hommes sensibles, la Syrie est comme un cadavre mort sans vous ; vos amis ne vivent plus, tous vos amis sont persécutés. La Syrie ne respirera que lorsque le Capitaine Burton y présidera. Si le Gouvernement anglais désire que tous les Grecs et les autres Chrétiens de Syrie vivent en paix, il faut qu'il envoie le Capitaine Burton; il n'y a que lui qui sait se battre avec les ennemis du christianisme et rester ami avec les Moslems en même temps. Il est vraiment Capitaine; il ne demande que la justice, il ne recherche que la vérité ; c'est un pasteur fidèle du troupeau de Jésus-Christ, il est un gardien vigilant de la vigne du Seigneur ; il n'y a que lui, et lui seul, qui protège les droits des sujets anglais. Les juifs même se souviennent des bienfaits du capitaine, et ne font que dire, "Plût à Dieu qu'il retourne chez nous." Mais vous, Madame, vous ne faisiez qu'ajouter vos prières aux miennes, et vous priiez afin qu'il pardonne les prisonniers nazaréens; nous nous sommes donnés tant de peine pour leur faire du bien, et ces méchants médisent toujours, et surtout ce Monsieur l'évêque. Madame, souvenez-vous que je vous appelais toujours ma protectrice et ma sœur, cependant vous m'avez laissé pauvre et orphelin, sans secours, sans aide. Je ne veux plus rester à Damas sans vous et le Capitaine ; tâcher donc de revenir. Mais à qui me plaindre ? Que faut-il que je fasse pour vous faire revenir ? A qui faut-il écrire ? Je ne connais personne. Je ne fais que réciter tous le soirs mon chapelet priant la Sainte-Vierge pour votre retour ; tout ce que dépend de moi je le

ferais avec le plus grand plaisir. Madame, ici tout le monde vous regrette; tout le monde se souvient et raconte tout ce que votre conscience chrétienne faisait aux malheureux. Vos pauvres Kawwass toutes les fois qu'ils me rencontrent me demandent, le cœur ému : Est-elle partie? Quand reviendra-t-elle? Il n'y a pas comme elle. Petits et grands espèrent vous voir un jour comme un soleil éclairer le ciel obscur de Damas et de Syrie! Pourquoi les ministres anglais paraissent-ils maintenant tellement indifférents pour nos intérêts?

Veuillez, Madame, agréer l'expression de mes sentiments distingués, et l'hommage de mes respectueuses civilités.

Votre très-obéissant serviteur,

(Signed) L'ABBÉ * * * *

A Damas, le 14 *Novembre*, 1871.

The *Standard*, after a leader of a column and a half upon Captain Burton's recall (1872), wound up with this commentary :—

A few more words, and we dismiss this subject to the judgment of our readers. A good Consul is naturally obnoxious to corrupt rulers. The dislike of the Wali to Captain Burton was therefore the strongest possible testimonial in his favour. Orientals proverbially obey the precept, "hit him hard, he has no friends." The regret, therefore, expressed by the inhabitants of Syria at Captain Burton's recall, is a strong and remarkable testimony to his worth.

There were forty-eight articles, mostly "leaders," from all parts of the English press and the Levant, from papers of all religious denominations and all political parties, deploring Captain Burton's removal from a post for which he seemed so eminently fitted. Even the Liberal papers were silent, unable to condemn the act of their own party, and too true to praise a measure which was evidently a mistake. I quote four as specimens of various opinions; and I publish them, not with a view to his returning officially or to urge any kind of claim, but simply because I do not wish ill-disposed persons in after years to be able to say—"Burton! Oh! ah! I remember now; he was recalled from some Oriental post. Got into some scrape, or did something wrong, I suppose—very strong proceeding on the part of the Government," etc., etc.

Levant Herald.

The recall of Captain Burton from the Damascus Consulate is worse than an act of weakness on the part of the Foreign-office—it is a blunder. For many months past our readers have been familiar with the growing tension of relations between that officer and Rashíd Pasha, the Governor-General of Syria, and have been enabled to judge for themselves, not merely as to the merits of this particular dispute, but as to the general character

of Syrian administration—with which the Consul had to contend—since the appointment of the present Wali. The evidence pointed so clearly one way that it was sought to neutralize its effect by attributing our letters to Captain Burton himself, and complaint was made through the Embassy to the Foreign-office in that sense. In simple justice to Captain Burton, we felt bound some months ago, on learning this, to state that he had nothing whatever to do with our correspondence, which reached us not from one but several sources; and to that disclaimer we may now add that we have not even the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. Besides knowing him, however, as all the world knows him—as one of the greatest of living travellers and an accomplished writer, both our private and public reports from Syria have concurred in describing him as one of the ablest and most efficient Consular officers H.M.'s Government has ever had in that province. On the other hand, we knew enough of the antecedents of Rashíd Pasha in more than one of his former posts, to be in no way surprised by reports of abuses from his Syrian satrapy which might have been expected from Nedjd or Yemen, but are popularly thought to be no longer possible on the seaboard of the Levant. On this head, testimony has been too concurrent and circumstantial to permit doubt of a state of things as to which no English Consul should be either blind or silent. Accordingly, Captain Burton appears to have done his duty with less "diplomacy," perhaps, than longer residence in the Levant would have taught him is now enjoined upon and practised by our Consular agents in this country. He seems to have called a spade a spade, and to have set his face uncompromisingly against abuses of which the Law on the Press has not permitted ourselves to report one half. But the Wali was "strong" at the Porte, and the Embassy—unless our information does it injustice—rendering the Consul less than his deserved measure of support, the result has been the removal of an officer whose presence formed perhaps the most effective check on maladministration in Syria.

The flimsiness of the alleged excuse for this hardly merits remark. Captain Burton, we are told, has become so unpopular with the Mussulman inhabitants of Damascus that the Pasha can no longer guarantee his personal safety!—and so, out of pure regard to the Consul, he has successfully intrigued for his removal. The fanaticism of the Mohammedan Damascenes is, we know, proverbial, and Rashíd Pasha may, on occasion, know how to utilize it; but of all foreigners in the country, the Hadji to Mecca and Medina, the traveller who perhaps more than any other living European knows best how to *ménager* Asiatics, might be safely trusted to hold his own in Syria. Here in the Levant, therefore, this pretext will deceive no one. It has simply been a trial of strength between Wali and Consul, and the latter receiving less support than he would in former years have received from his authorities, has come to the wall. Our readers need not be reminded that the abuse of Consular authority has had no steadier opponent than ourselves; but in this case the whole evidence is that the right has been on the Consul's side; and that being so, we cannot but regard his recall as a blunder which will have the worst effect, not alone on English interests, but on those of foreigners generally—and, for that part, of the native population—in Syria and the neighbouring provinces.

CAPTAIN BURTON.

The recall of Captain Burton from the Damascus Consulate, on the ground of providing for his personal safety, brings once more under public notice one of the most remarkable men whom this or any other age has produced, and one who spent many of his earlier years in this Presidency. Wherever Richard Burton is, we may be sure that stagnation and corruption will be stirred, and the mud serpents will raise their heads and curse him; so it is not in the least degree surprising that Syrian officials desire to be delivered of him, as of another well-known personage a few hundred years ago. His visit to the holy cities of Mohammedanism had, his enemies reported, made him hateful to the more bigoted Moslems, and he was remonstrated with by his friends on his acceptance of the post of British Consul in Damascus, which is the very hot-bed of Mohammedan fanaticism. The Consul, however, put a correcter estimate on his own powers and knowledge, and believed that his own hand and spirit could ensure his safety under the almonds and rose trees of Damascus, as well as anywhere else. So it has turned out; but the Foreign-office has been called upon to remove him, on the specious ground that he is so unpopular with all classes of Mohammedans, that Rashíd Pasha, the Governor of the Damascus Pashalik, cannot secure his protection. There is an old authority, more often appealed to than obeyed, which tells us that we are pretty certain to be in a bad way when all men speak well of us. The matter does not appear to have been finally settled by the Foreign-office, and the Consul's personal representations in London may have the effect of leading to his restoration to what, to most men, would be an unenviable post.—*Star of India.*

SYRIA.

To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir,

The letter of "Fair Play," in Thursday's *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the quoted correspondence from Beyrout, touch on a matter in reference to which I beg leave to add my word of enlightenment for the English public —viz. the recall of Captain Burton. I have no acquaintance other than literary with that gentleman, or his difficulties with the Turkish authorities, but several years' experience with a good many Turkish officials, Walis and Kaimakams, and of all grades from Muchir to Yuzbashi; and I can recognize in Captain Burton's troubles a common experience of Consuls in the Turkish provinces. The first thing a Wali or Kaimakam does when a new Consul comes is to make a row with him, and try his back. If the Consul is obstinate, independent, and incorruptible, the row never ends till one or the other Government interferes. If the Consul is supported by his Government, the Governor gives up, and limits himself to petty annoyances; but there will never be peace between them, unless the Porte takes up the matter in earnest, which it rarely does, for the exterritoriality of foreign consuls is a perpetual grievance to the Turks, official and non-

official. It is only in the rare cases where the Wali or Kaimakam has been educated in Europe, and has had his antipathy to the infidels broken down, that amicable relations are habitual, except on the condition of the Consul consenting to take the place the local official gives him, and to keep his mouth tight shut as to what he is requested not to speak of. If the Consul is a good, zealous, and honest officer, the chances are nine to one that he is in chronic difficulty with the Governor of his province and his principal subordinates. The Russian and French Governments always sustain their representatives, right or wrong, and even they are generally right.

In the apprehensions of the effect of the Russian propaganda in the East, the correspondent of the *Levant Herald* shows too much timidity. The Greek Church (distinguished from the Russian Orthodox) is too intensely municipal and hostile to an assumption of primacy or control, ever so indirect, by the Russian or any other Church, to give reason to apprehend the result the correspondent looks forward to. Russia will win over the Turkish officials and population long before she can direct the Greeks, politically or ecclesiastically.—Yours respectfully,

London, Dec. 21. (Signed) W. J. STILLMAN.

DAMASCUS AND OUR LATE CONSUL.

Tablet.

The *Standard* is severe on the present administration of the Foreign-office for the part it has taken in reference to these events, and especially in their recall of her Majesty's Consul at Damascus, Captain Burton, whom our own Syrian correspondence has shown to be possessed in a remarkable degree of the rare combination of personal qualities and accomplishments demanded for the arduous post he filled at Damascus. According to the *Standard's* account, Captain Burton's recall was scarcely carried into effect with the consideration usually shown to officials of his rank, and the reason at first assigned for it was, "that the Turkish Government had complained of him." This reason, however, seems to have been virtually withdrawn by Lord Granville, who has officially informed Captain Burton that his removal was simply due to the circumstance that it was not considered necessary to keep at Damascus so highly paid an official as a full Consul.

It is therefore in strictness unnecessary to say more in defence of Captain Burton's conduct at Damascus, but it may not be uninteresting to quote the *Standard's* recapitulation of the fact, which speaks both of his recall and the subsequent endeavour on the part of the Foreign-office to do him justice. Some of these facts are indeed not new to our readers, having already been reported in our columns :—

"On his arrival at Damascus, he was cordially welcomed and visited by the heads of all the religious sects so numerous in that country, and soon succeeded in gaining the confidence of all save the Wali and his creatures.

Yet this confidence, and the affection which followed it, were not obtained by any truckling to party or sectarian prejudices. Shortly after his arrival he checked the imprudent zeal of a person who was endangering Damascus by amateur preaching, and made a demand for the punishment of certain Druzes who had plundered and ill-treated an English missionary. He interposed to prevent the rapacity of the money-lenders enjoying British protection, and at the same time enforced the enormous and long-standing claim of British subjects. In short, he never neglected an opportunity of advocating and enforcing justice towards all those who had any right to expect his protection. He strictly carried out the programme contained in Mr. Gladstone's speech . . . . and no one, Christian or Moslem, Jew merchant or peasant, appealed to him in vain."

The utter baselessness of the assertion that Captain Burton had excited hostility among the population is shown by the manner in which his recall was received. The intelligence that he was to quit Syria was the signal for the most vociferous grief on the part of men of every sect and rank. From thirty miles round, whole villages flocked to his summer residence, lamenting that the British Government had taken away their father, their shepherd. They expressed not less loudly their sorrow at the departure of Mrs. Burton, who had been a veritable mother to the poor. In the great mosque of Damascus a solemn ceremony of blessing Captain Burton, and cursing the Wali and those who had caused his removal, took place. Moreover, a host of letters from the heads of all the different religious communities, headed by the celebrated Abd el Kadir, and from numerous villages, testified to their affection, their grief, and their rage.

It is difficult effectually to refute the position taken up by the *Standard*, that the present Government dealt with the complaints against Captain Burton on *ex parte* evidence, and in a spirit of too great deference to the Turkish authorities. The subsequent letter to Captain Burton would hardly have been written unless the Foreign-office had found that it had been led into error, not only as to the unpopularity of our Consul at Damascus, but even as to the fact of the Turkish Government having complained of him. Could it be that this fact was taken on the credit of Rashíd Pasha alone? That Captain Burton had become unacceptable to the Wali of Damascus is undisputed. But that functionary himself was liable to recall, deserved recall, and, in fact, has actually been recalled. The possibility that his successor may be a man of more just, enlightened, and tolerant ideas, who would have given Captain Burton a cordial welcome and loyal support, makes us regret that the Foreign-office did not exert a little of that firmness it can sometimes exhibit, and sustain a Consul with whom it had no fault to find, and to whose honesty, efficiency, and popularity it has now received such ample testimony.

We (*Pall Mall Gazette*) have received the following letter on the state of things in Syria since Captain Burton's recall:—

I sent last week a short letter to the *Standard* concerning Syria, and inasmuch as my conscience is troubled at not having said half enough,

and not being certain, at this distance, of its insertion, I beg permission to address you at greater length.

I have seen the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 21st and 22nd of December with letters signed "Fair Play," and "W. J. Stillman," concerning the state of Syria and the recall of Syria's best friend, Captain Burton. I beg leave to corroborate every word that these two letters contain, and also of all those of the same stamp that I have seen in various papers since last August.

There are, of course, two views on this subject; the party against, is an interested faction of about a dozen disagreeable persons. Some of them are affected with ignorance or timidity, with gout or liver complaints, and others with their own evil doings, but not the less, however, Ignoramus and Hepaticus bring influence to bear. The other party comprises Syria and the whole little world, civilized or not, that knows anything about the subject.

However, a good man has been sacrificed, and a country, through his honest, fearless outspeaking and acting, is on the road to being saved I, for one, feel sure that he does not grudge or regret his personal troubles and losses.

Mahmoud Pasha, the new Grand-Vizier, is a fit man, according to the universal voice, to carry out the Sultan's enlightened ideas of justice and civilization, and to sweep away the foul corruption which had crept over his fair dominions. Mahmoud will redeem the character of his nation by discouraging sloth, bribery, lying, and intrigue. He knows the politics and the languages of the world, as well as the ways of other Governments. He dares anything when he knows it to be right. He has chosen his *entourage* and his representatives from men who have the same ideas as himself, and Turkey will now, let us hope, no longer be sick and sleeping but up and doing like the rest of the peoples. He has sent a man of his own choice to Syria, Soubhi Pasha, who is winning from us golden opinions. Ah! why did not all this happen a month sooner? It would have saved us from losing Captain Burton, who would have worked well with this new Government.

Mahmoud, as all now know, at once struck boldly at every abuse in the Government at home and abroad. Despising the storm of hostile intrigues, and the usual thousand-and-one enemies, he has suddenly arrested, tried, found guilty, and shipped off into penal exile to a fortress in Cyprus, their Excellencies the favourite and first secretary, who had notoriously so long deceived the Sultan, the Minister of War, and the Minister of Police. A circular of reform was addressed to all Provincial Governors and functionaries; every individual of every grade has been ordered to render an account of his stewardship; his deeds, good and bad, have been represented to the Sultan, and sharp punishment and liberal reward have been dealt out accordingly. It has been, in popular parlance, a clean sweep.

Soubhi Pasha is doing the same work in Syria. He likewise has risked the manœuvres of his enemies, and the hostile intrigues of the friends of the late Wali. You will hardly believe it when I assert that

sundry official Europeans sent a long telegram to Constantinople, begging that Rashíd Pasha might be retained; yet it is true. But Mahmoud was kept too well-informed, he never even answered them, but only telegraphed to the Mushir to ship off the Wali in chains, if he did not go on board in twenty-four hours—a well-merited slap of the face to those who telegraphed.

I received only last night a letter from one of the highest authorities in Damascus, containing the following passage:—

"All the curious things that have come out since Rashíd Pasha left only prove how true all Captain Burton's complaints and representations were. Another year, and Syria would have been lost and utterly ruined. Bad enough as it is; but our new Governor-General seems to be a wonderful man, so energetic, finding time for everything, and made a general sweep out of all Wali's right hands, without regard to religion, protection, or nationality; called all the Mutesserriffs (prefects) to strict account, and former great people are nothing now. He accepts no sort of bartíl (bribe), nor allows others to do so, but hears everybody's complaints himself. So you may imagine how many enemies he has made. Even the Consuls who flourished under the old Wali have united to write various complaints to Stamboul; but he stands as firm as a rock and as calm as a summer sea in the midst of the general hubbub—as did Captain Burton till his own Government pulled him down. I hear he says the English of Captain Burton's district are the only ones who support him well, and that Captain Burton would have got on well with him. He is the best-read man in Turkey, and the Macaulay of his country."

It is the general remark and feeling in Syria, where we are very proud of our countryman and Consul, Captain Burton, that all the measures lately carried out by Soubhi Pasha are exactly what Captain Burton used to beg the late Wali Rashíd Pasha to do for the good of the country, and in most instances what he promised to represent to Downing-street, and to Constantinople, and *did*. This Englishman has been removed under the pretext that he did not suit the country: at the same time every suggestion that he ever made, or worked for, is now being freely adopted. We do all feel this very much, and we hope and trust that the Turkish and British Governments will be able amicably to arrange to give him back to us.

As affairs stand, the irony of circumstances is remarkable. An *employé* is recalled for undue interference, yet all his suggestions are freely adopted, and Her Majesty's Government especially congratulates the Porte for adopting the measures proposed by its *employé*. As for any one writing that anything that has been published concerning him, or Syria, since his recall in last August, is untrue, I can only say that they must have some object in telling so deliberate an untruth.

Our steady good Consul was a treasure to us, and his recall has left the whole of our business and interests, which we surely understand better than any one else, like a boat in an uneasy sea, without a pilot at the helm. If the British Government openly professed not to care for Syria, and to withdraw all her *employés*, we might understand it, but we do not comprehend why we have been lowered; why a man who suited everybody

but the undeserving was removed, leaving us in the hands of people in whom we have no confidence whatever. I am not alluding to Mr. Green, the Vice-Consul who succeeds Captain Burton—he is doing well, and we like him much.

The steadiest statesman England now possesses (Lord Derby) said on the occasion when Mr. Turnbull was lately abandoned by the Government to his enemies and his fate, "It is contrary to all policy, justice, and wisdom, if you desire to have faithful and honourable servants, to allow any person whatever who has been appointed to a situation, and who has been blameless in it, to be whispered and tormented out of it, by slanders behind his back, and by imputations on his honour which he has no means of refuting. Mr. Turnbull having been appointed, whether wisely or not, and the objections against him having been found not to interfere with the faithful discharge of his duties, he ought to have been protected by the Government against the insinuations which drove him to resign by the mere force of the irritation and vexation which they caused; and I say that a Government which consents to the dismissal of a faithful servant under such circumstances, does not deserve to have, and will not have, faithful servants."

Surely here is even a stronger case. Captain Burton was recalled and superseded on the word of an officer who is now condemned by his own Government. He is proved not only blameless, but to have been a good and faithful servant to his own Government, and loyal to the Sultan's as our ally, virtually confessed by the dismissal of the man who caused his removal, and by carrying out every detail of what he worked for so nobly at his own risk and sacrifice.

Surely if Secretaries of State, permanent or not permanent, have not heart enough to see the truth of all this, some person of influence will try and move the Foreign-office to give us back what we have lost? The latest report is that Captain Burton was removed, not because he was unpopular with the Moslems, but because the Consular Committee of the House of Commons, resolving to save £300 per annum, and objecting to a Consulate-General and a highly-paid Consulate being so close to each other, sagely reduced Damascus to a Vice-Consulate with £700 a year. Thus at the capital, where the Governor-General, and all the chief dignitaries, where the head-quarters of the Courts of Appeal, and the stations of the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and all ecclesiastical dignitaries reside, Great Britain finds herself, like Belgium, Portugal, Greece, and so forth, represented by a Vice-Consul. Our officer now takes rank under Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Italy, and Persia; he must, on official occasions, walk behind and sit below mere Rayyahs, who are his senior Vice-Consuls recognized by the Porte. This may not appear important to the dignitaries of Downing-street, or to the nobility and gentry of the British Empire, but to us "English abroad" it means our interests, our property, and perchance our lives. For prestige in the East, at least, is not French for *humbug*.

And now, having taken rank with, but after, Belgium, Portugal, and Greece at the capital, we have a Consul-General at Beyrout, the port of

Damascus. This is as if a European Government were wise enough to station its Ambassador or Minister at Brighton, and to locate its Consul-General in London. Does the Foreign-office know these elements of local knowledge? If so, what delusion may it labour under? If not, why does it not learn? Or are we also the victims of tentative measures?

"O Lord," quoth the mill-owners of Lancashire, "send us plenty of cotton, but let it not be Surat." "O Allah," we pray, "make certain gentlemen Peers, but don't let them have anything to do with the helm of State."

AN ENGLISHMAN IN SYRIA.

Three years and a half have passed away, of which we have spent nearly three at Trieste, Captain Burton's present post. It is as nice a place as one would wish for in Europe. It is a pretty spot, with (for us) a good climate, all kinds of creature comforts, friends, amiable society, plenty of self-made occupations and resources, and time to carry them out. You may read, write books, learn German, Italian, Russian, Greek, Slav.; have singing masters, drawing masters, fence in winter, and swim in summer; but commercial work in a small, civilized, European sea-port, under-ranked and under-paid by the side of our equals—France, Russia, and Germany—cannot be considered compensation for the loss of a wild, Oriental diplomatic life, and might be considered a waste of such material as Captain Burton; and yet, as times go, we are very thankful it is no worse. Whilst here we see the Oriental papers every fortnight, and all the accounts we read of our old home are of "Arab raids, of insults to Europeans, of miserable, starving people, of sects killing one another in open day, of policemen firing recklessly into a crowd to wing a flying prisoner, and a general fusilade in the streets; of sacked villages, and plundered travellers." We read of Salahíyyeh spoken of as "a suburb of Damascus which enjoys an unenviable reputation;" of innocent Salahíyyeh men being shot down by mistake for criminals, "because the people of Salahíyyeh are such confirmed ruffians, that they are sure to be either just going to do mischief or just returning from it." That is the place where for two years I slept with open doors and windows, and freely walked about alone throughout the twenty-four hours, my husband often being absent, and I being left with Moslem servants.

We have just read (November, 1874), on the appointment of a new Wali—the fourth, I think, since our departure—Essad Pasha, a first-rate man for Syria in every way, the following remarks: "We know nothing of Essad Pasha, but we can assure him that every stroke which he deals at the roots of abuses will bring about his ears a swarm of hornets, and that in all honest and vigorous attempts at reform he will need the loyal support

of his Government." And, after praising Essad Pasha for several acts of justice, follows: "By such acts Essad Pasha makes himself a host of enemies, and unless he is thoroughly well supported by his Government at home he will be unable to stem the tide and grapple alone with the evils fostered during his predecessor's term of office." What applies to the affairs of the country at large in the Wali's case, applies to the British interests on a smaller scale in the Consul's case. And also "nobody here believes in reforms, for every new Governor *begins* his office with ostentatious zeal for reform, and for strict justice and honesty, and ends his short career worse than his predecessor, leaving the country in a more hopeless condition than before."

Having lifted any possible cloud which may have hung over the real history of Captain Burton's removal from his Eastern post—the only suitable one which he has ever held—it is unnecessary for me to enter into any further explanation of the causes of the base detractions from which he has suffered. His case is not altogether a new one in the human history, and the true explanation—the only real explanation—of it which can face the light of day has been admirably expressed in the lines written by the most brilliant Statesman the Foreign-office ever sent to the East—the "great Eltchi," whom I and all lovers of the Orient speak of with admiration, respect, and pride—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—and which are applicable to Captain Burton in every sense, except that, so far from ever "spurning the gaping crowd," he always sacrifices himself for the poor, the ignorant, and the oppressed.

"Nay, shines there one with brilliant parts endowe
Whose inborn vigour spurns the gaping crowd?
For him the trench is dug, the toils are laid,
For him dull malice whets the secret blade.
One fears a master fatal to his ease,
Or worse, a rival born his age to please;
This dreads a champion for the cause he hates,
That fain would crush what shames his broad estates.
Leagued by their instincts, each to each is sworn,
High on their shields the simpering fool is borne."

—From Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's "SHADOWS OF THE PAST."

Trieste, December 8th, 1874.

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